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Edited and Compiled by

E. O. EXCELL

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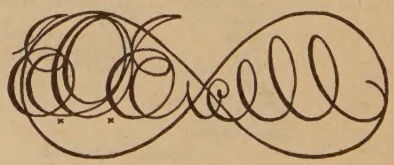
FOREWORD

FOR thirty years or more I have compiled and edited music books for Sunday School and Church use, and directed large assemblages in services of song.

The books that bear my name are many. Not a few of them were, and still are, large sellers, but it is my honest opinion that none of my past successes come nearer meeting my high ideal of what a practical all-round and modern music book ought to be than the volume now in your hand. It is my latest and, all things considered, my very best and most satisfactory endeavor.

That "Joy to the World" will have a large and even a phenomenal sale goes without saying. The intrinsic merits of this collection coupled with the resources, originality and resourcefulness of the Hope Publishing Company assure that fact.



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JOY TO THE WORLD

No. 1. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her
2. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions

King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And
ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far
prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And

Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
(1) And Heav'n and na - ture sing, (And

sing, And Heav'n, And Heav'n and na - ture sing.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders, And won - ders of His love.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,)

No. 2. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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Katharine A. Grimes. E. O. Excell.

1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:

He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send.

He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 3. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

Charles Irvin Junkin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.
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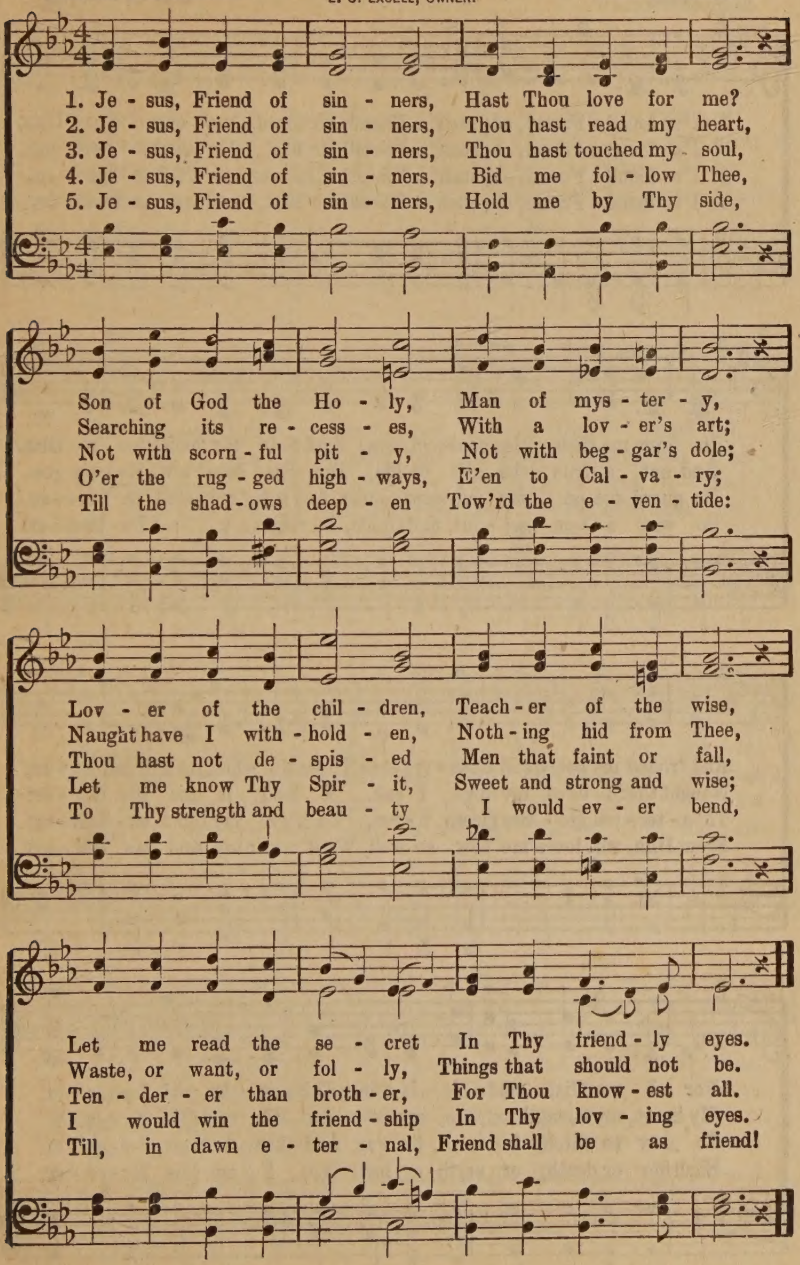
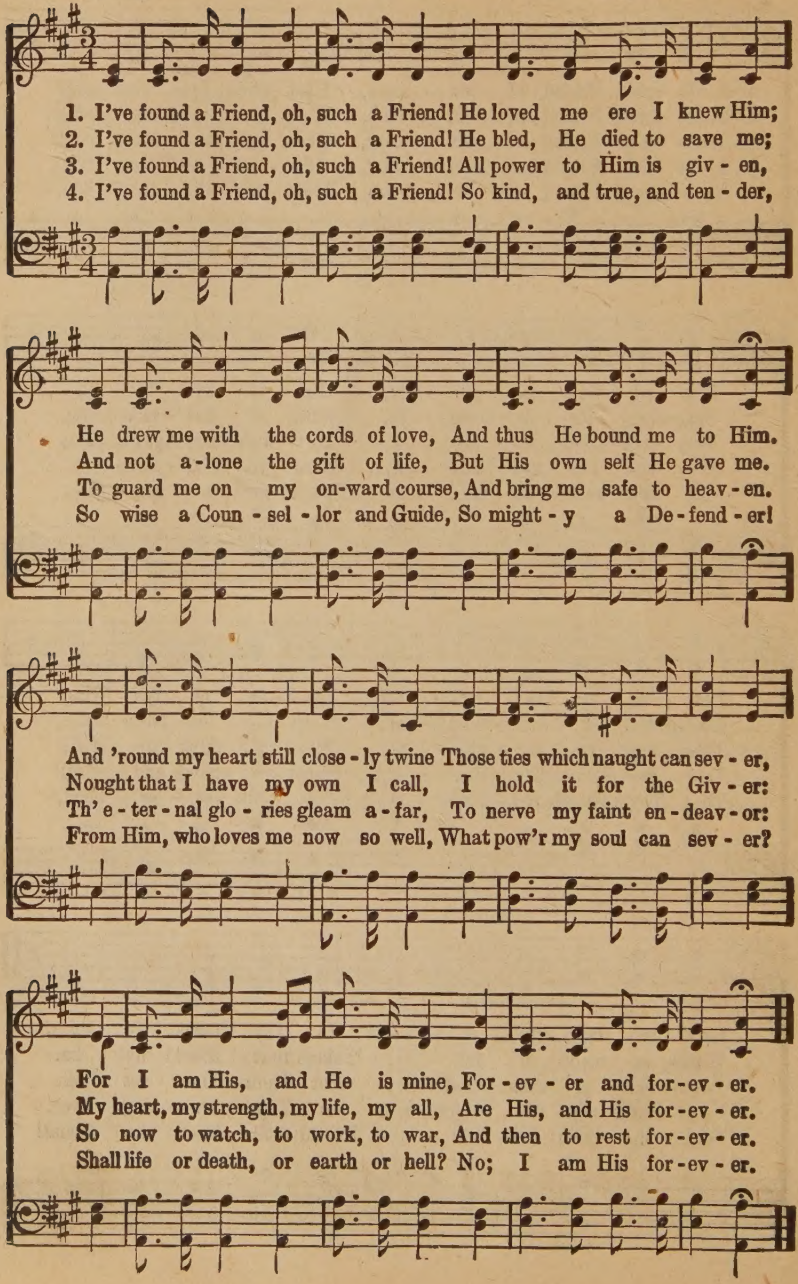


No. 4. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 5. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
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W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me day and night; Fol-low-ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

f *pp*

No. 6. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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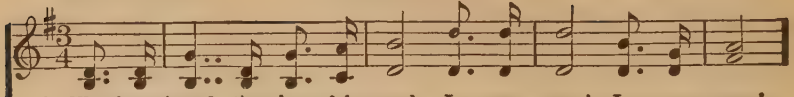
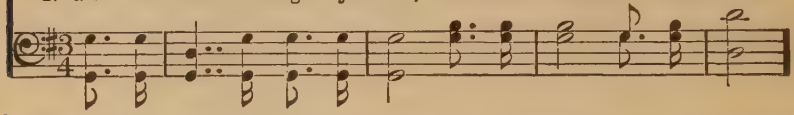
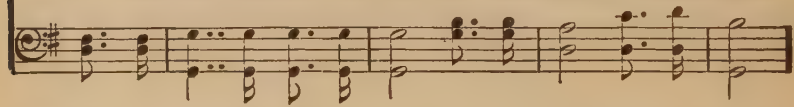


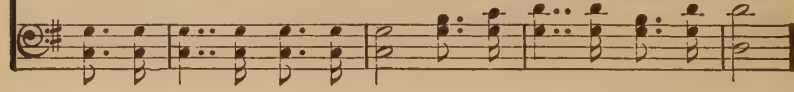
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



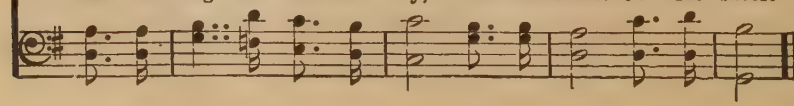
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



No. 7. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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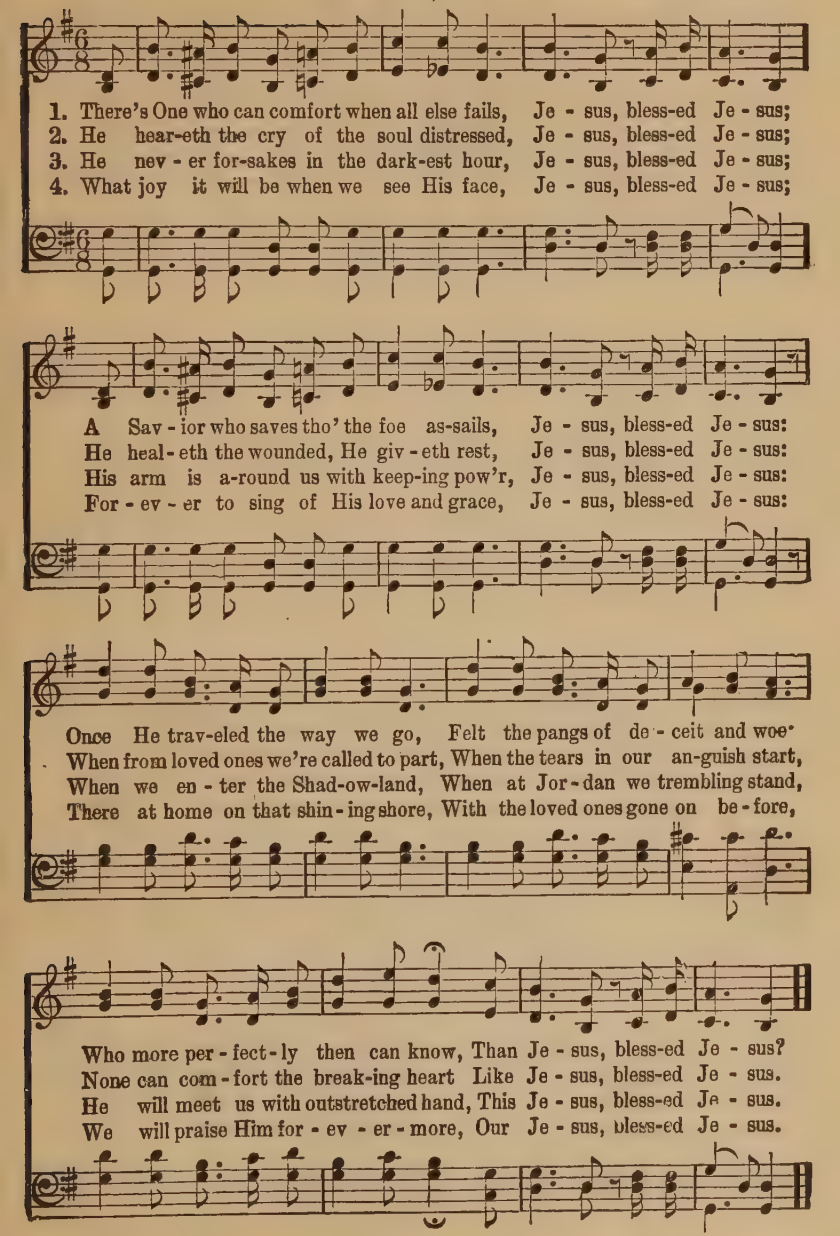

No. 8. He Supplieth All of My Need.

T. O. Chisholm.

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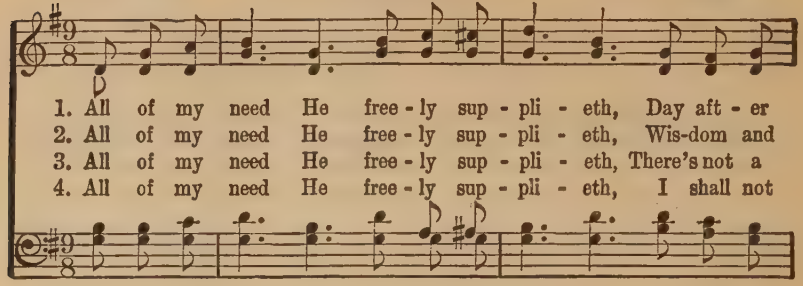

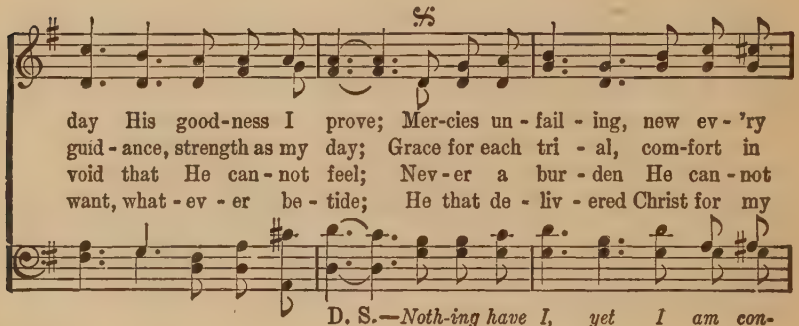

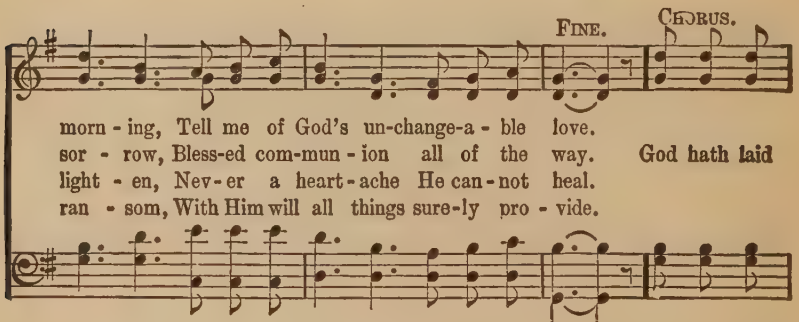

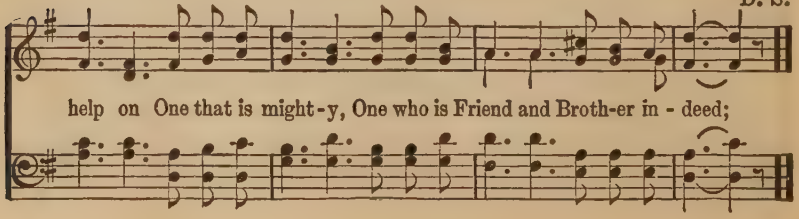

No. 9. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
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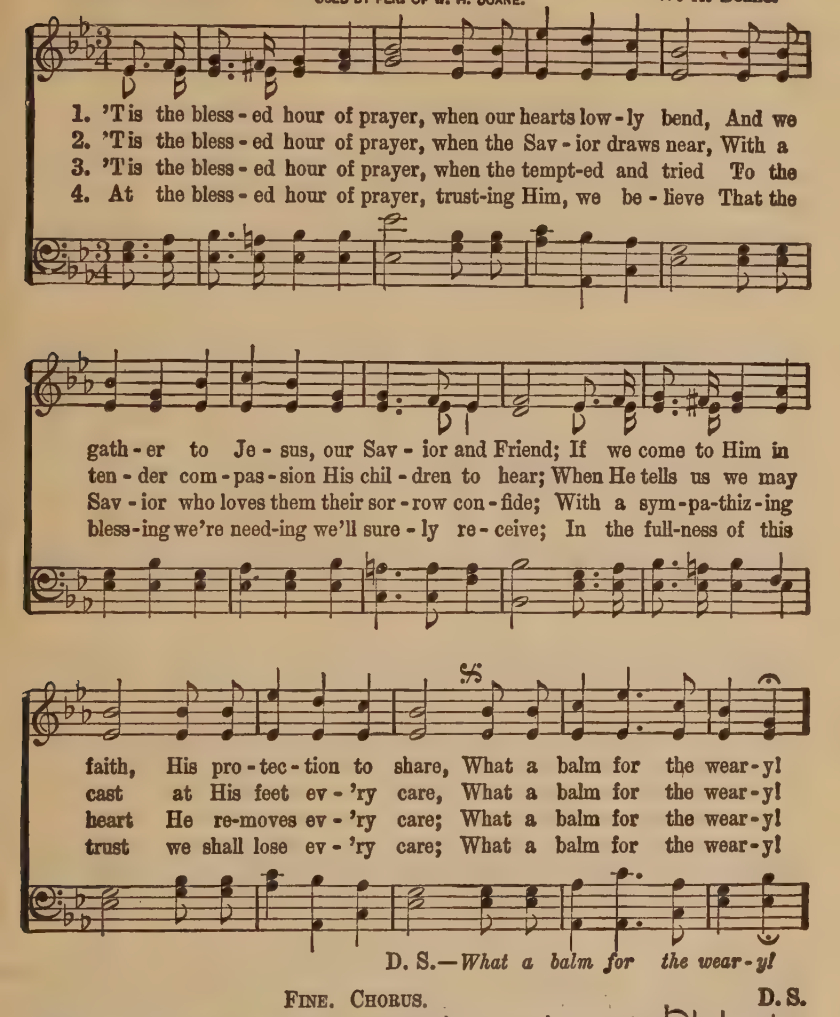

No. 10. When I Go Home.

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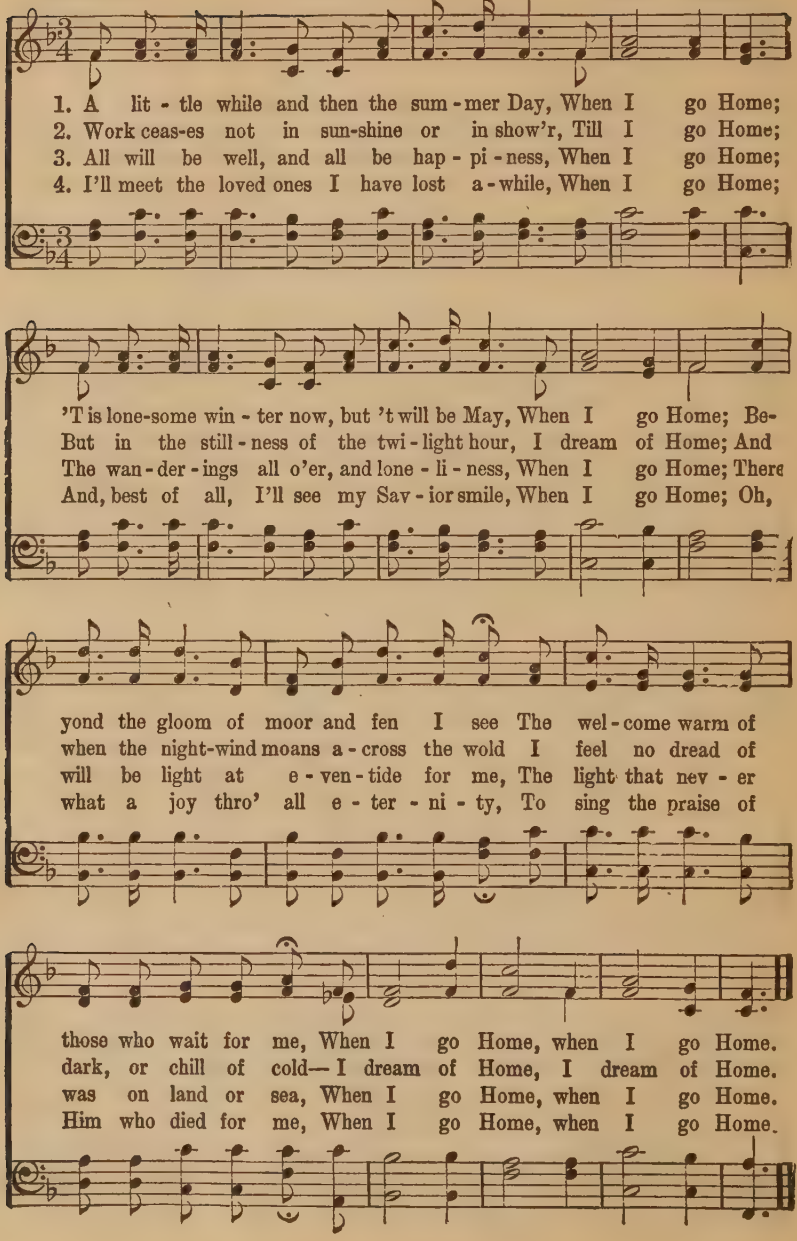
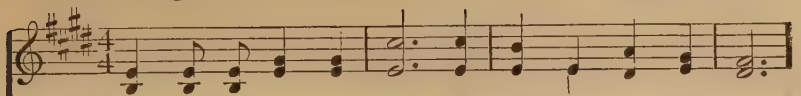
Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

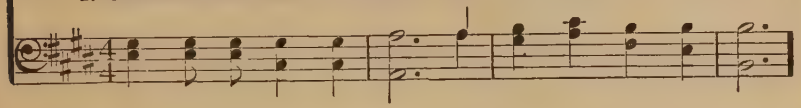


No. 11. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. George J. Elvey.

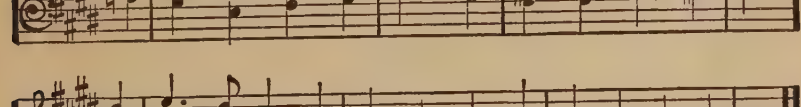


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,

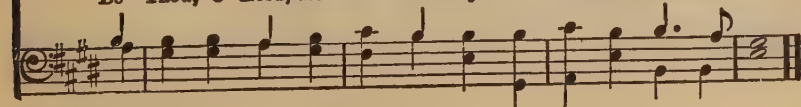


Hark! how the heav'nly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to-rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;



And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag-ni - fied.



No. 12. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

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1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil-lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well,
"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

with my soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

No. 13.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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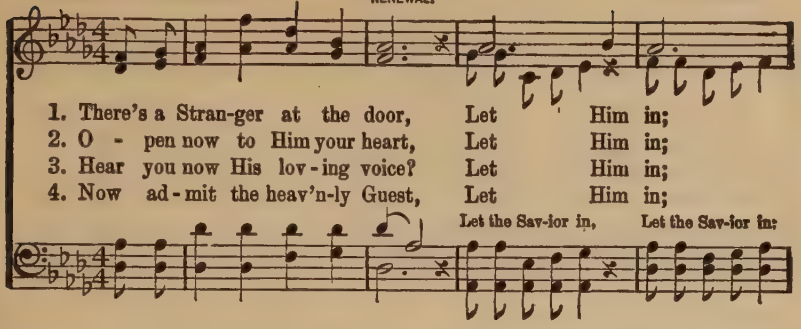
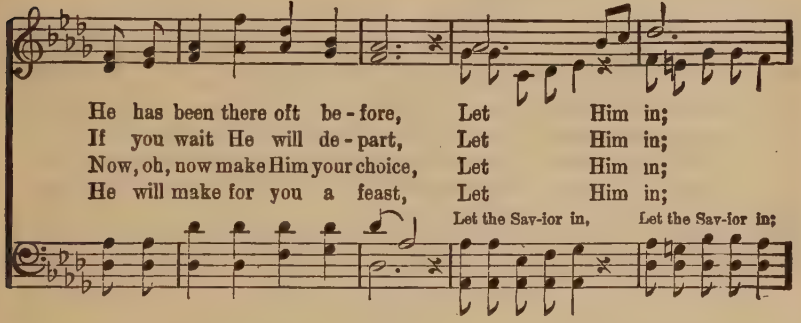
RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.



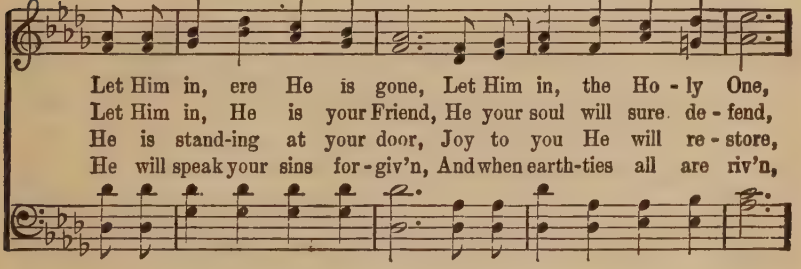
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

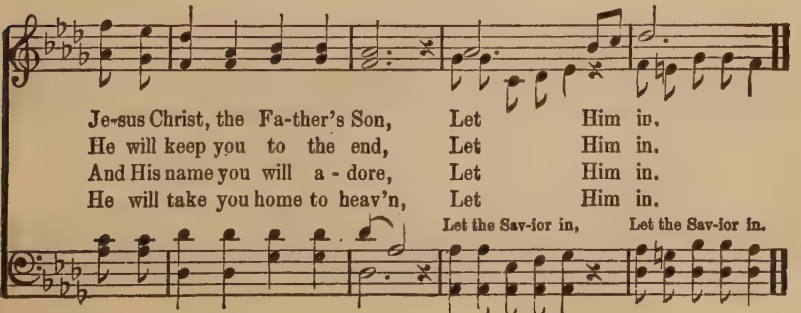


He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

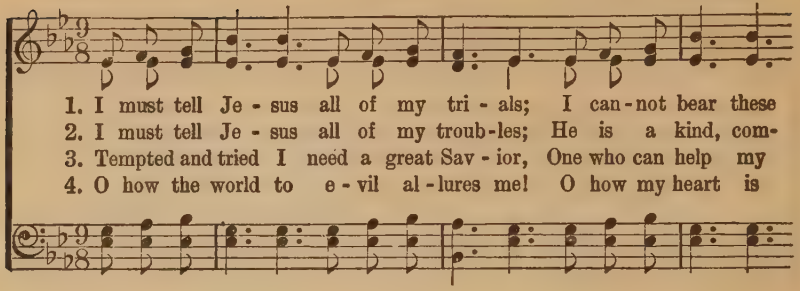


Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

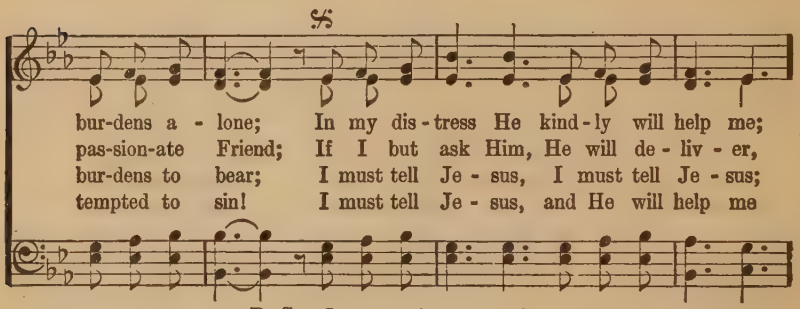
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

No. 14. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

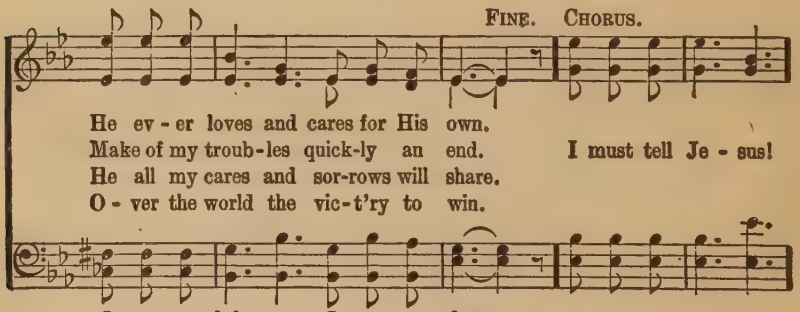


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur-dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

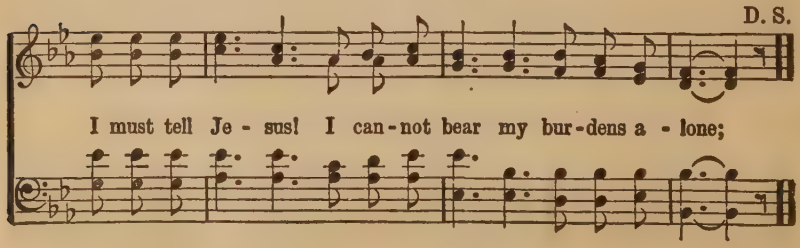
D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*



FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone;

No. 15.

As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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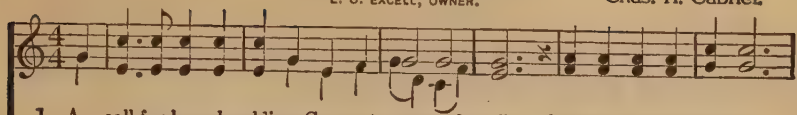
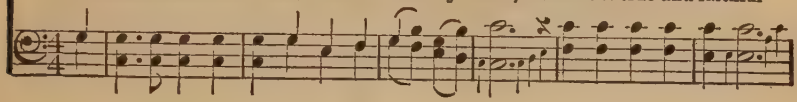
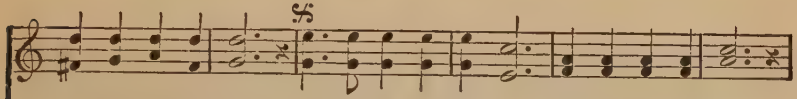
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

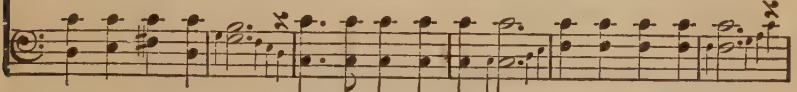


1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful



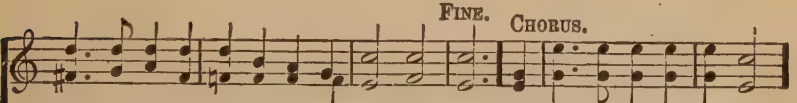


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

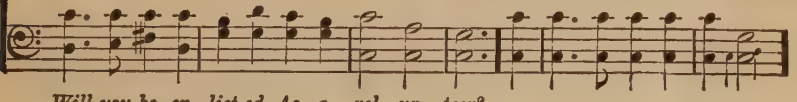


D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

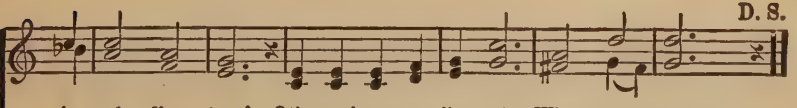


Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,



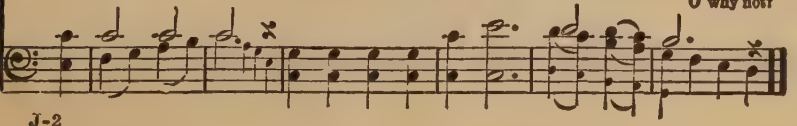
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

O why not?



No. 16. Jesus Will Sustain You.

James Rowe.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Does the world no rest af - ford? Would you have your strength re-stored?
2. Are you tempt-ed by the foe? Has your bur - den laid you low?
3. Are you wear - y of the fray? Have you fall - en by the way?
4. Dark with sin your past may be, Je - sus waits to hear your plea,

Cast your bur - den on the Lord, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
To the one true Help - er go, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
Make the Sav - ior yours to - day, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
Glad - ly He will set you free; Je - sus will sus - tain you.

CHORUS.

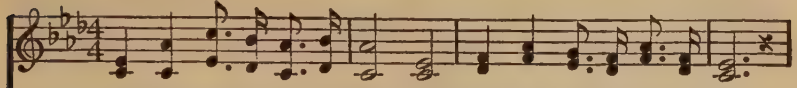
Je - sus will sus - tain you, Je - sus will sus - tain you;

When you need a Friend to help you, Je - sus will sus - tain you.

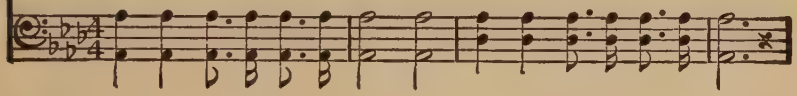
No. 17. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

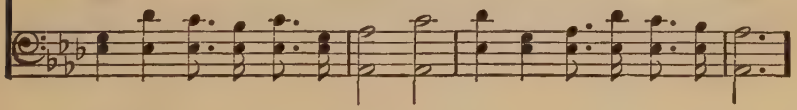
Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.



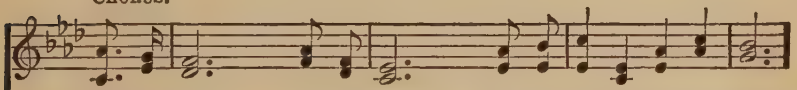
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



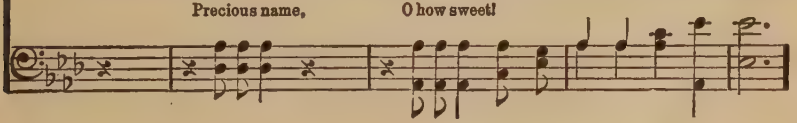
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



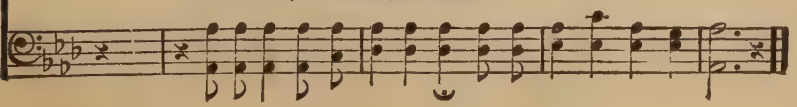
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



No. 18. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER

Henry P. Morton

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

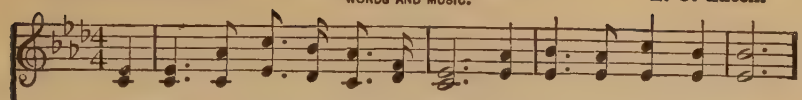
D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

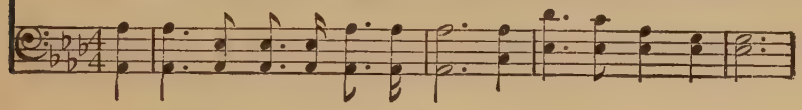
No. 19. The Gifts of God.

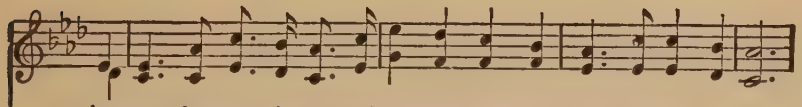
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

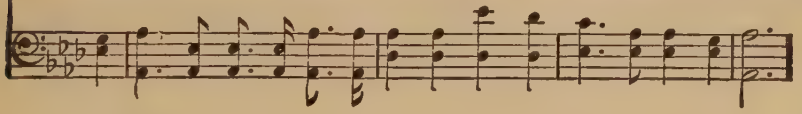


1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign sn-preme;

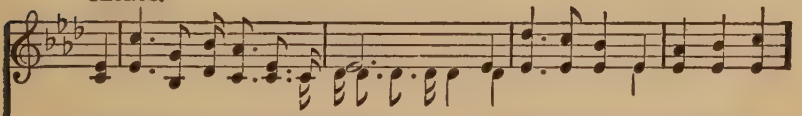




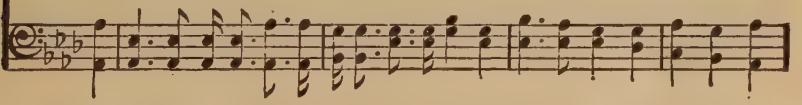
As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.

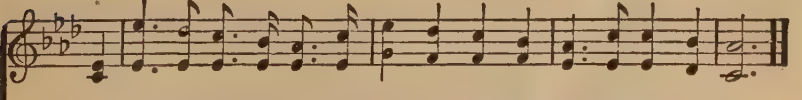


CHORUS.

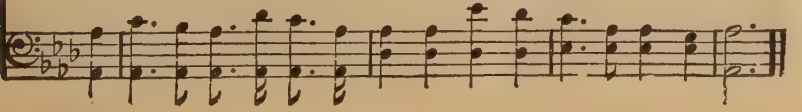


His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.





And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 20. Somebody Needs You.

E. E. Hewitt.

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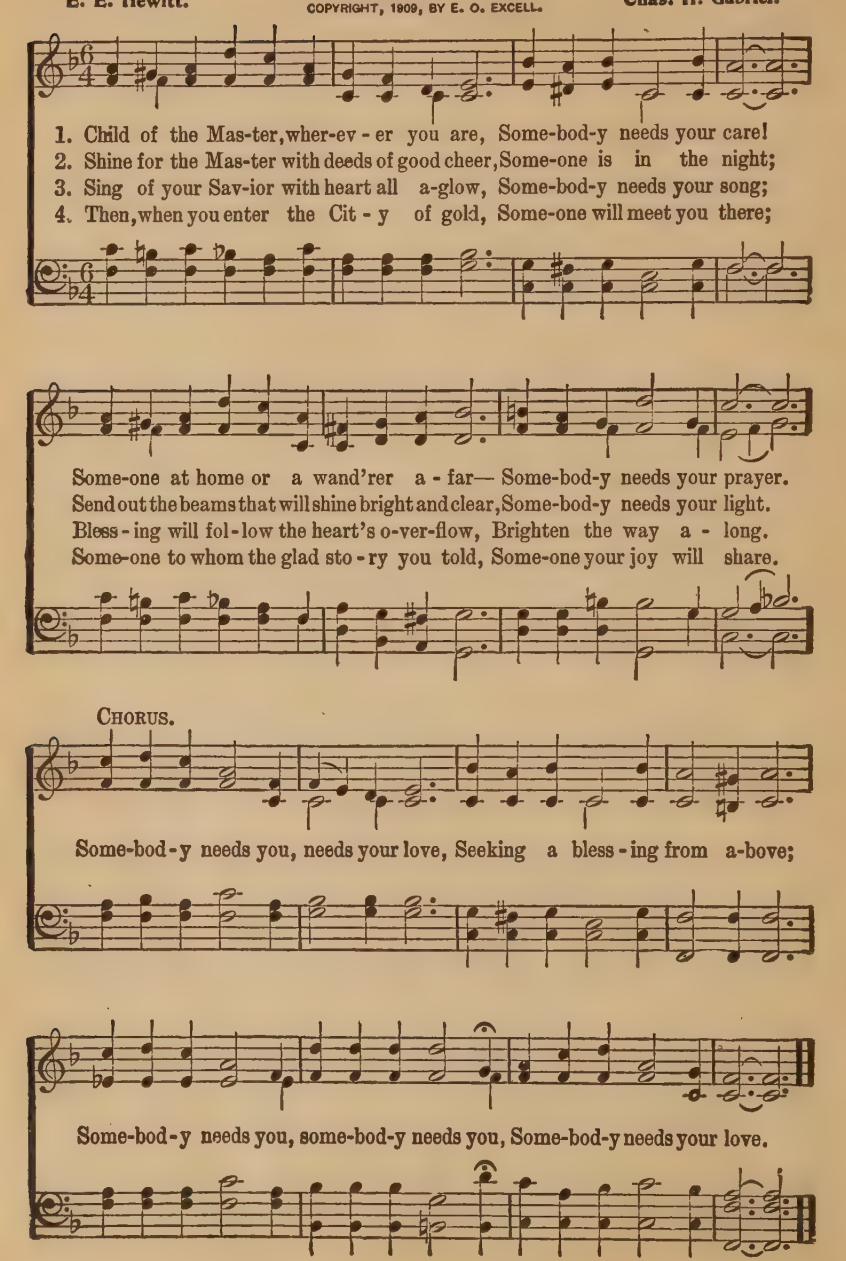
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 21. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe.

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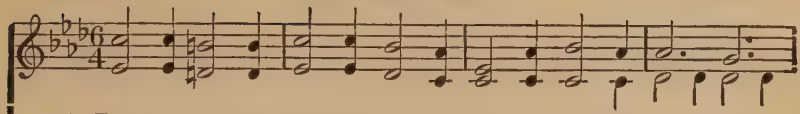
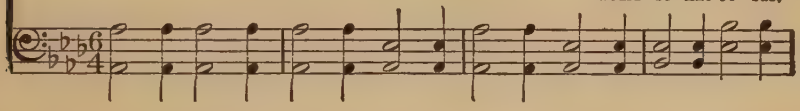
WORDS AND MUSIC.

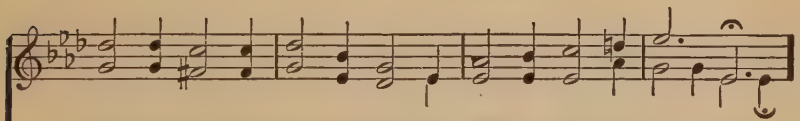
B. D. Ackley.



1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

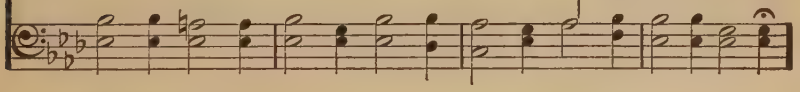
would be like Je - sus;



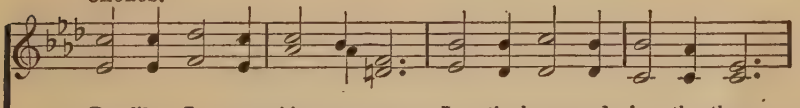


Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

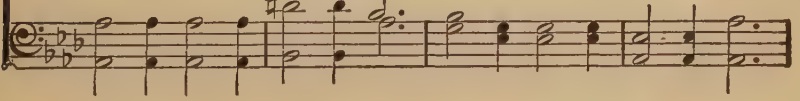
would be like Je - sus.

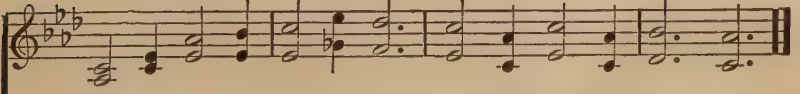


CHORUS.

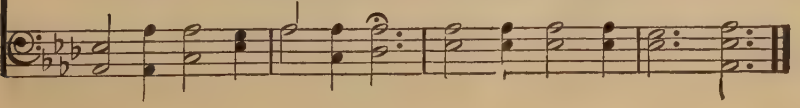


Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;





Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



No. 22. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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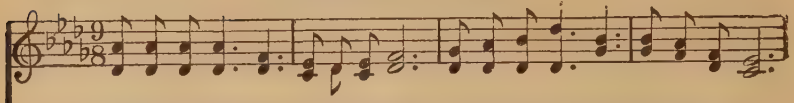
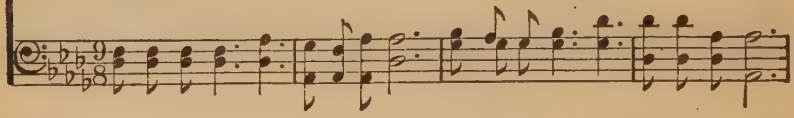
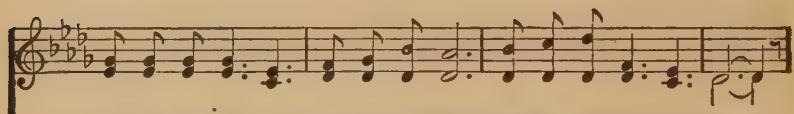
Chas. H. Gabriel.

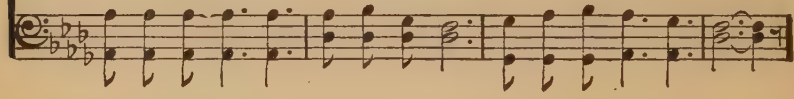


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

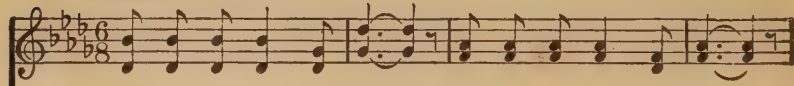




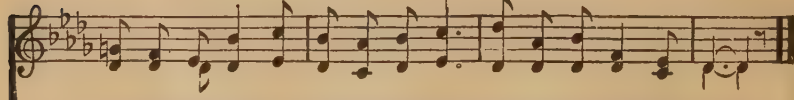
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



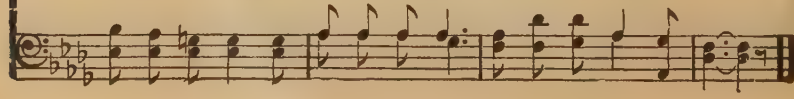
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 23. **Grace, Enough for Me.**

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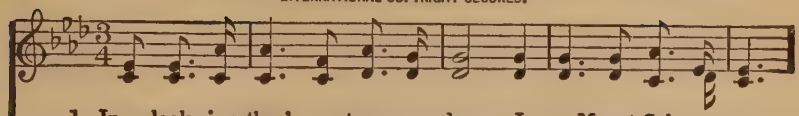
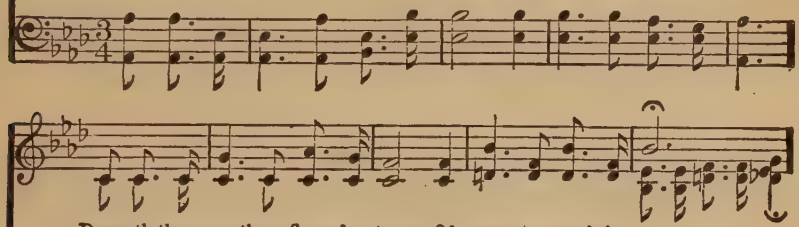
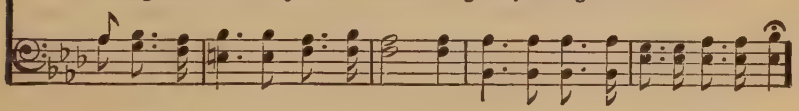


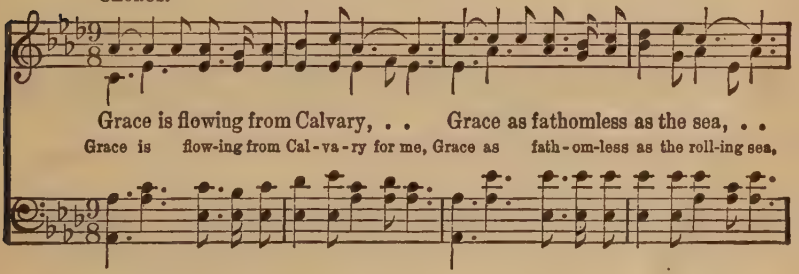
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



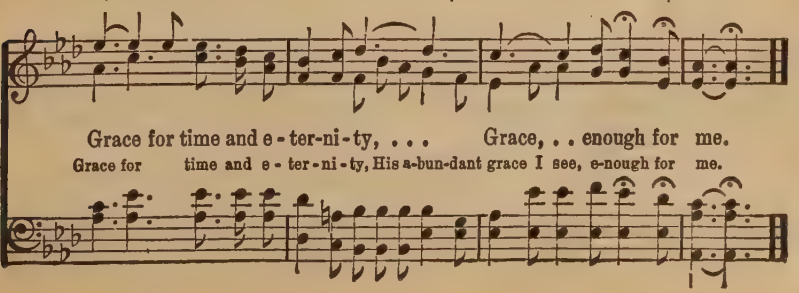
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,



Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 24. Entire Consecration.

C. M. D.

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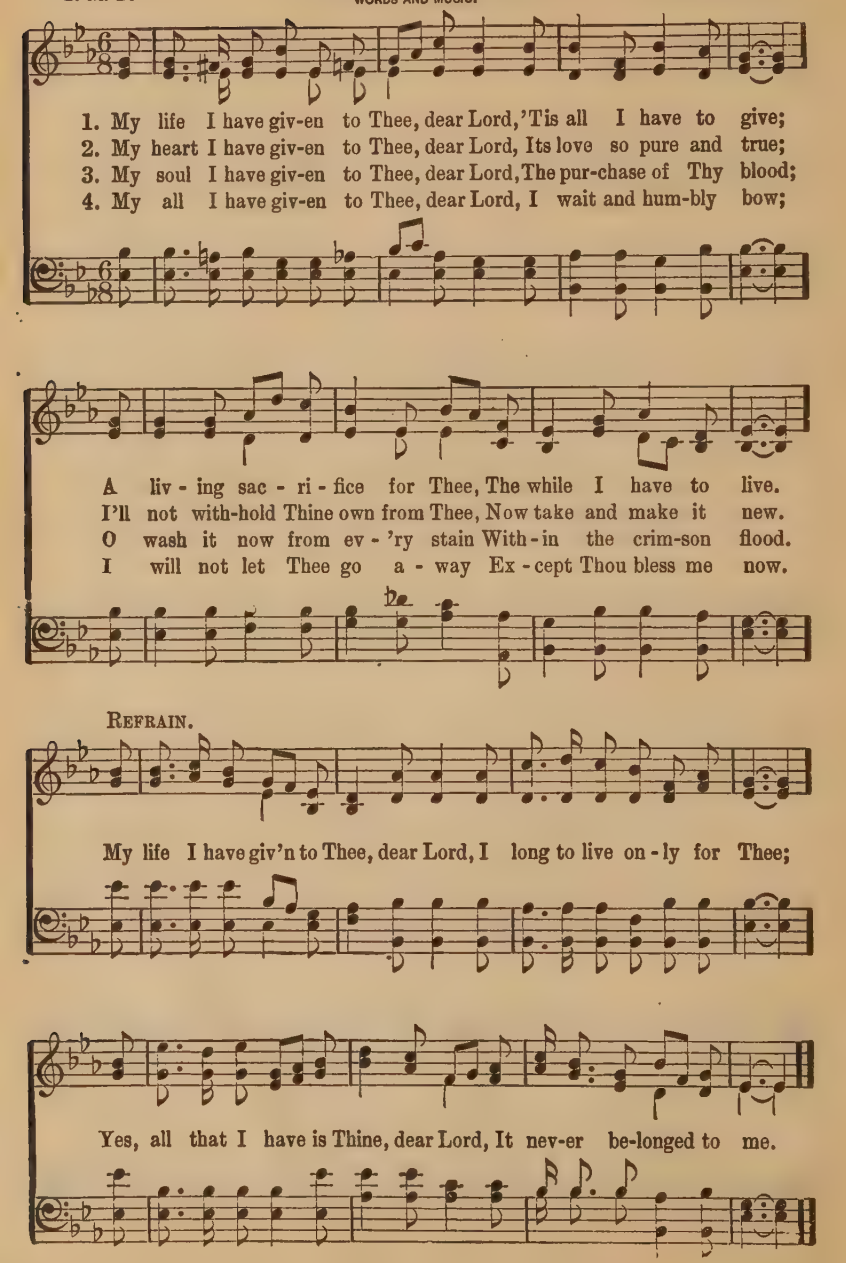
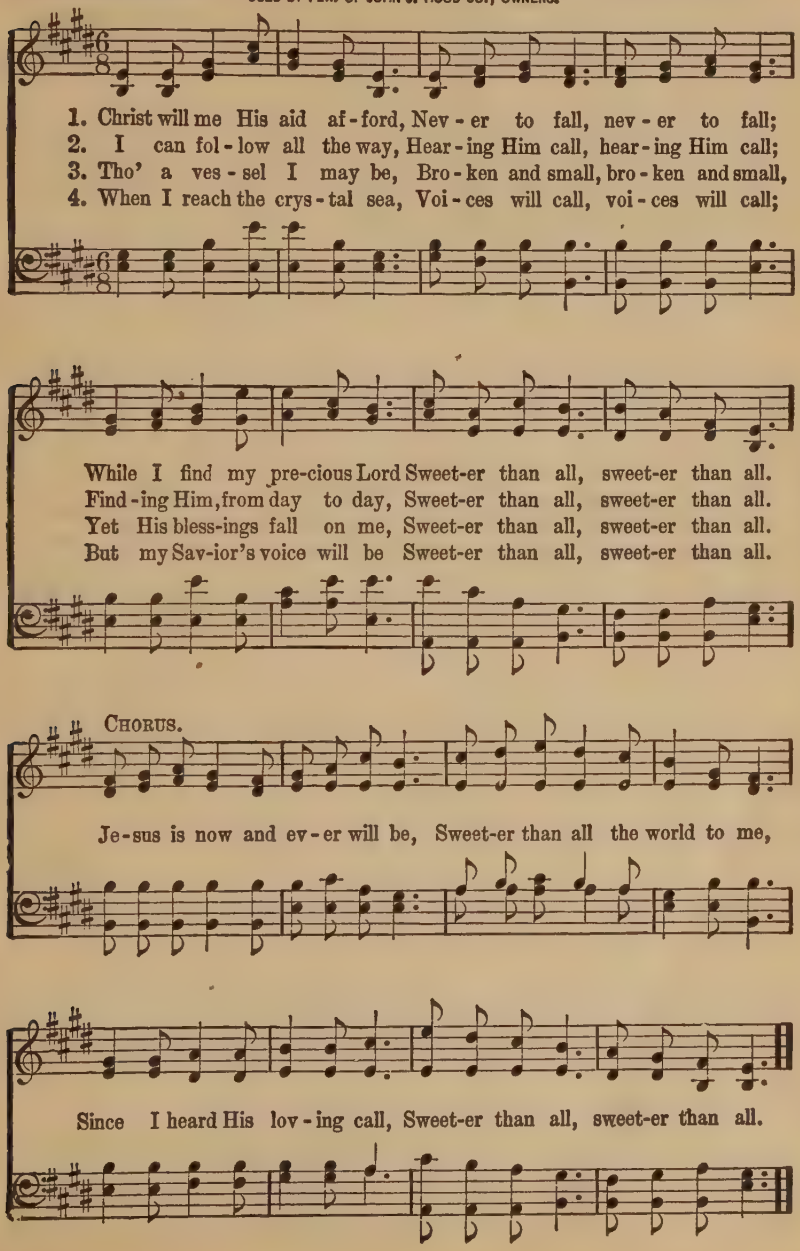
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. M. Davis.



No. 25. Sweeter Than All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO., OWNERS. J. Howard Entwisle.



No. 26. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan.

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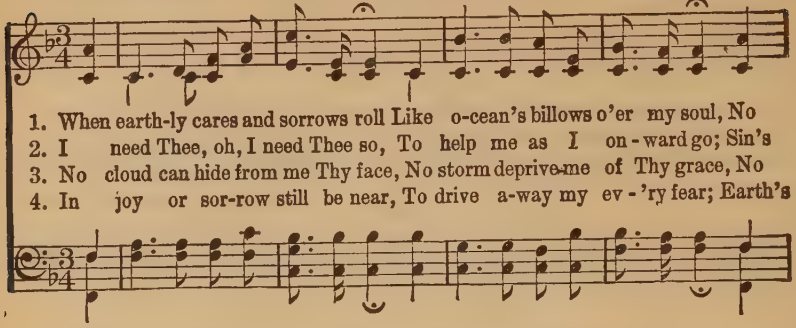
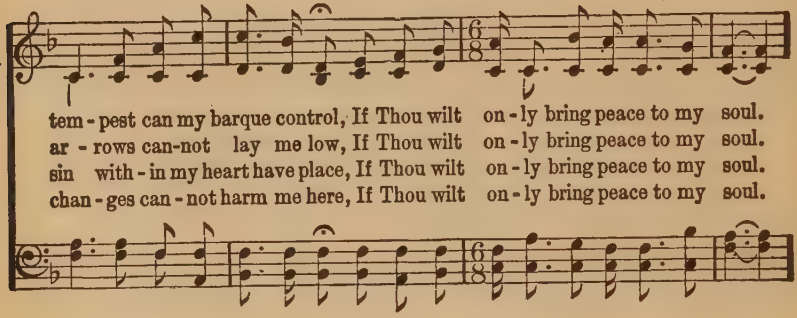
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

J. M. Dungan.

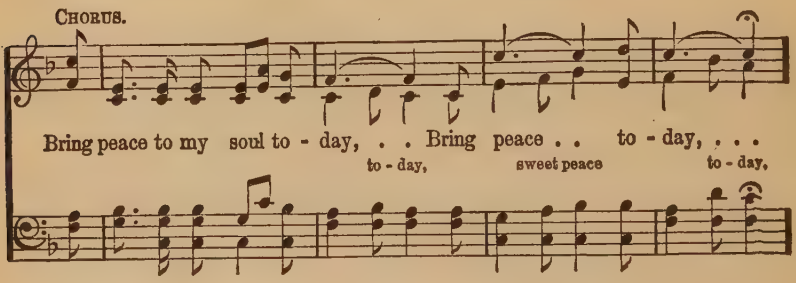


1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's billows o'er my soul, No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's

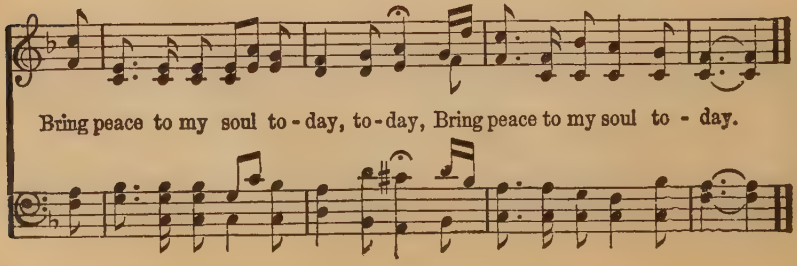


tem-pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chan-ges can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . Bring peace . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

No. 27.

Come to the Feast.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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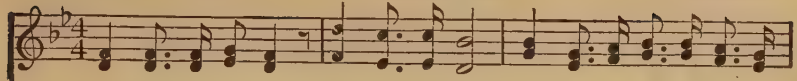
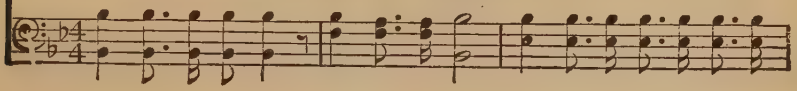
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

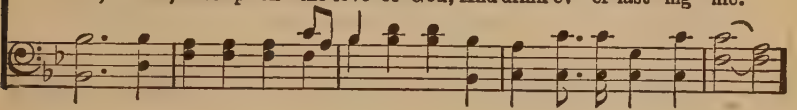
W. A. Ogden.



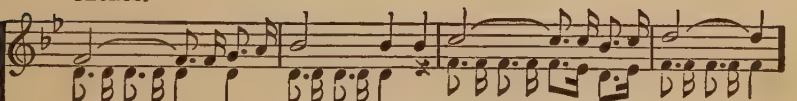
1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o-pen
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly



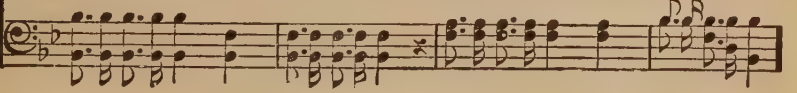
spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wear-y, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
wide; A place of hon-or is reserved For you at the Mas-ter's side.
thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.



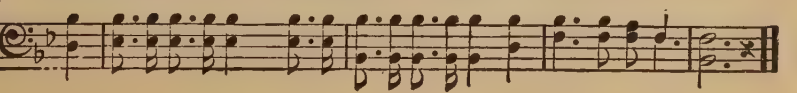
CHORUS.



Hear . . . . the in-vi-ta - tion, Come, "who - so-ev-er will;" . . .
Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev-er will;"



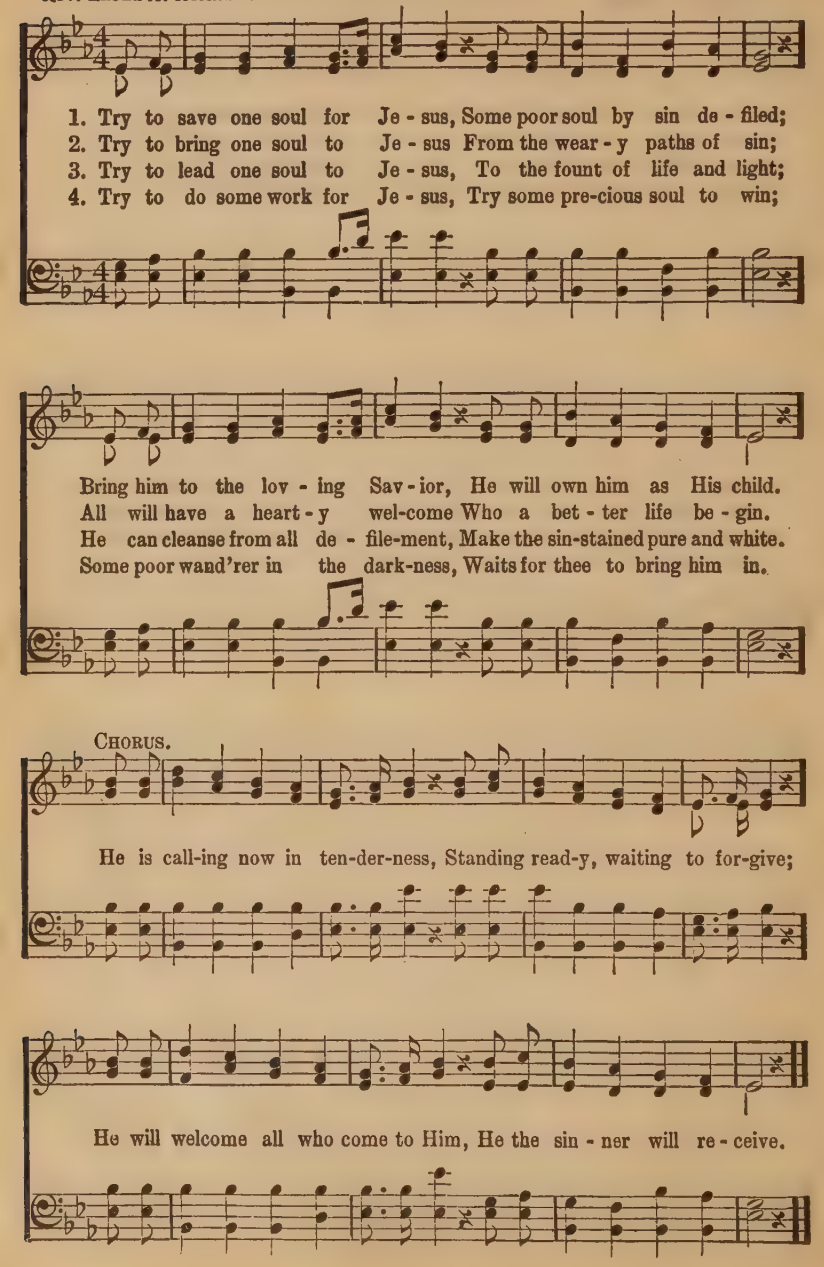
Praise God . . . . . for full sal-va - - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."
Praise God for full sal-va - tion For "who-so-ev-er will,"



No. 28. Save One Soul for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.

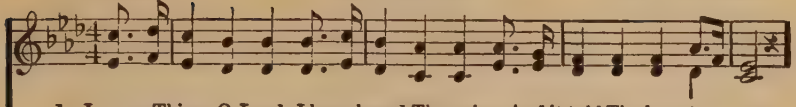


No. 29. I am Thine, O Lord.

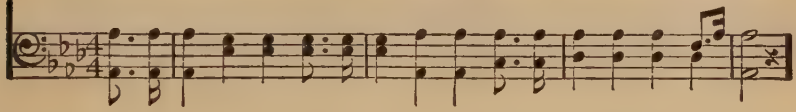
F. J. Crosby.

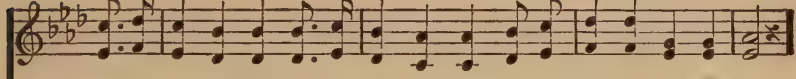
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

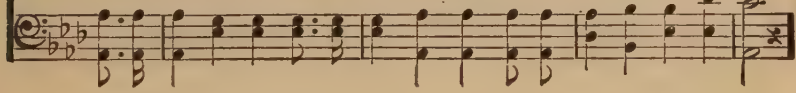


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

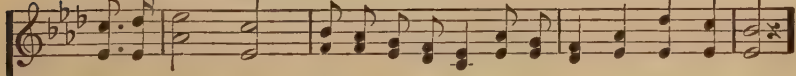




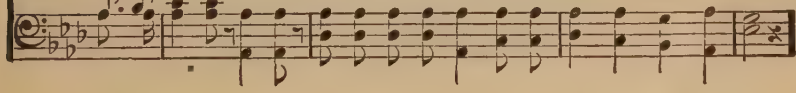
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

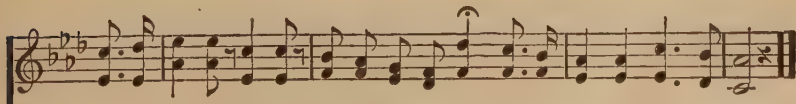


REFRAIN.

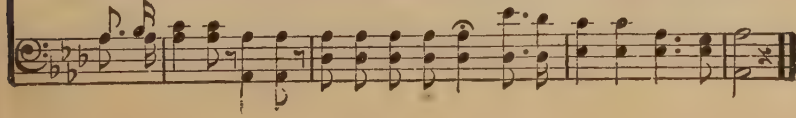


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,





Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



No. 30.

Teach Me.

Kate Ulmer.

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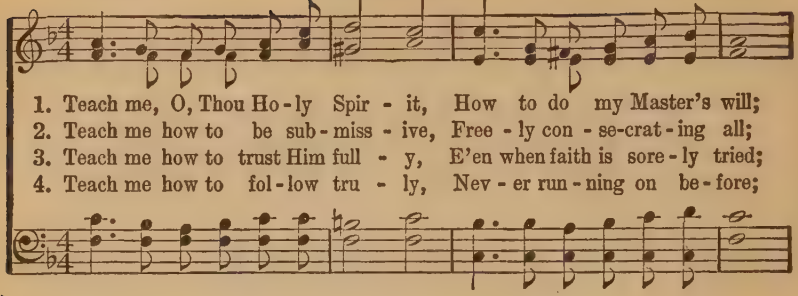
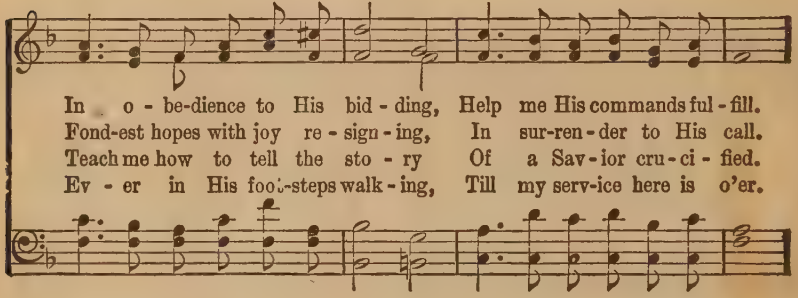
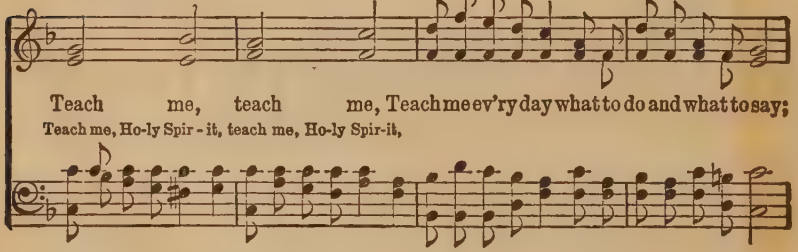
WORDS AND MUSIC.

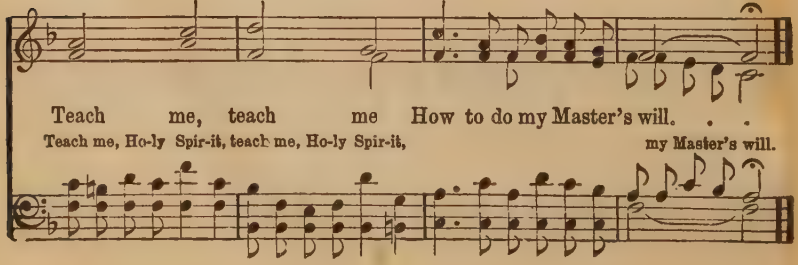
Victor H. Benke.





CHORUS.





No. 31. One Day for Thee.

Rev. W. C. Pool.

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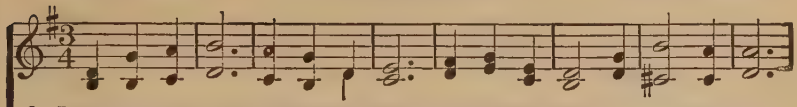
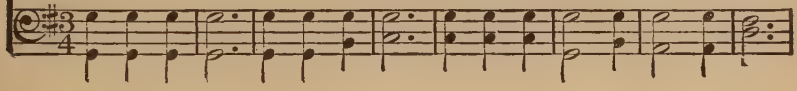
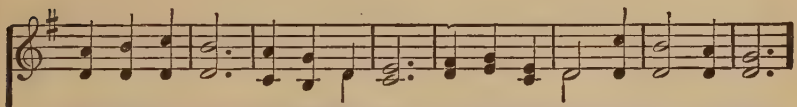
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

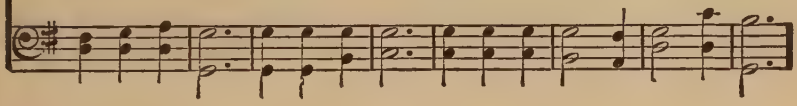


1. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Lead, lest I stray, O lead Thou me;
2. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Lived at Thy side O may it be;
3. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Take full con-trol, dear Lord, of me;
4. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee, Till all to-days life's day shall be;

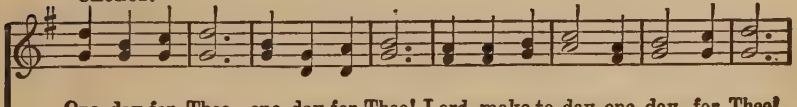




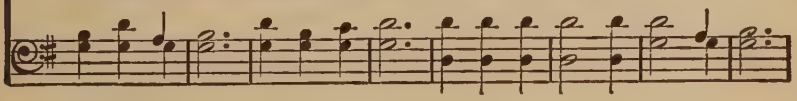
Give faith to trust when naught I see,—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
Lest I should fall, O hold Thou me,—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
Guide Thou my tho'ts—first, let this be:—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
And then from Heav'n, O let me see All of life's day one day for Thee.

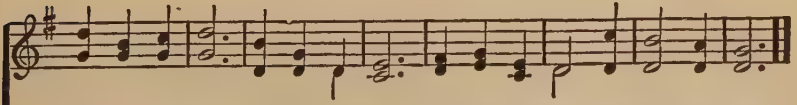


CHORUS.

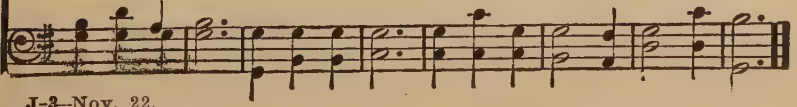


One day for Thee, one day for Thee! Lord, make to-day one day for Thee!





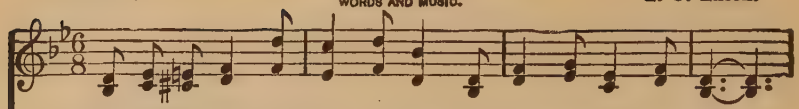
One day for Thee, one day for Thee! Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.



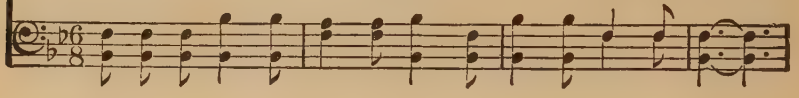
No. 32. The Bible.

B. Barton. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

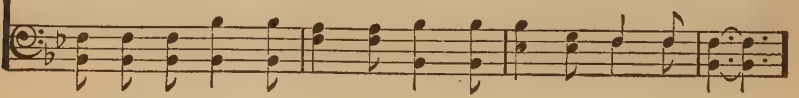
WORDS AND MUSIC.



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis-dom it im - parts,

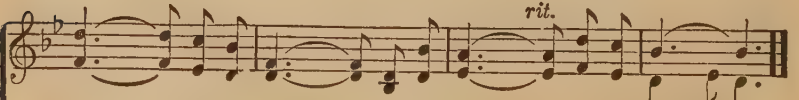


Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms be-yond the sky:
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim - ple, child-like hearts.

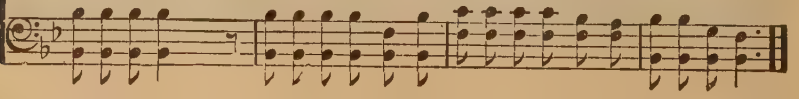


CHORUS.

Beau - ti-ful Lamp, . . brightly shine . . . on the way, . . .
Beau-ti - ful Lamp, beau-ti - ful Lamp, shine on the way, shine on the way,



Guid - ing the soul . . . to the man - sions of day. . . .
Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

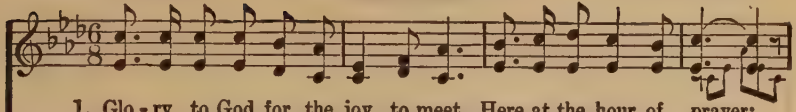


No. 33. The Hour of Prayer.

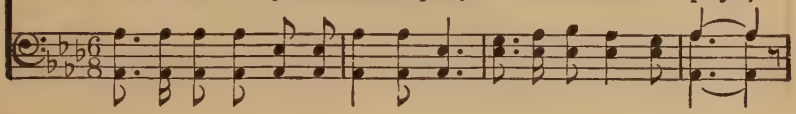
Fanny J. Crosby.

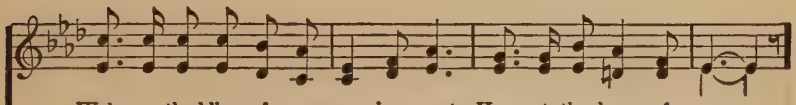
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

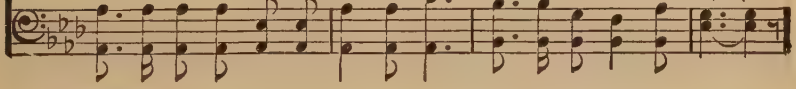


1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;

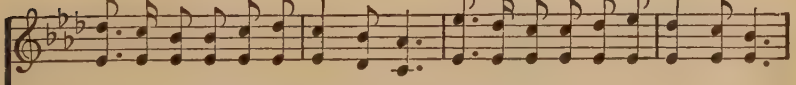




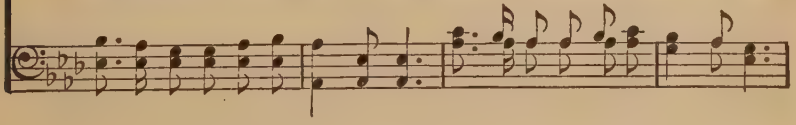
Welcome the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wear - y, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its full-ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.

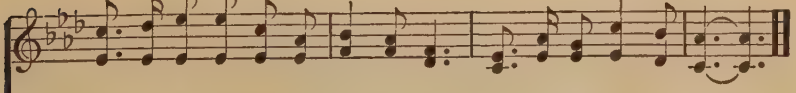


CHORUS.

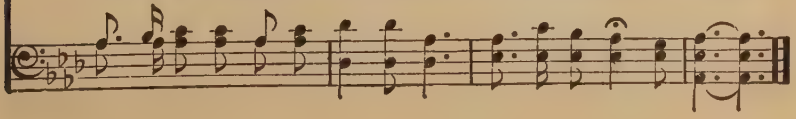


Nearer the gate to the soul's bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,





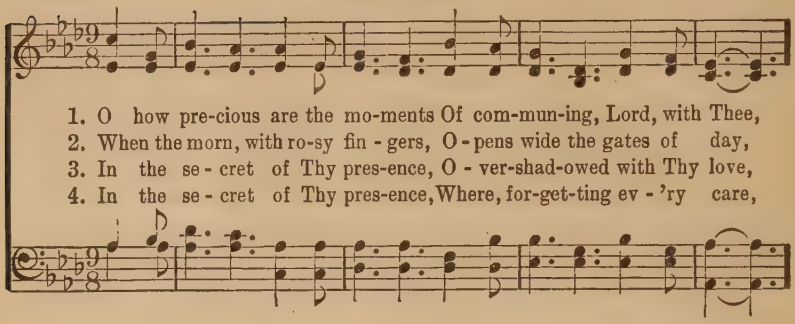
Near-er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer,



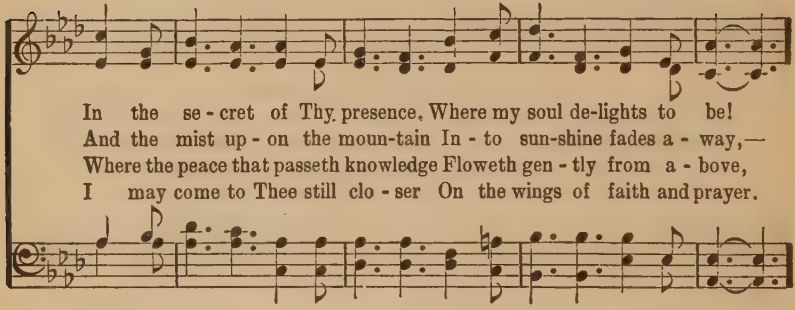
No. 34. Where Thou Gallest Me.

James Apple. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

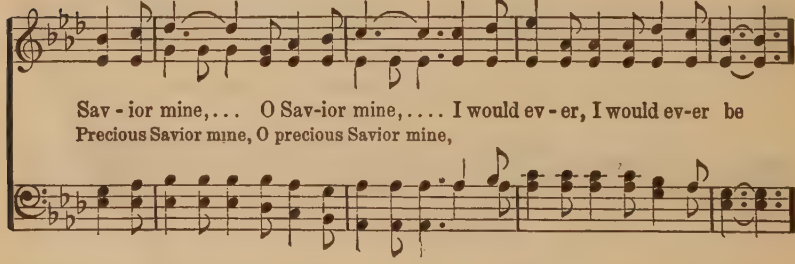


1. O how pre-cious are the mo-ments Of com-mun-ing, Lord, with Thee,
2. When the morn, with ro-sy fin - gers, O - pens wide the gates of day,
3. In the se - cret of Thy pres-ence, O - ver-shad-owed with Thy love,
4. In the se - cret of Thy pres-ence, Where, for-get-ting ev - 'ry care,

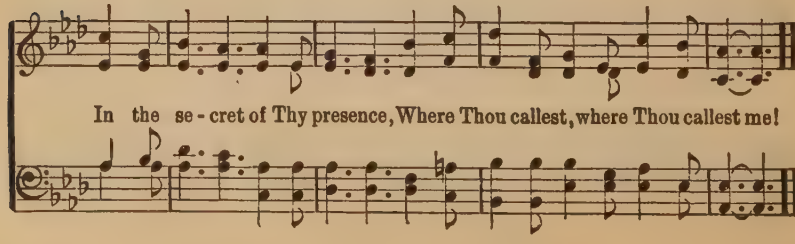


In the se - cret of Thy presence, Where my soul de-lights to be!
And the mist up - on the moun-tain In - to sun-shine fades a - way,—
Where the peace that passeth knowledge Floweth gen - tly from a - bove,
I may come to Thee still clo - ser On the wings of faith and prayer.

CHORUS.



Sav - ior mine, . . . O Sav-ior mine, ... I would ev - er, I would ev-er be
Precious Savior mine, O precious Savior mine,



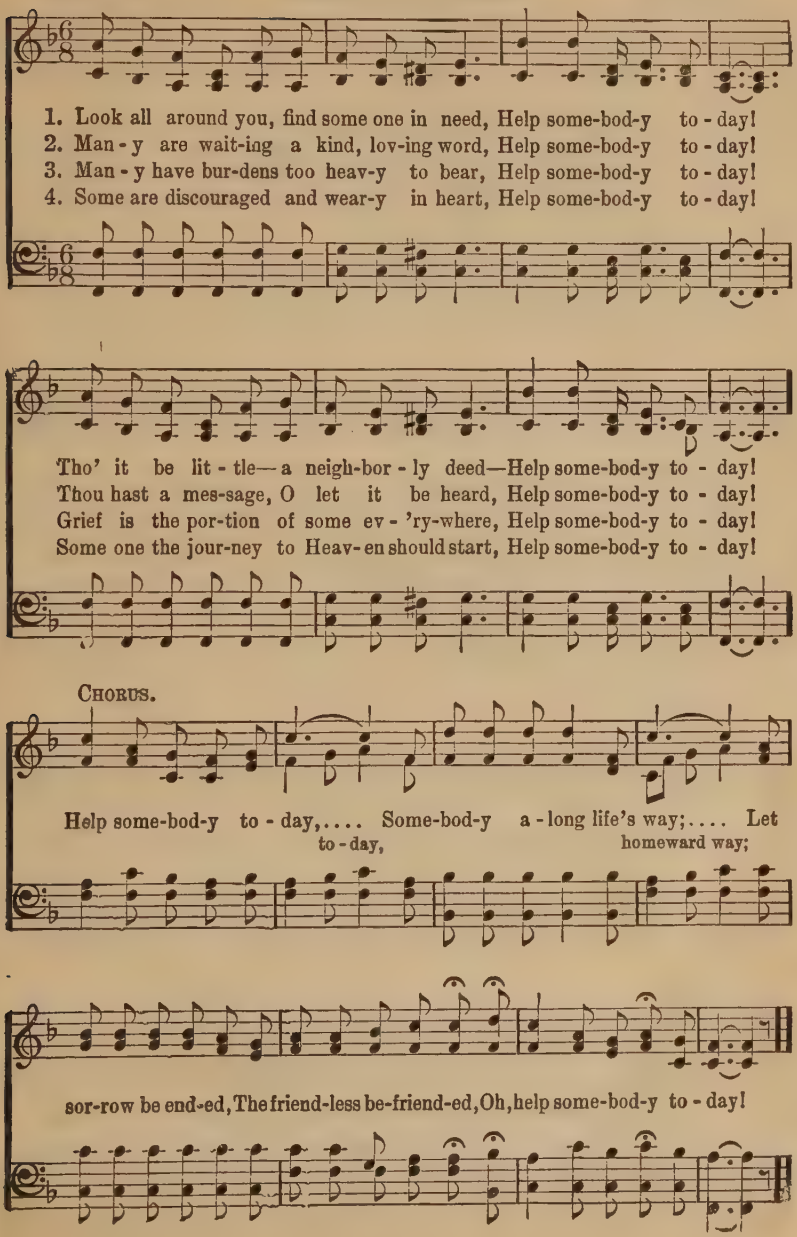
In the se - cret of Thy presence, Where Thou callest, where Thou callest me!

No. 35. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

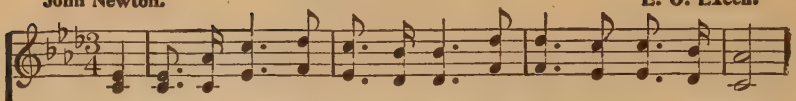
Chas. H. Gabriel.



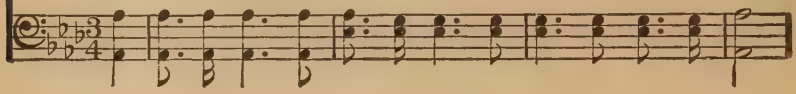
No. 36. What Wondrous Love

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

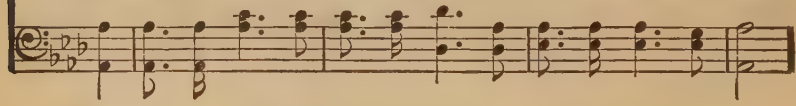
John Newton. E. O. Excell.



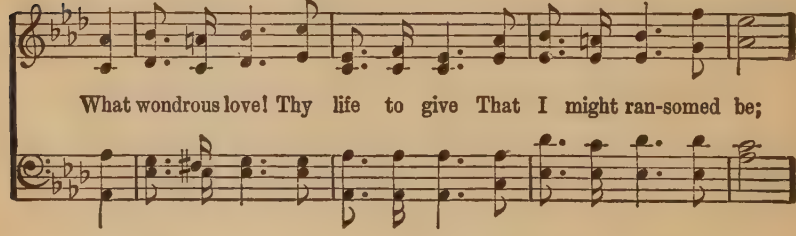
1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:



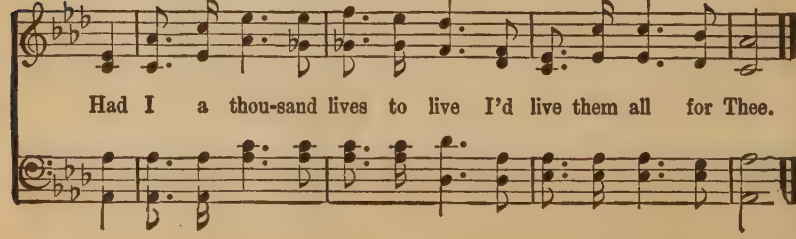
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."



CHORUS.



What wondrous love! Thy life to give That I might ran-somed be;



Had I a thou-sand lives to live I'd live them all for Thee.

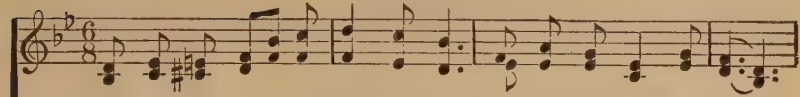
No. 37. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

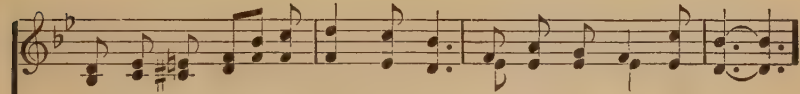
C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

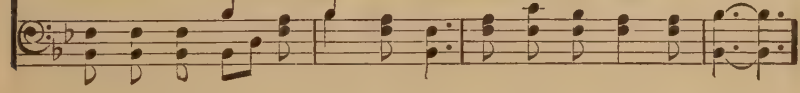
W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

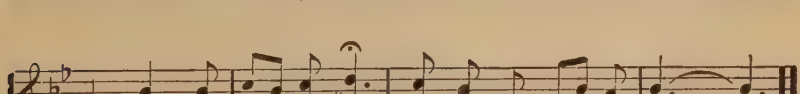


Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

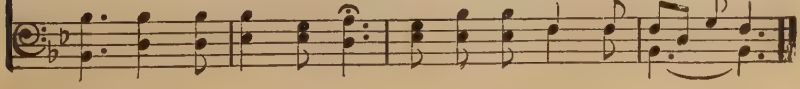


CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.



No. 38. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a Wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a joy I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deemed,
5. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deemed.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deemed.
Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deemed.
All thro' His blood and right-eous - ness, Since I have been re-deemed.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

Since I . . . . . have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,

I will glo - ry in His name; I will glo - ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 39. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

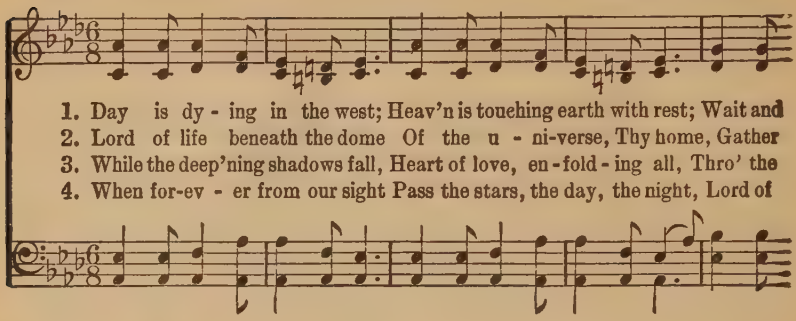
D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

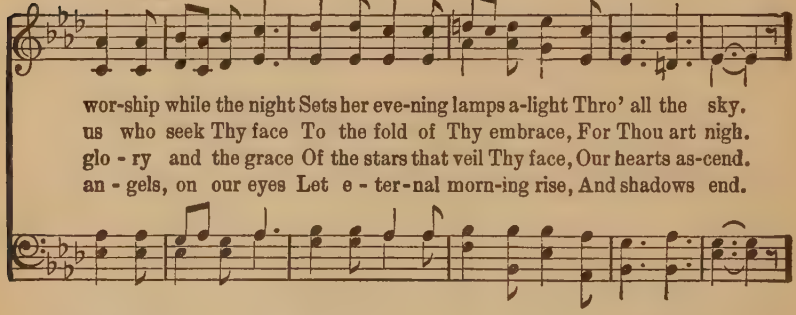
No. 40. Day is Dying in the West.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gather us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.



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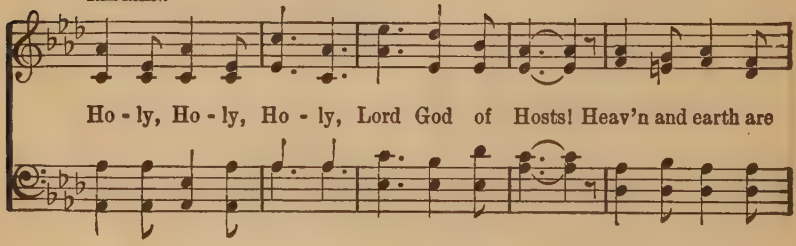
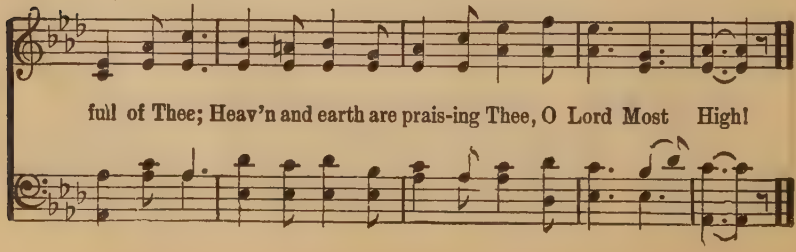


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



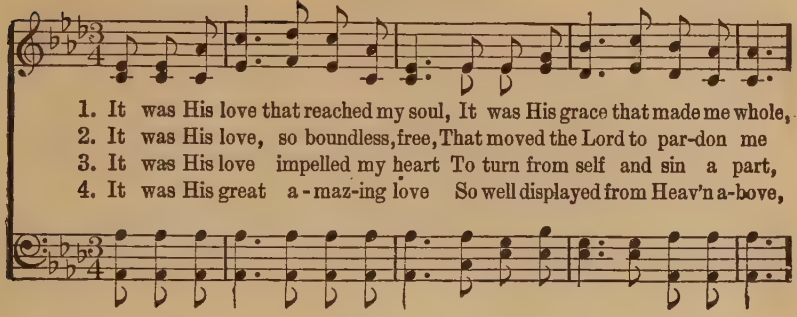
full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 41. It Was His Love.

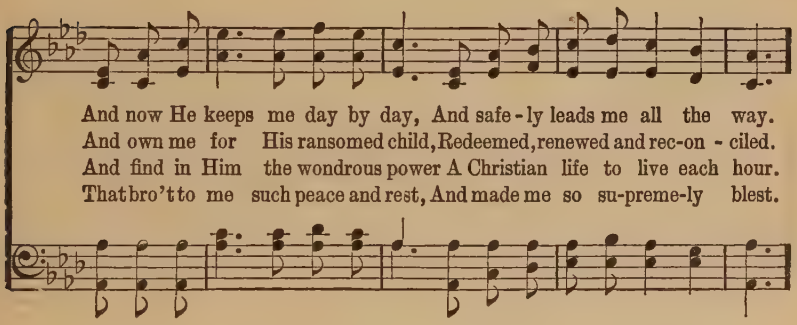
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

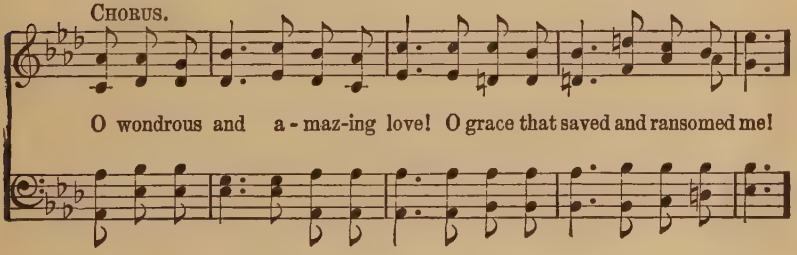
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. It was His love that reached my soul, It was His grace that made me whole,
2. It was His love, so boundless, free, That moved the Lord to par-don me
3. It was His love impelled my heart To turn from self and sin a part,
4. It was His great a-maz-ing love So well displayed from Heav'n a-bove,

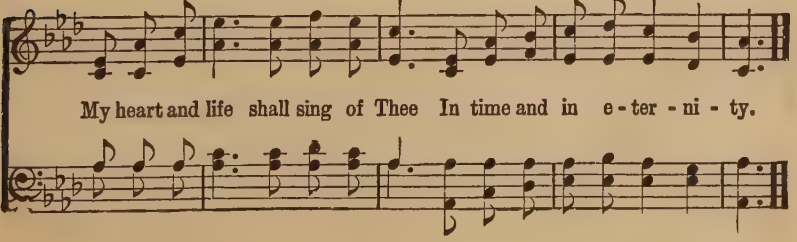


And now He keeps me day by day, And safe-ly leads me all the way.
And own me for His ransomed child, Redeemed, renewed and rec-on-ciled.
And find in Him the wondrous power A Christian life to live each hour.
That bro't to me such peace and rest, And made me so su-preme-ly blest.



CHORUS.

O wondrous and a-maz-ing love! O grace that saved and ransomed me!



My heart and life shall sing of Thee In time and in e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 42. Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
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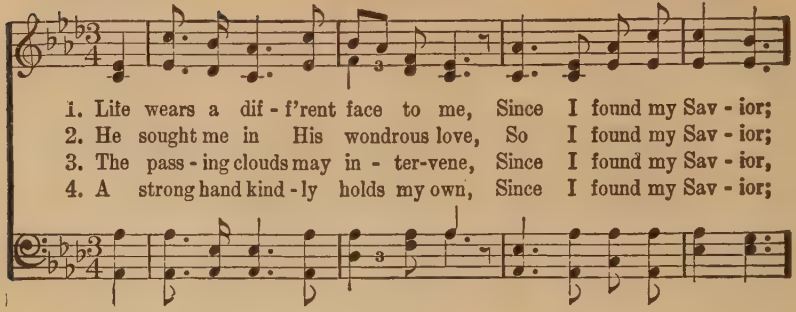
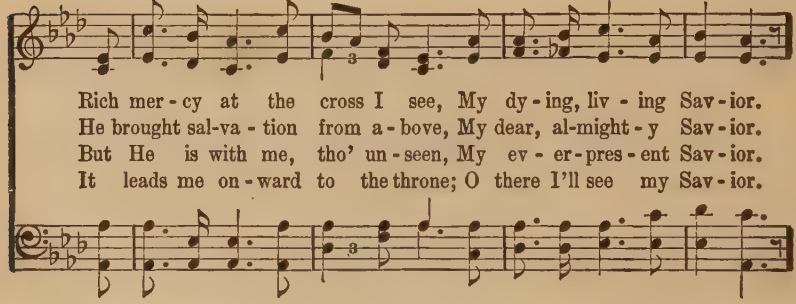
Jno. R. Sweney.

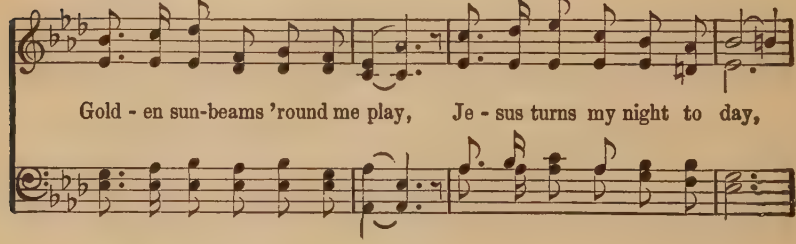


1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;

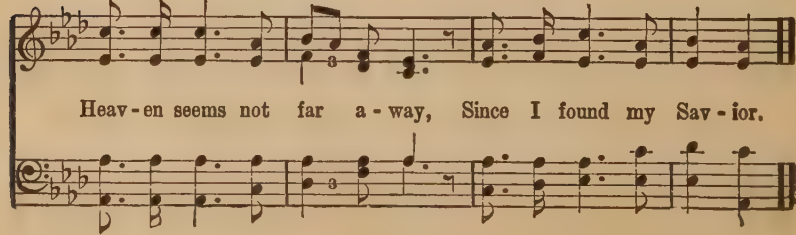


Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, tho' un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.



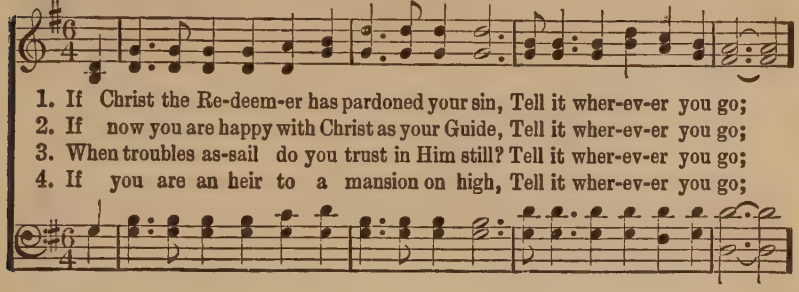
Gold - en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



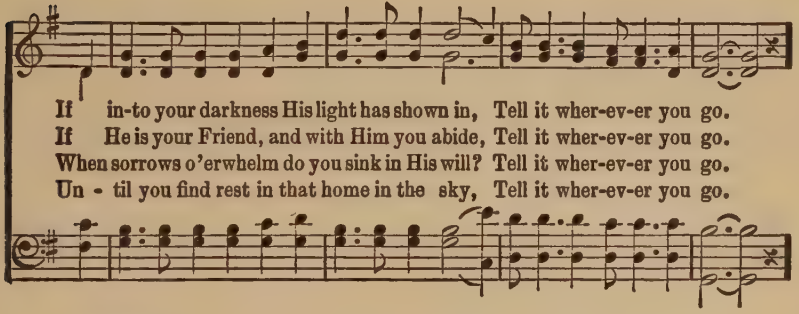
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 43. Tell It Wherever You Go.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Wm. Edie Marks.

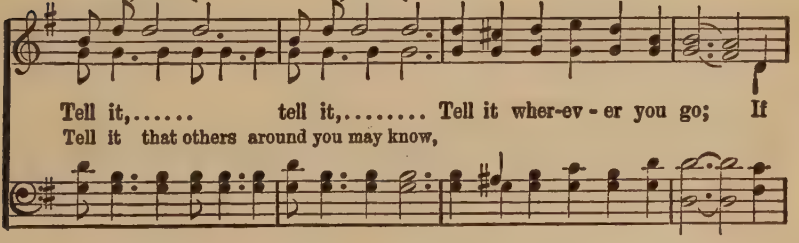


1. If Christ the Re-deem-er has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a mansion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;

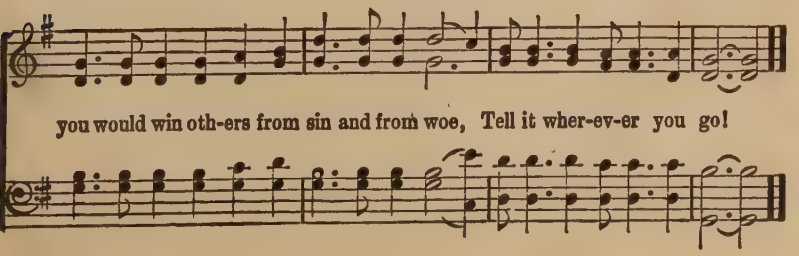


If in-to your darkness His light has shown in, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

CHORUS.



Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that others around you may know,



you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!

No. 44. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long with rapture I sing; To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling,
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly waited an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heavens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so precious to me.... For He is so precious to me,..... so pre-cious to me,

For He is so pre-cious to me;..... 'Tis Heav-en be-low so pre-cious to me;

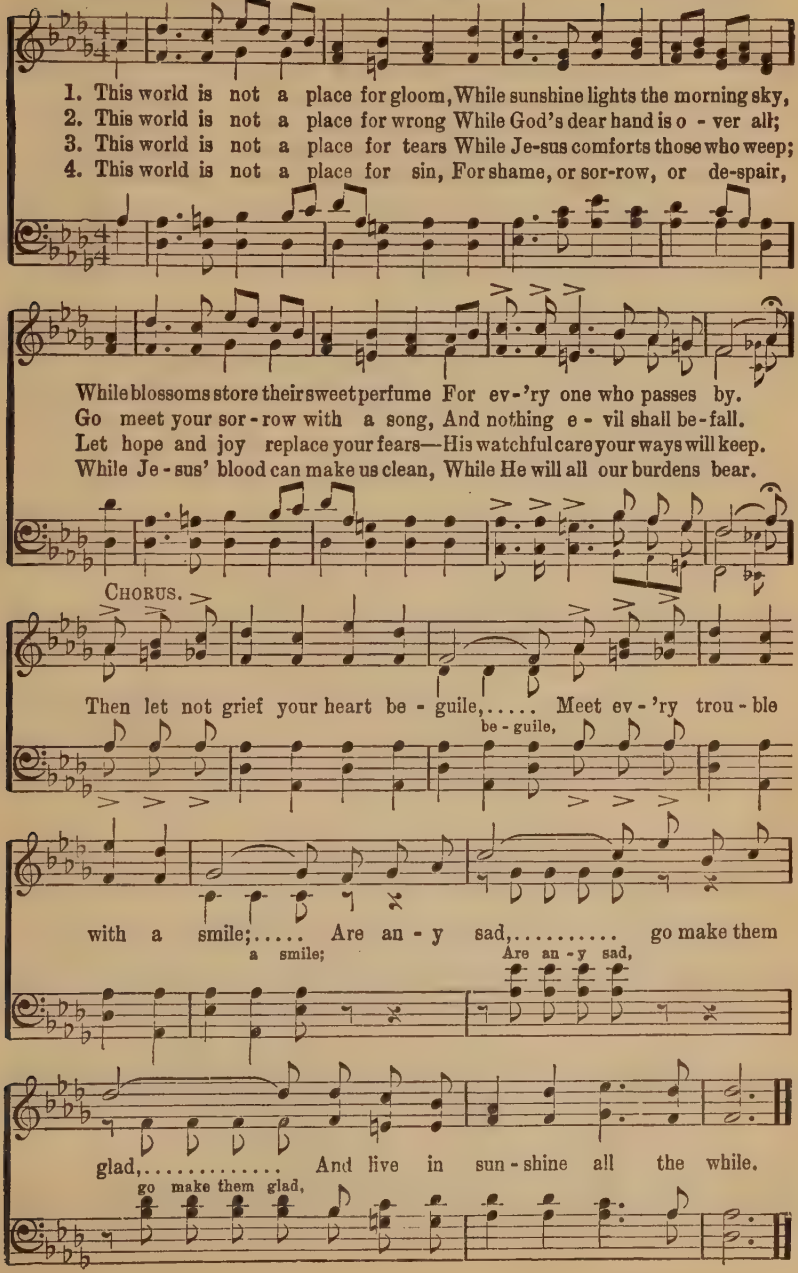
rit.

My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 45.

Live in Sunshine.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. Ira B. Wilson.



No. 46. Jesus On the Cross.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. A vi - sion goes be - fore me, day by day, Je - sus, bless - ed
2. And when I see Him there in ag - o - ny, Je - sus, bless - ed
3. For me He came from glo - ry to the grave, Je - sus, bless - ed
4. Hence-forth that I my grat - i - tude may prove, Je - sus, bless - ed

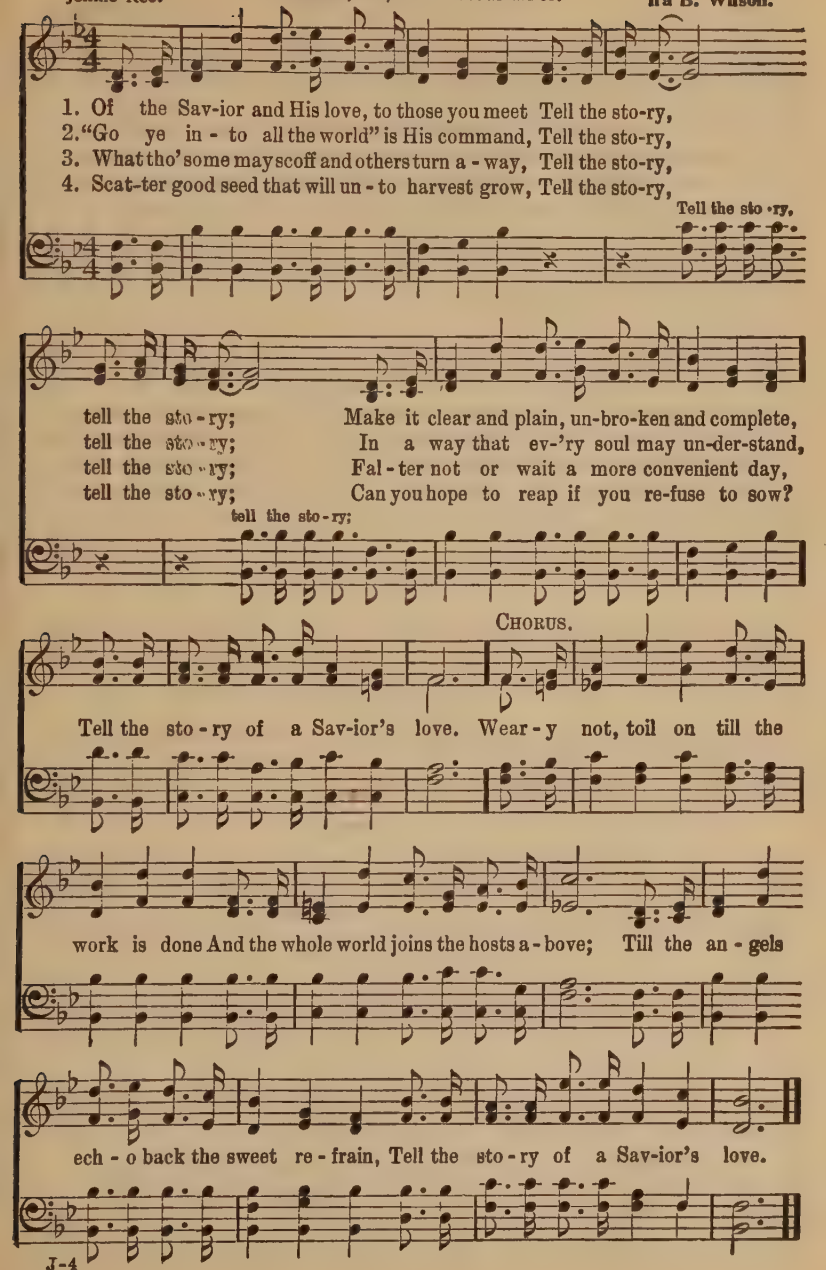
Je - sus on the cross! It keeps me in the straight and nar - row way,
Je - sus on the cross! I mar - vel at His sac - ri - fice for me,
Je - sus on the cross! To save my soul His life for me He gave,
Je - sus on the cross! I con - se - crate to Him my heart of love,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus on the cross! I see my lov - ing Sav - ior thro' my tears; (thro' my tears;) His mem - o - ry I cher - ish all the years; (all the years;) My heart no lon - ger fears, since His sac - ri - fice ap - pears, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus on the cross!

No. 47. Tell the Story.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. Ira B. Wilson.



No. 48. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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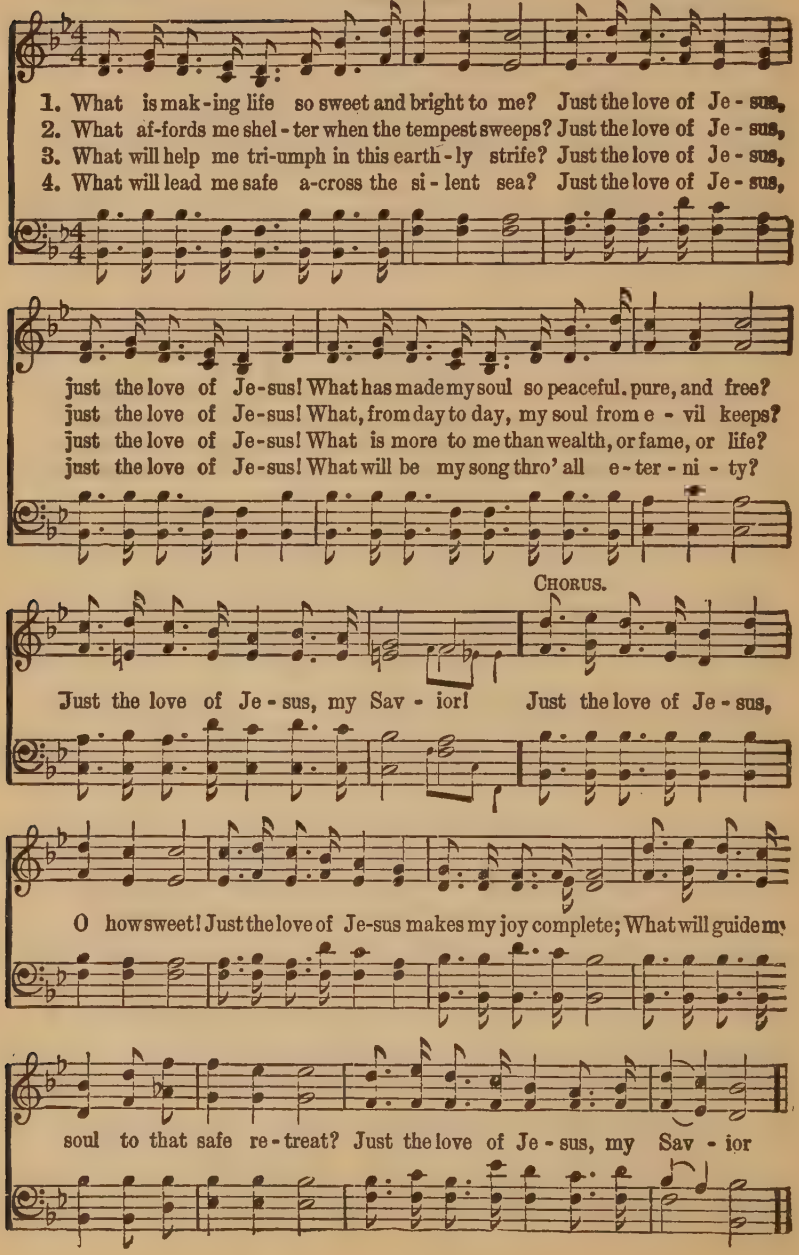
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.



No. 49. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus, Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.

Be-cause

Be-cause

Be-cause

No. 50. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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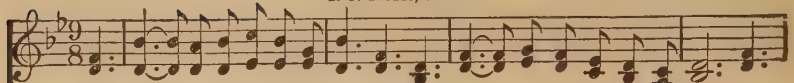
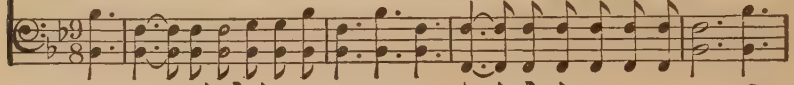
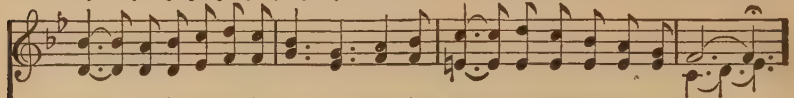
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

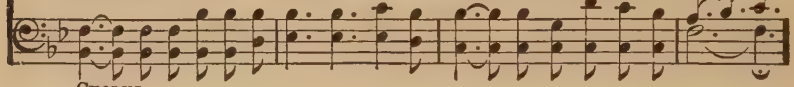


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

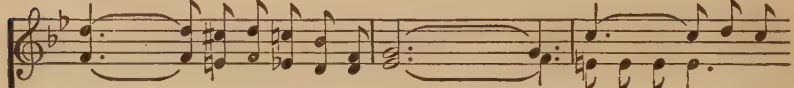




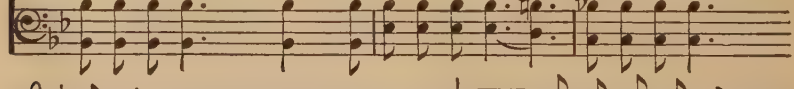
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!



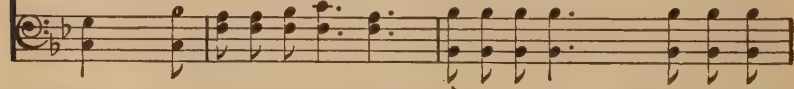
CHORUS.



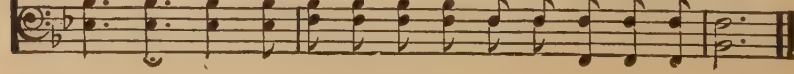
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,



dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my



Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!



No. 51. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

We shall shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 52. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

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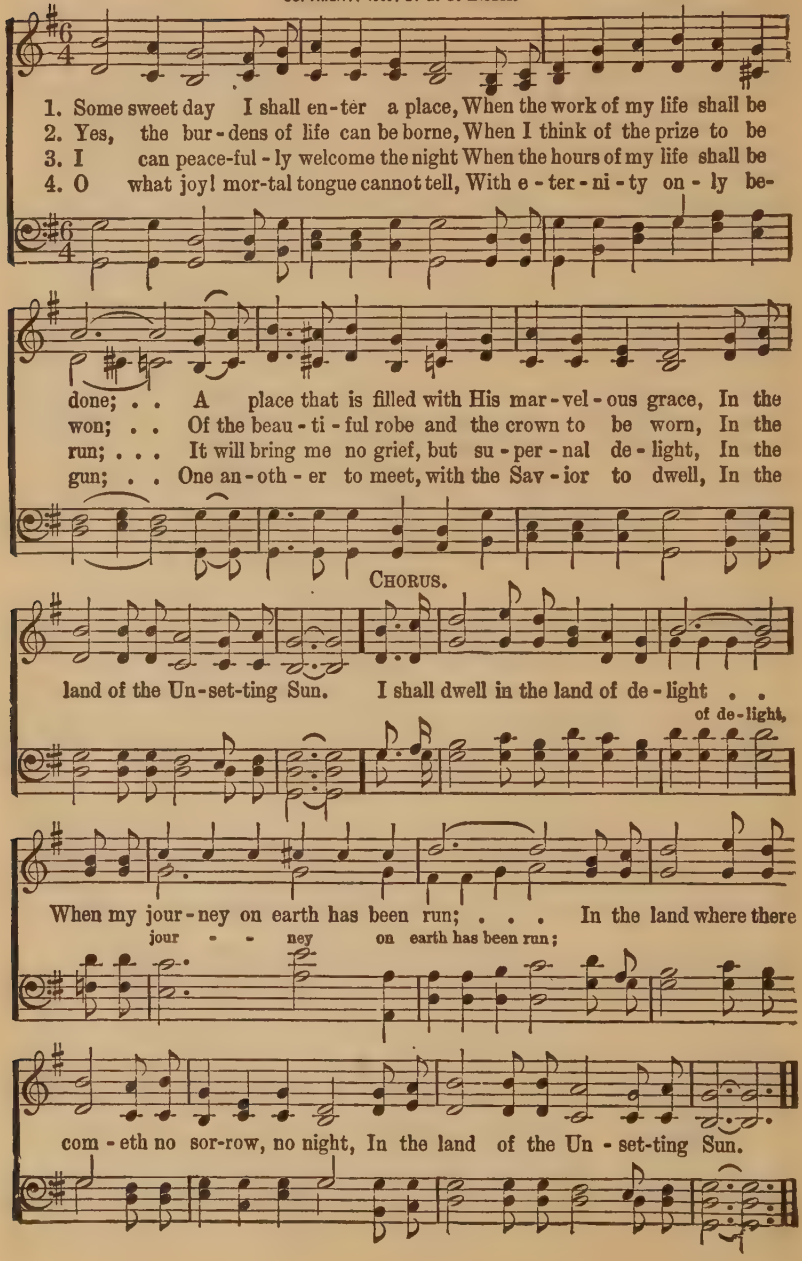
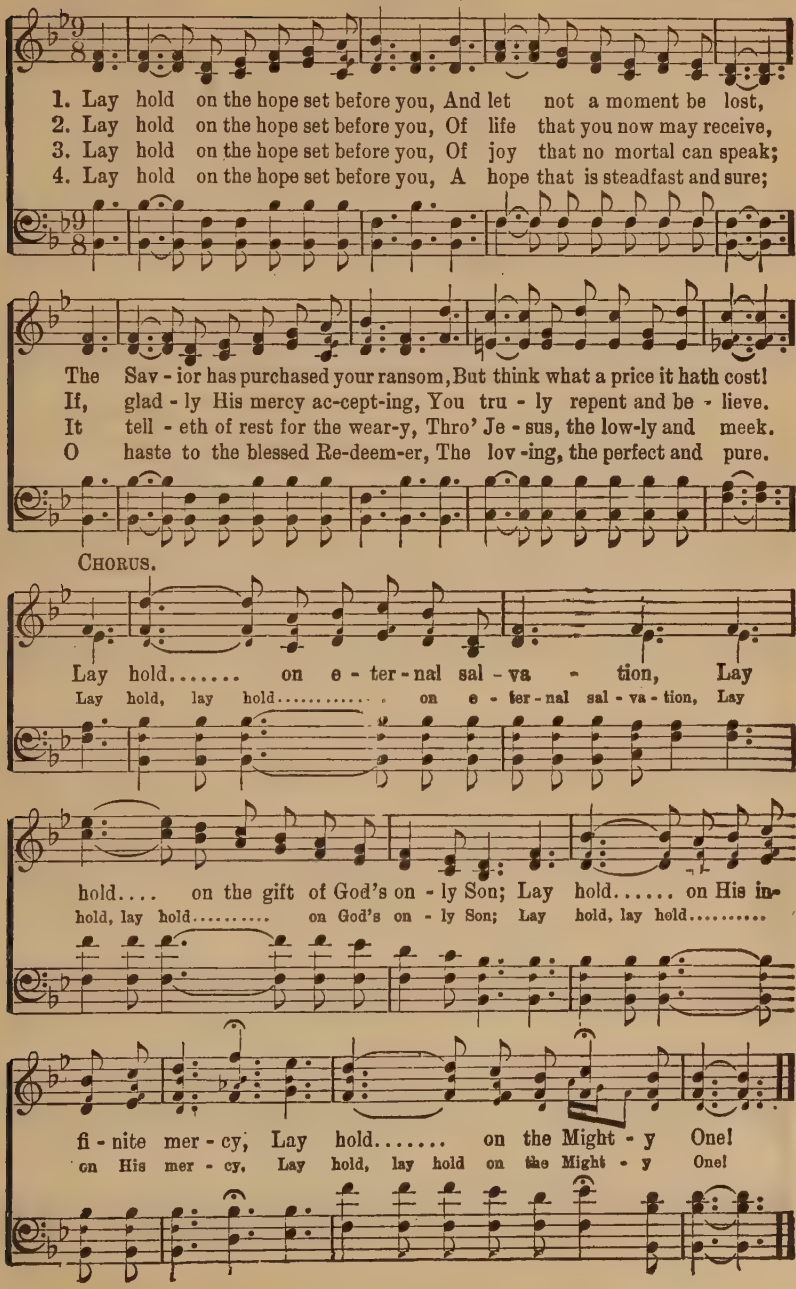
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 53. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.



No. 54. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no lon - ger! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the

told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say,
bro't un - to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com - eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him,
tell - ing of Je - sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of

Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So man - y I have met—

but they seemed to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

No. 55. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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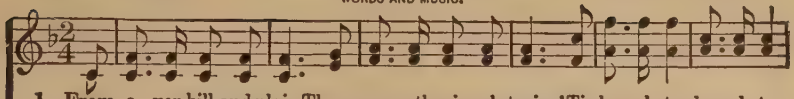
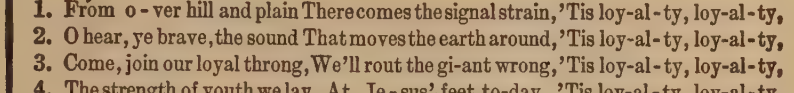
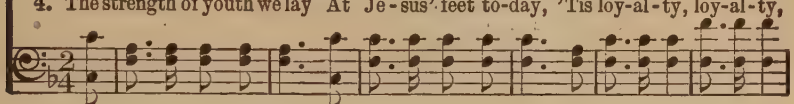
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

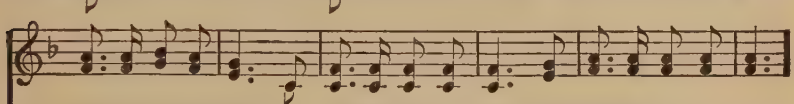


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

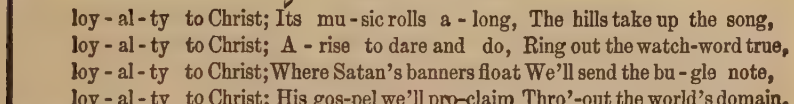




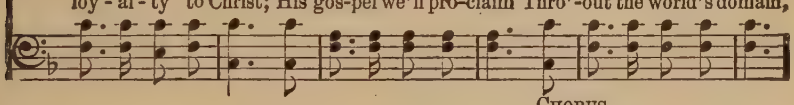
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



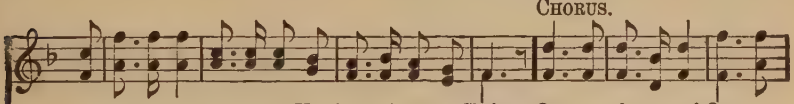
CHORUS.

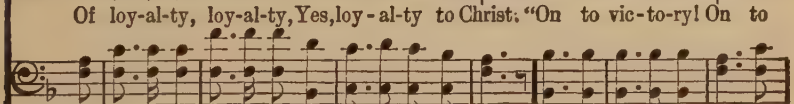


Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

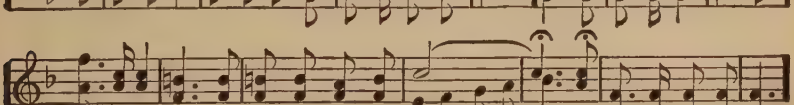


vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"





We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



No. 56. God is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

rit. *a tempo.*

call-ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing; Call - - ing, oh, hear Him,
God is call-ing yet,

rit.

call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.
God is call-ing yet,

No. 57. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is look-ing to you!

2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is look-ing to you!

3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is look-ing to you!

4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is look-ing to you!

CHORUS.

Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 58.

Alone With God.

G. H. C.

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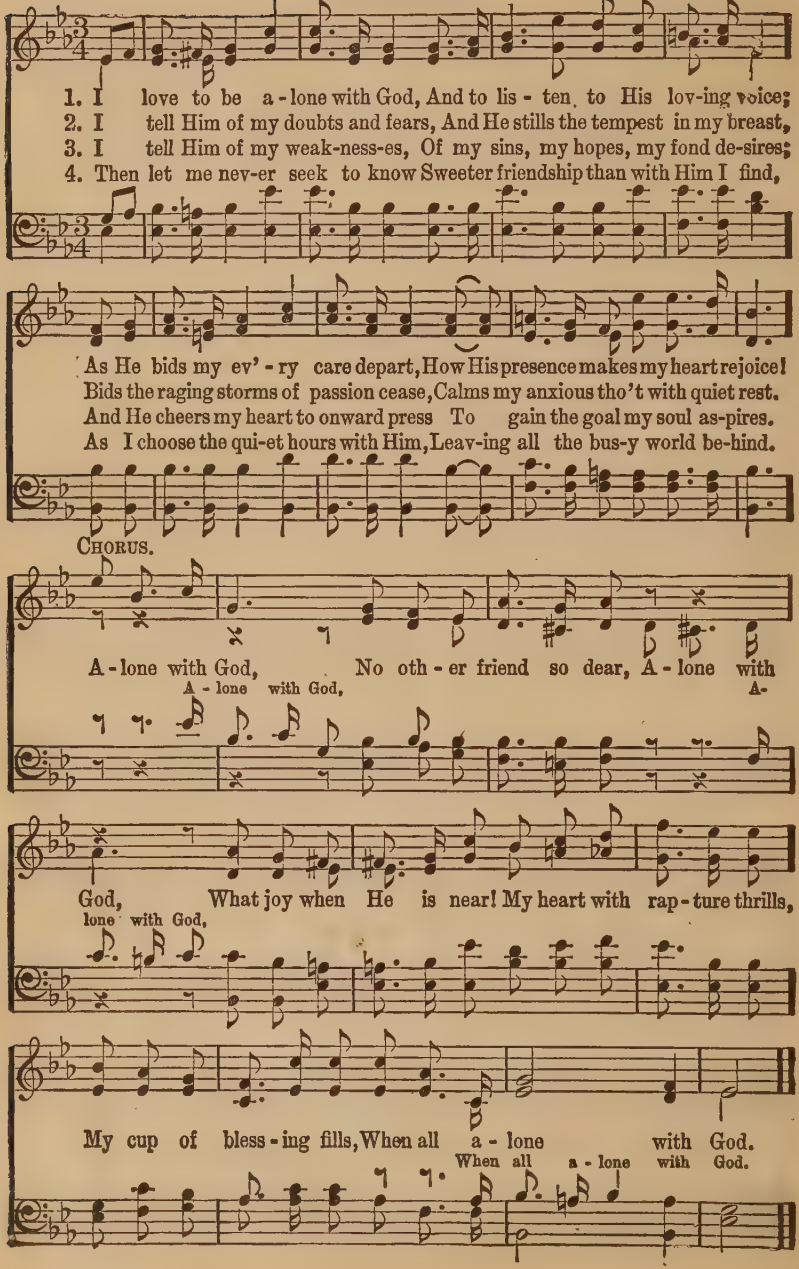
WORDS AND MUSIC.

George H. Carr.



No. 59. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 60.

All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing,—It be-longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry,—It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing,—It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus,—It be-longs to Him.

No. 61. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil And shat-ter the spear and sword And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 62. Stepping in the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle forbearance, Foot-steps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll

Sav - ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to Him for the grace free - ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau-ty,"

CHORUS.

Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how happy, our praises each day. How beau-ti-ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
Hap-py, how happy, our place at His side.

steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light.

No. 63. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
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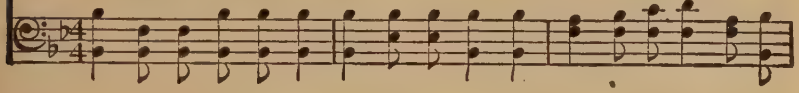
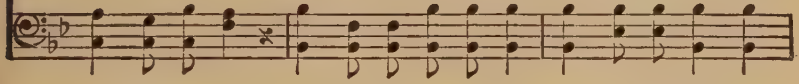
William H. Doane.

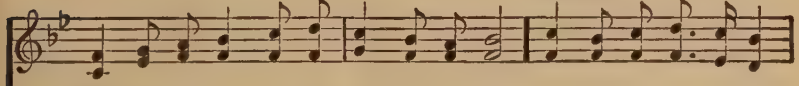
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



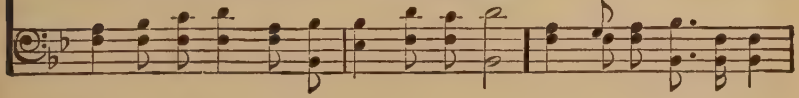
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

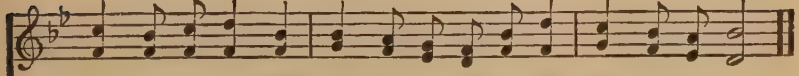


CHORUS.

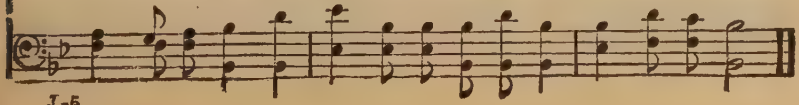


Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.





Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



No. 64. Servant of God. Awake.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and

doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in
har - vest; thrust the sick - le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is
er - ring as He sought for you! Al - ways re - mem - ber what in
ev - er - last - ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall

gold - en beau - ty, While thou art dream-ing pre-cious hours a - way.
burn-ing o'er thee,—Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
love He gave you, And be a serv - ant, loy - al, brave, and true.
be a - ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

CHORUS.

Serv-ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,

la-bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

No. 65.

A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

E. O. E.

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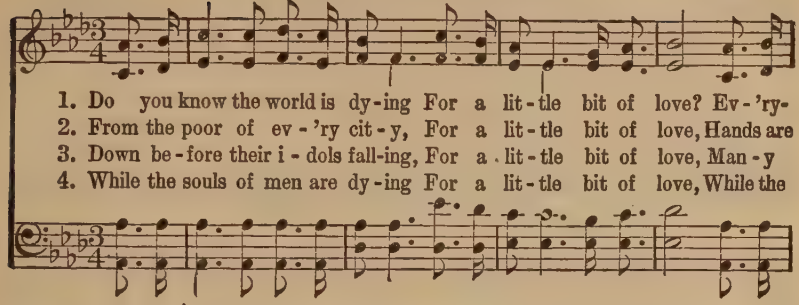
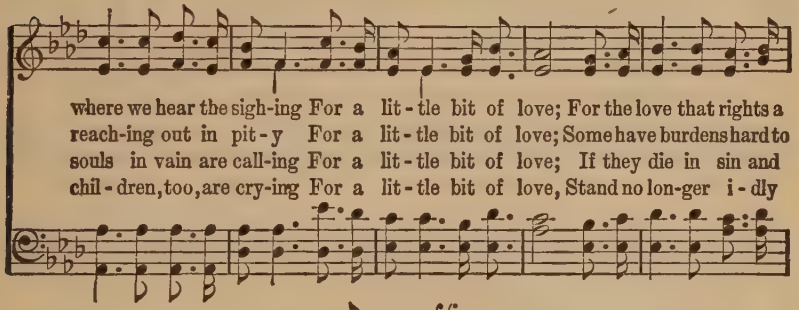
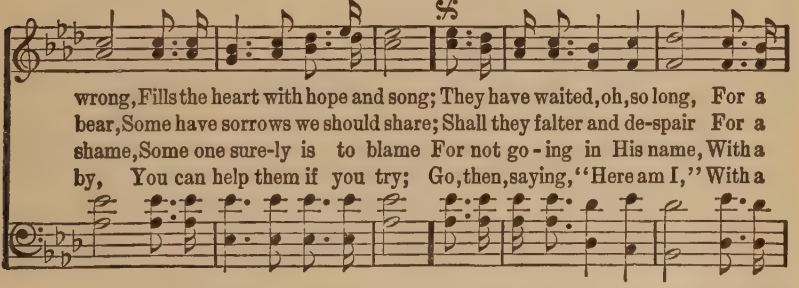
E. O. Excell.



1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



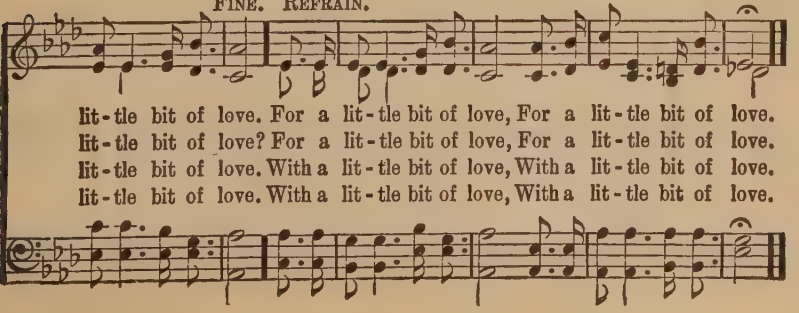
where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly



wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

D. S. each verse.

FINE. REFRAIN.



lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.

No. 66. O Gift Divine.

Geo. O. Webster, alt. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. Ira B. Wilson.

1. O gift di-vine, God's boundless love re-veal-ing To ev-'ry wand'ring soul by sin op-pressed; O heart of mine, o'er ev'ry chord comes stealing
2. O wondrous love, proclaimed in song and sto-ry, So full, so free to all the sons of men! From Heav'n above, from throne of brightest glo-ry,
3. My theme in life shall be my Savior's prais-es; I'll tell His love and nev-er-end-ing peace; My hap-py heart un-ceas-ing-ly up-rais-es

CHORUS.

The joy I felt when first I found that rest. O heart of mine,.....
I hear it ring with-in my soul a-gain.
A song of joy that never-more shall cease.

O heart of mine.

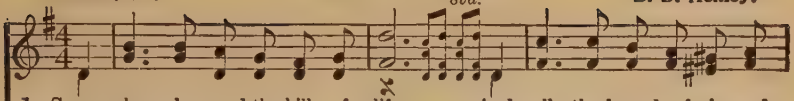
this gift di-vine..... Is pledge of love un-told;.....Break forth in song..... and speed a-long ..... The sto-ry sweet and old.

this gift di-vine, the pledge of love un-told;

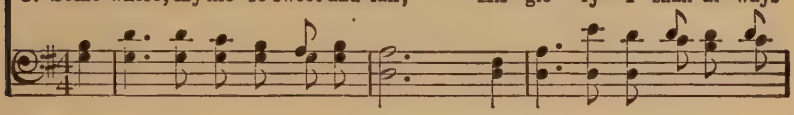
Break forth in song and speed along

No. 67. Somewhere.

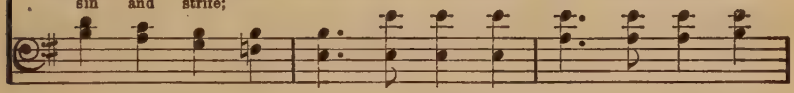
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.



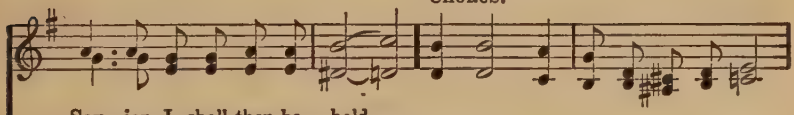
1. Some-where, be-yond the hills of life, And all the bounds of sin and
2. Some-where, the an-gels sing His praise, And throngs their glad ho-san-nas
3. Some-where, my life so sweet and fair, His glo-ry I shall al-ways



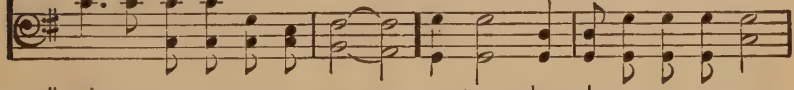
strife; Where gates are pearl and streets are gold, My
raise; The hands once nailed to Cal-v'ry's tree Will
share; And there with Him and all the blest, For-
sin and strife;



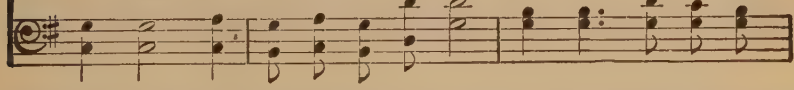
CHORUS.



Sav-ior I shall then be-hold.
be out-stretched to welcome me. Some-where, I know that I shall see,—
ev-er-more my soul shall rest.



Je-sus,— who gave His life for me; Some-where, when He will



call me, I will go To Him, be-cause He loves me so.

No. 68. Drive It Away With a Song.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. What tho' a cloud should sweep o-ver your sky, Veil-ing the sun-beams that
2. Has some resentment wrought strife and ill-will? Love and for-give-ness work
3. Sing of the bless-ings, so man-y and sweet, Like heav'nly blos-soms that

spark-le on high?— Fear not, the shad-ow will pass by and by;
mir-a-cles still; Let no wrong-feel-ing your cup of life fill,
smile 'round your feet; And if some grievance per-chance you may meet,

CHORUS.

Drive it a-way with a song..... Drive it a-way,
a song.

drive it a-way, Love will the ech-oes pro-long; Sing on with

glad-ness, ban-ish your sad-ness, Drive it a-way with a song.

No. 69.

In His Keeping.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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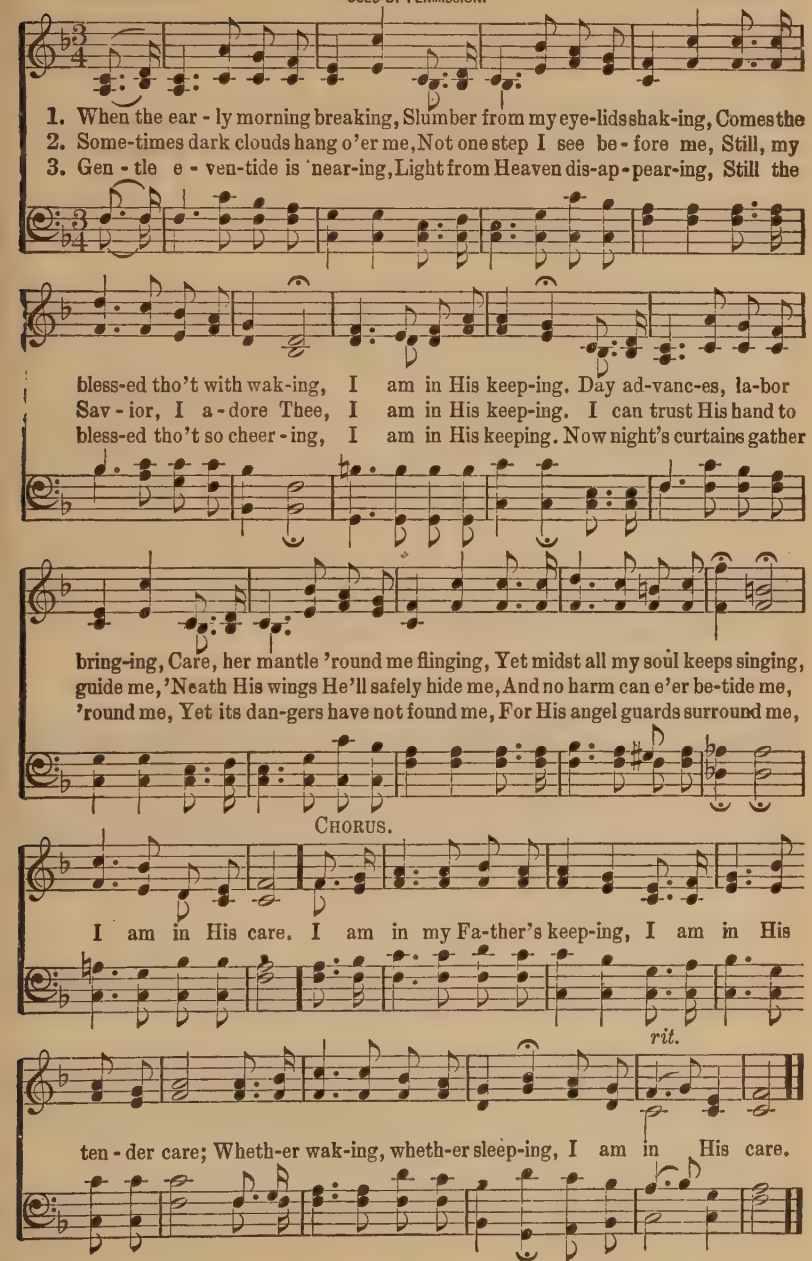
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 70. Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o-ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to-day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev-er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al-way.

CHORUS.

rit.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 71. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.
Where He waits at the o - pen door. leads home, leads home;

No. 72. In the Cleft of the Rock.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith - ful; to the end en - dure, Trust-ing His prom - is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com - fort

I will trust my soul; He can the rag - ing seas and wind con - trol,
es for - ev - er sure; Kept in the fort - ress of His love se - cure,
me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,

REFRAIN.

In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly

Hide me, safe - ly hide,

hide me, Hide . . me, safe-ly hide me,

hide . . . . me, safe-ly hide, ... Hide . . . . me, safe-ly

hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,

Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.

Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

No. 73.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be
O . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 74. In His Sunlight.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. In the light and glo - ry of His life and sto - ry There is
2. O my bless - ed Sav - ior! He is mine for - ev - er, And will
3. Oh, the peace and pleas - ure, oh, the price - less treas - ure Of the

ev - 'ry-thing that I can need; That is why I'm cling - ing and His
be my near - est, dear - est Friend; That is why I love Him, hav - ing
love of Him who died for me! Thro' that day e - ter - nal, in the

CHORUS.

prais - es sing - ing, As the lost to Him I lead.
naught above Him, And shall trust Him to the end. In His sunlight, His precious
world su - per - nal, Love Di - vine my song shall be.

sun - light, I am al - ways hap - py, yes, in - deed! In His sun - light,

His pre - cious sun - light, There is ev - 'ry - thing I need.

No. 75.

The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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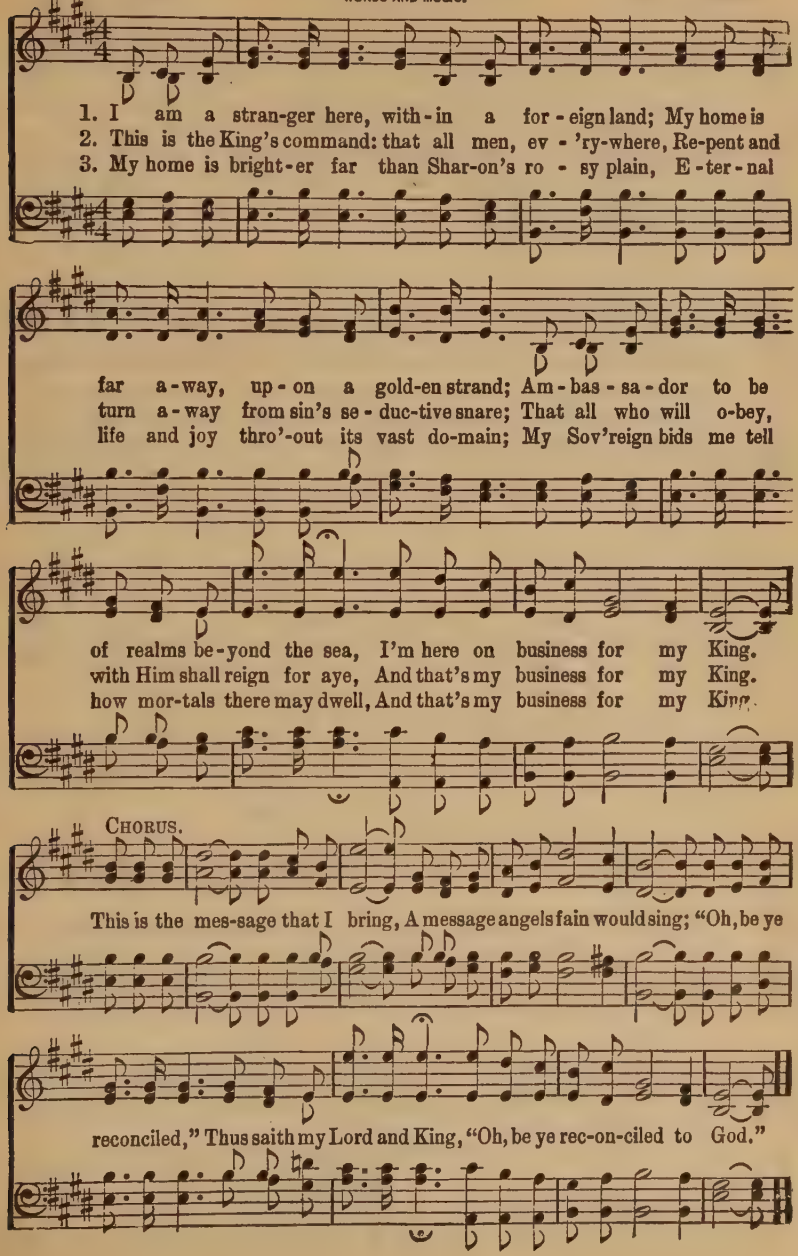
Flora H. Cassel.



No. 76. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

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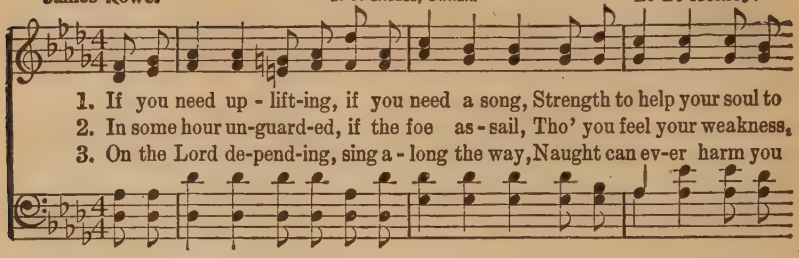
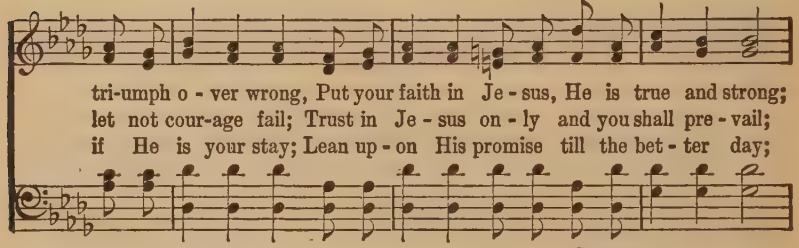
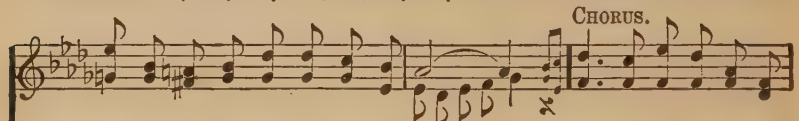
James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.



1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you

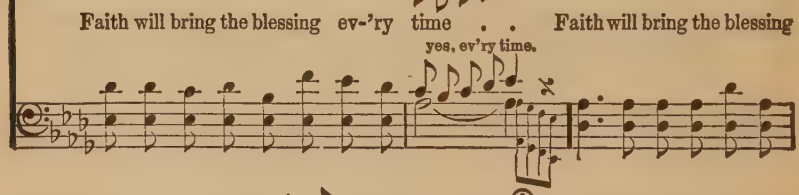


tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;



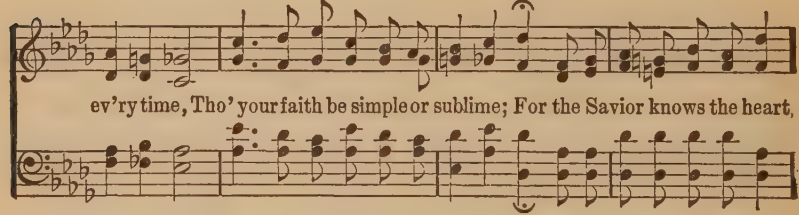
CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . Faith will bring the blessing

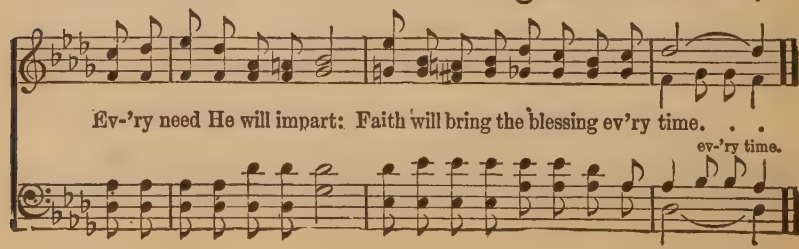


yes, ev'ry time.

ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,



Ev-'ry need He will impart: Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time. . .



ev-'ry time.

No. 77. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'T is the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'T is the grand - est
2. 'T is the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'T is the grand - est
3. 'T is the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'T is the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'T is the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de-liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by
a - ble, He is a - ble

sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 78. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Will L. Thompson.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne; To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion, "Come to Me," "Come, all ye wear-y,

rest my bur-dens at His feet. O - ver us He's kind-ly watching,
words of com-fort when we mourn: Precious tho't that He is with us,
la - den ones, there's rest for thee." Je - sus' love is all - per-vad-ing,

Call - ing tow'rd the sky; O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky; Hap - py they who know this love from God on high.

CHORUS.

This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing;
This love is mine,

He of - fers you this bless - ing too, 'Tis free to all.

No. 79. The Home of Endless Years.

John R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
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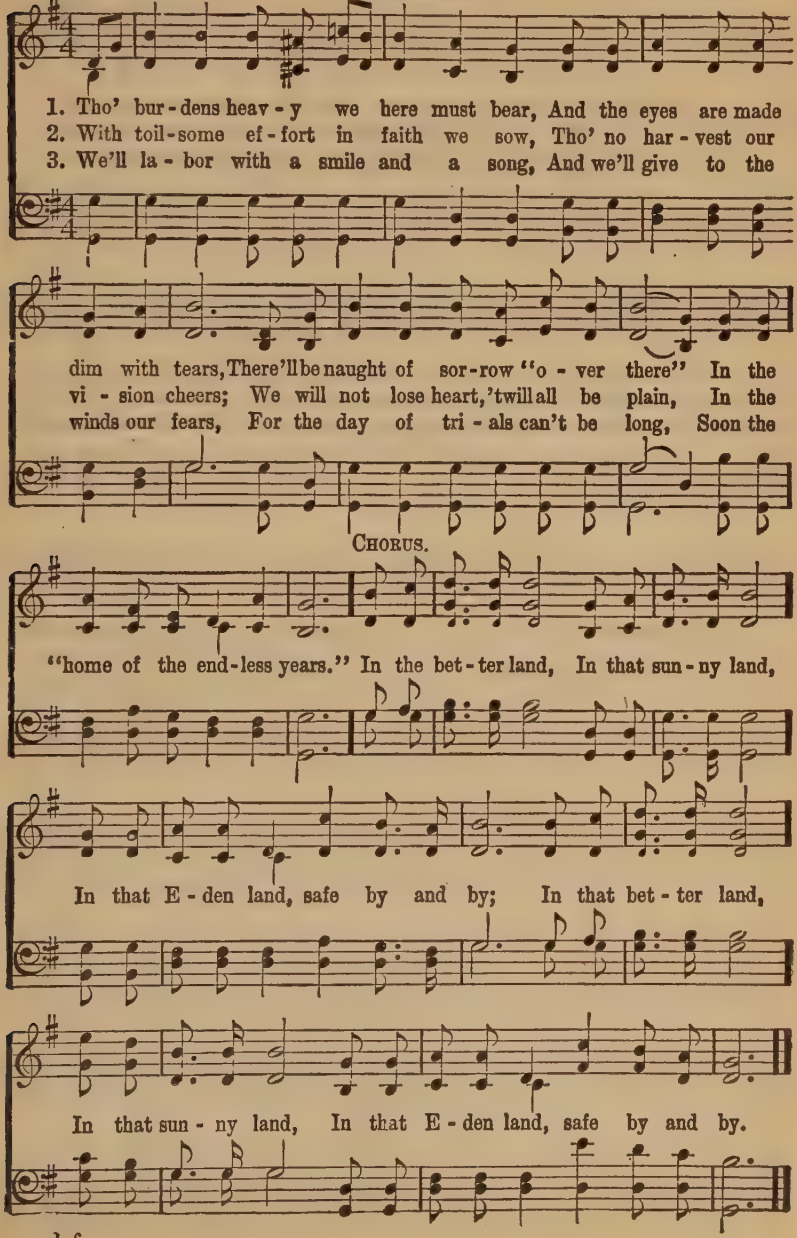
John R. Sweney.



No. 80. Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY POWELL G. FITHIAN.
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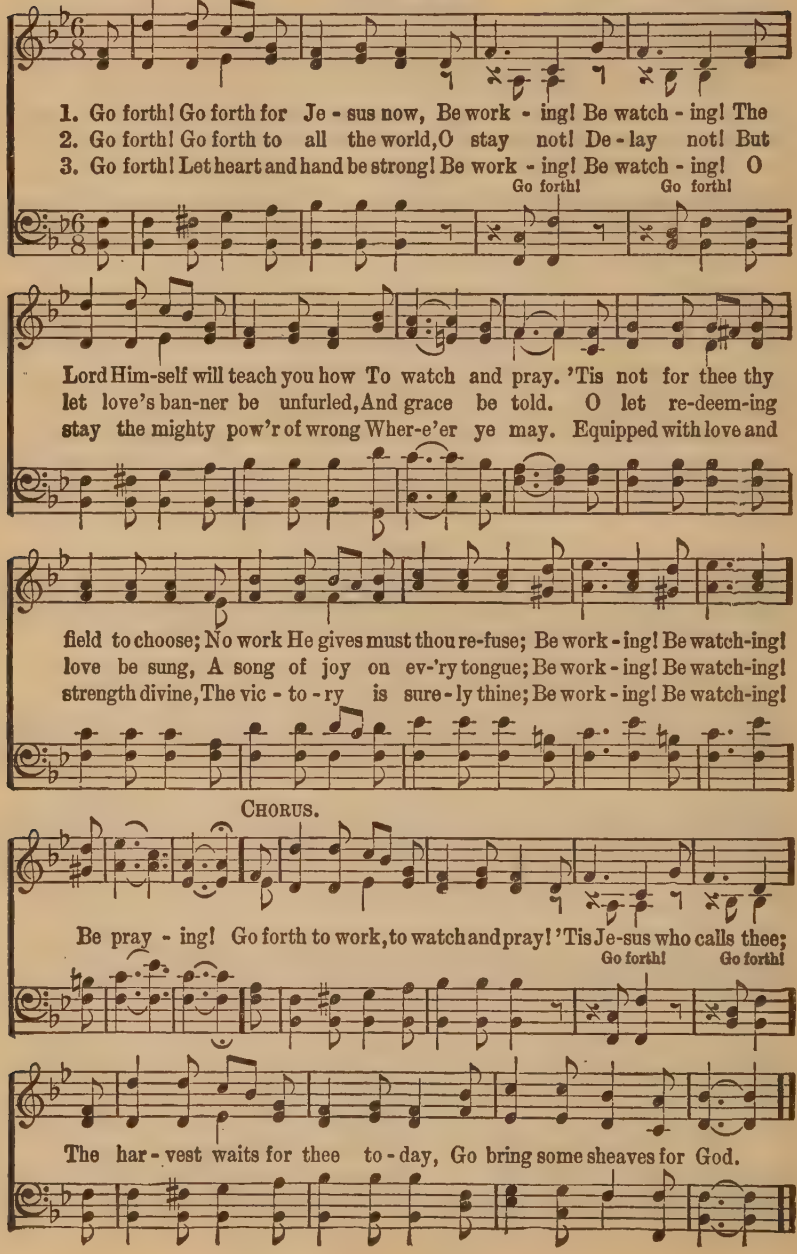
Powell G. Fithian.



No. 81. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?

go-eth down?

an-y stars in my crown?

No. 82. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

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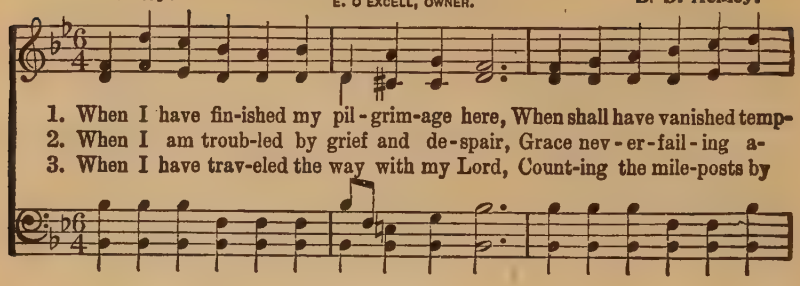
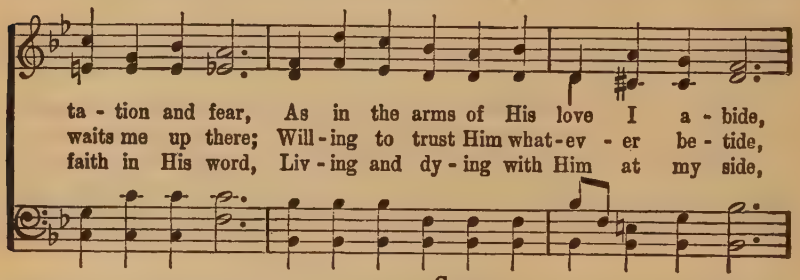
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

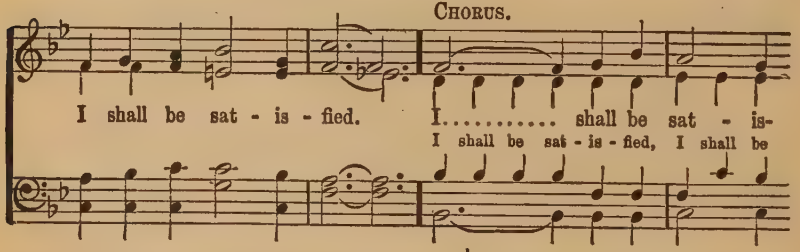


1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er-fail-ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by

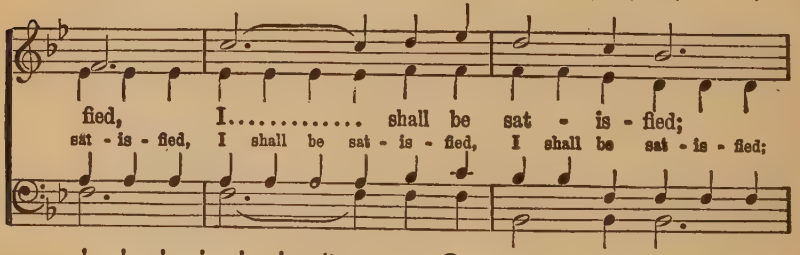


ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,

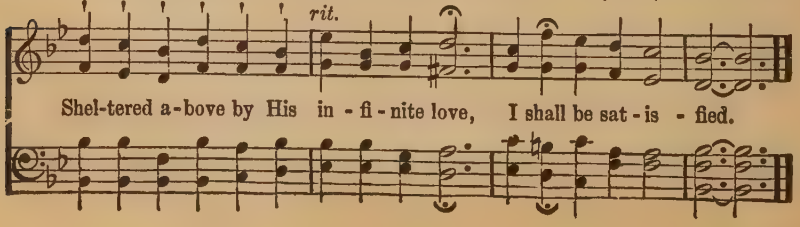
CHORUS.



I shall be sat-is-fied. I..... shall be sat-is-
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be



fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied;
sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;



Shel-tered a-bove by His in-fi-nite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 83. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;

May His pres-ence now re - fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,

To sat - is - fy with ev-'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;

To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

No. 84. In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is

rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the
pass - eth un - der-stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the
joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed-ing, full of glo - ry; In the

shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings
shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings
shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings

CHORUS.

p

There is rest (sweet rest). There is rest, There is peace, There is
There is peace (sweet peace).
There is joy (glad joy).

sweet rest, sweet peace,

f

1 2

joy, In the shad-ow of His wings; shad-ow of His wings.

glad joy.

No. 85. "At Calvary."

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. By sin's con-dem-na-tion my heart was op-pressed, No peace could I
2. I plunged in the foun-tain, the rem-e-dy sure For sin and un-
3. Oh, won-der-ful cross with its arms stretching wide For you and for

find, and no com-fort, no rest, Till Je-sus' voice whis-pered so
clean-ness,—the un-fail-ing cure: My bur-den fell off,—and to-
me, and the whole world be-side: No one is ex-clud-ed, and

sweet-ly to me, "Come lay down your bur-den at Cal-va-ry."
day I can see There's per-fect sal-va-tion at Cal-va-ry.
mer-cy is free For ev-'ry lost sin-ner at Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

cres.

At Cal-va-ry, at Cal-va-ry, My burdens fell off and from sin I was free; To

Je-sus for-ev-er the glo-ry shall be; I lost all my bur-dens at Cal-va-ry.

No. 86. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while;..... Make the world brighter with a smile;..... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile, bright-er with a smile;

sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,

D.S.

No. 87.

Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song; Meet the world's re-

need-y And the sad and lone, How much joy and com-fort
dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed

You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, ... Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o-ver the way,

1 2

bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . . . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;

No. 88. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions.

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er

leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee; I will not for-get

not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

No. 89.

Thy Kingdom Come.

Rev. C. McKibbin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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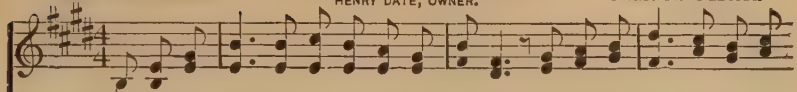
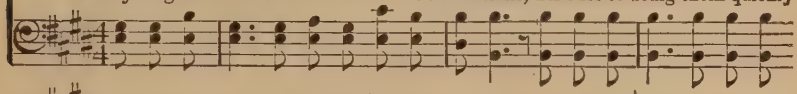
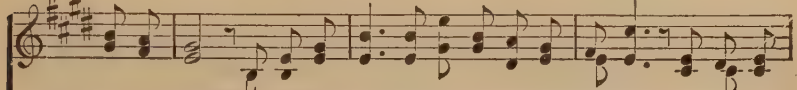
Chas. H. Gabriel.

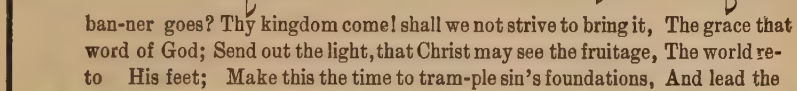


1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, where'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy - ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations,'Tis ours to bring them quickly

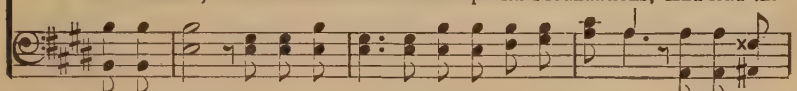




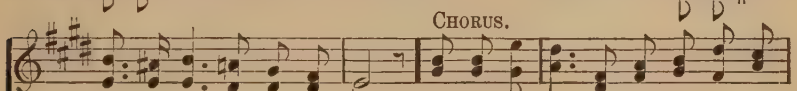
ban-ner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re-
to His feet; Make this the time to tram-ple sin's foundations, And lead the

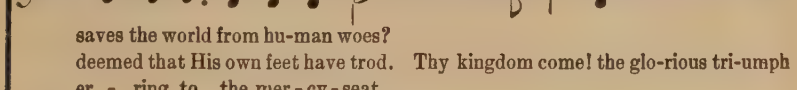


CHORUS.

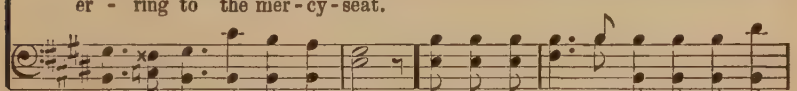


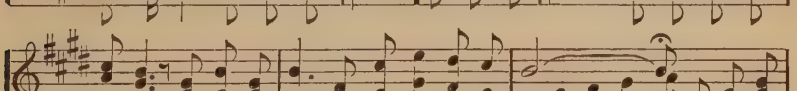
saves the world from hu-man woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
er - ring to the mer - cy - seat.



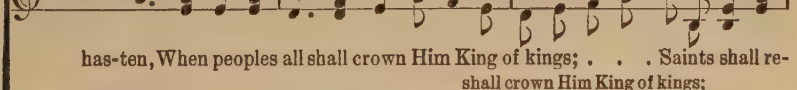


has-ten, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; . . . Saints shall re-
shall crown Him King of kings;





joice, and angels stop to lis-ten, While earth His ev-er-last-ing glo - ry sings.



No. 90. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear-y, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

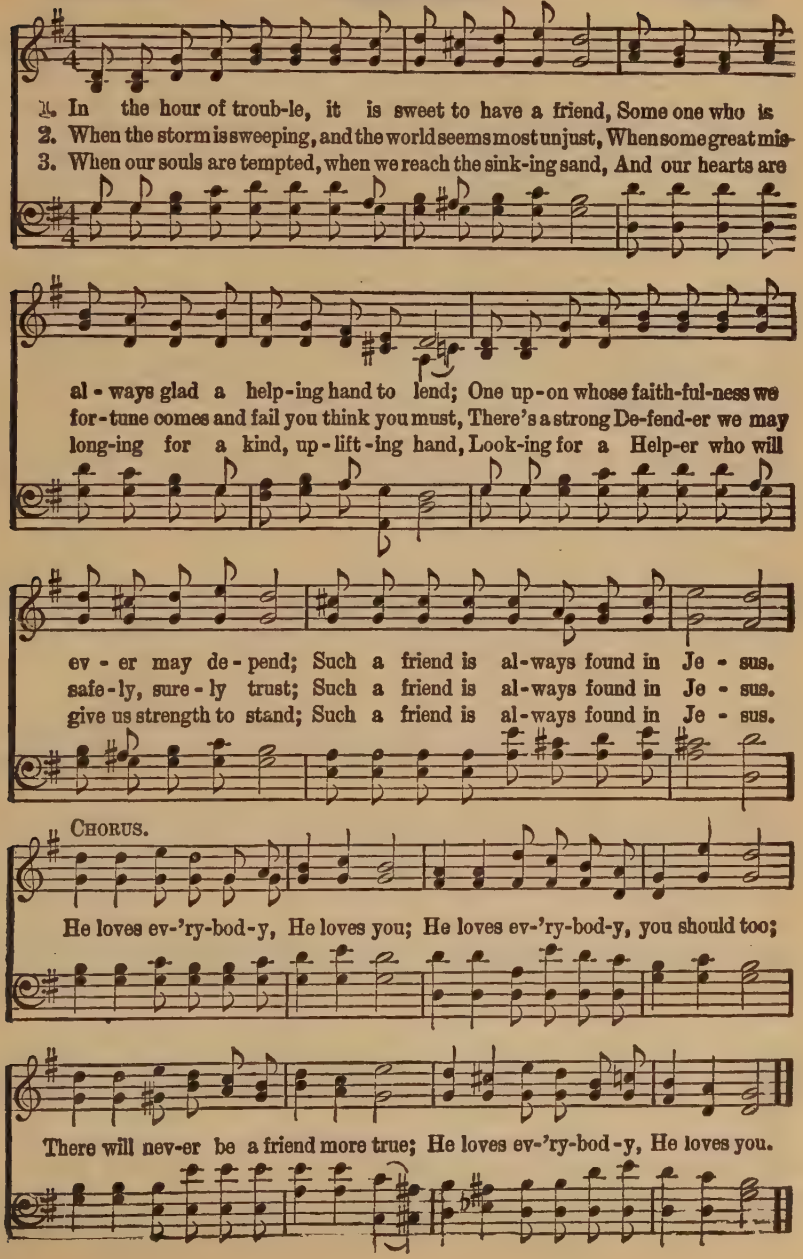
Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 91. He Loves Everybody.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.



No. 92. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-

ev-er was told; . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The

rit.

sto-ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . .
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 93. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, To hear Him whis-per, I am His!
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, To hide in such a safe re-treat!

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al-ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Savior's love is still my joy;

rit.

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me!

More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid;

rit.

My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 94. Don't Forget to Pray.

Miriam E. Arnold. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. When the day is dark and lone - ly, Don't for - get to pray;
2. When the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Don't for - get to pray;
3. O the bliss this won-drous friend-ship Will your soul af - ford,

Prayer will make your path - way bright - er, Drive the clouds a - way.
Let the Sav - ior share your glad - ness, On your pil - grim way;
Dwell - ing thus in close com-mun - ion With your lov - ing Lord;

For your lov - ing heav'n - ly Fa - ther Lis - tens when you call,
For He longs to walk be - side you, Your most trust - ed Friend,
Till in Heav'n you shall be - hold Him, See Him face to face,

FINE.

And in mer - cy He will an - swer, Trust Him for it all.
And a - bide thro' storm and sun - shine To your jour - ney's end.
And thro'-out e - ter - nal a - ges Praise Him for His grace.

D.S.—*"In the se - cret of His pres - ence," Don't for - get to pray.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Tell Him all your sor - rows, He will turn your night to day,

No. 95.

Saints in Glory.

C. Bissett.

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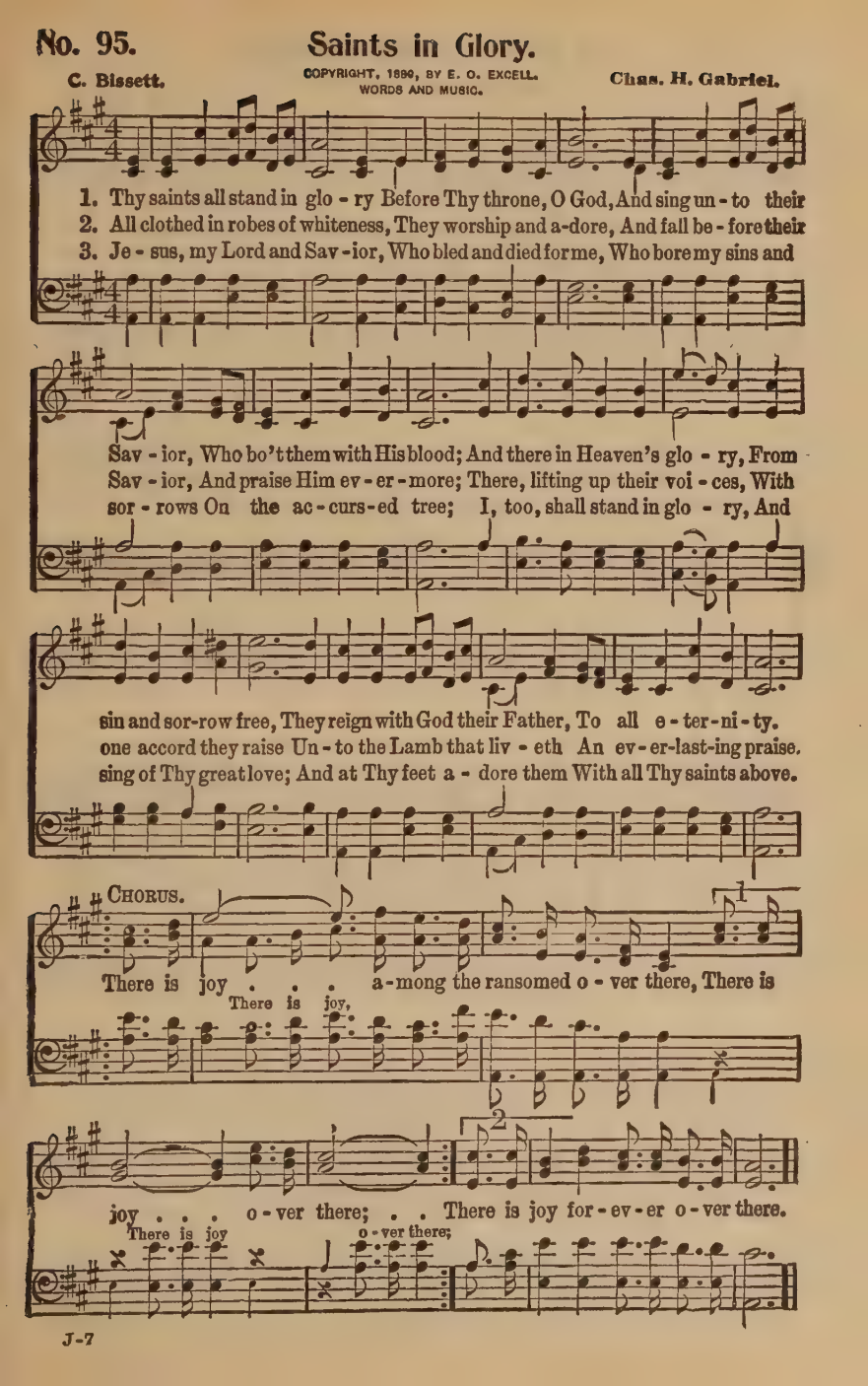
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 96. A Lamp Within a Stable.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Margaret E. Sangster. Theo. E. Perkins.

1. No tramp of march-ing ar-mies, No ban-ners flam-ing far;
2. When in the low-ly man-ger The ho-ly moth-er maid
3. No rush of hos-tile ar-mies, But just the hud-dling sheep;

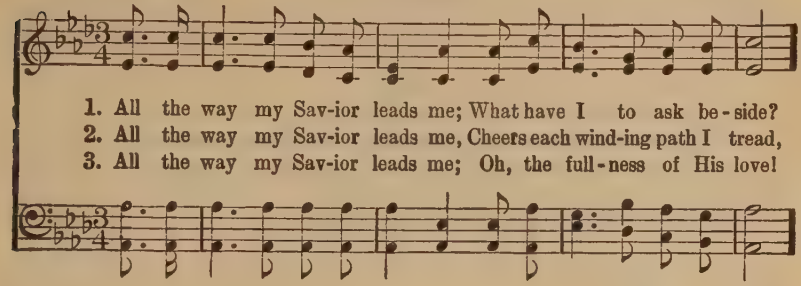
A lamp with-in a sta-ble, And in the sky a star.
In ten-der ad-o-ra-tion Her Babe of Heav-en laid:
Of Christ the an-gels sing-ing, And all the world a-sleep.

Their hymns of peace and glad-ness To earth the an-gels brought;
Born low-ly in the dark-ness, And none so poor as He,
No flame of con-q'ring ban-ners, No le-gions sent a-far;

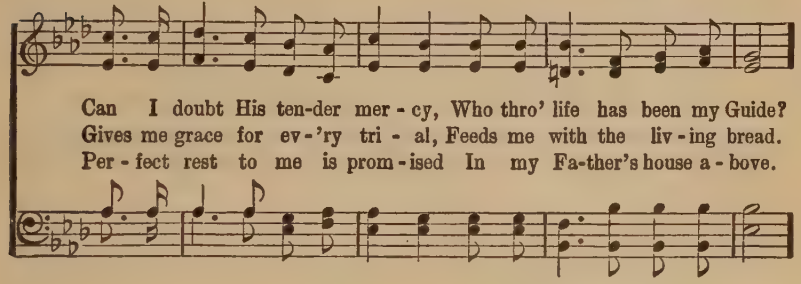
Their "Glo-ria in Ex-cel-sis" To earth the an-gels taught.
The lit-tle chil-dren of the poor His ver-y own shall be.
A lamp with-in a sta-ble, And in the sky a star.

No. 97. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

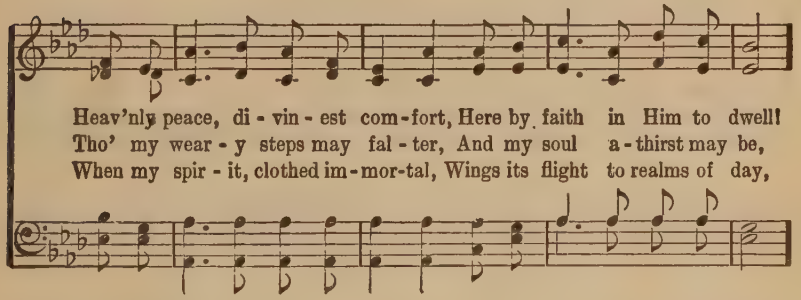
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



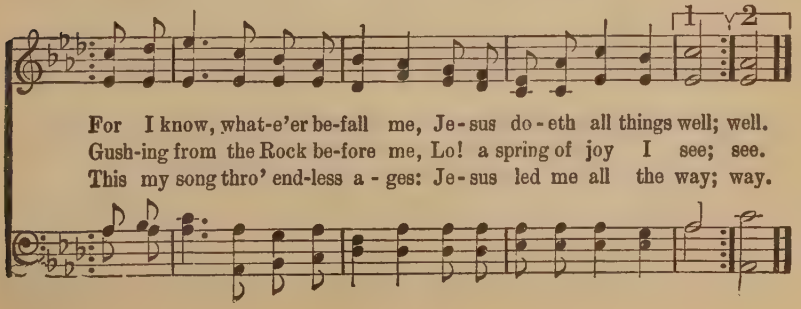
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



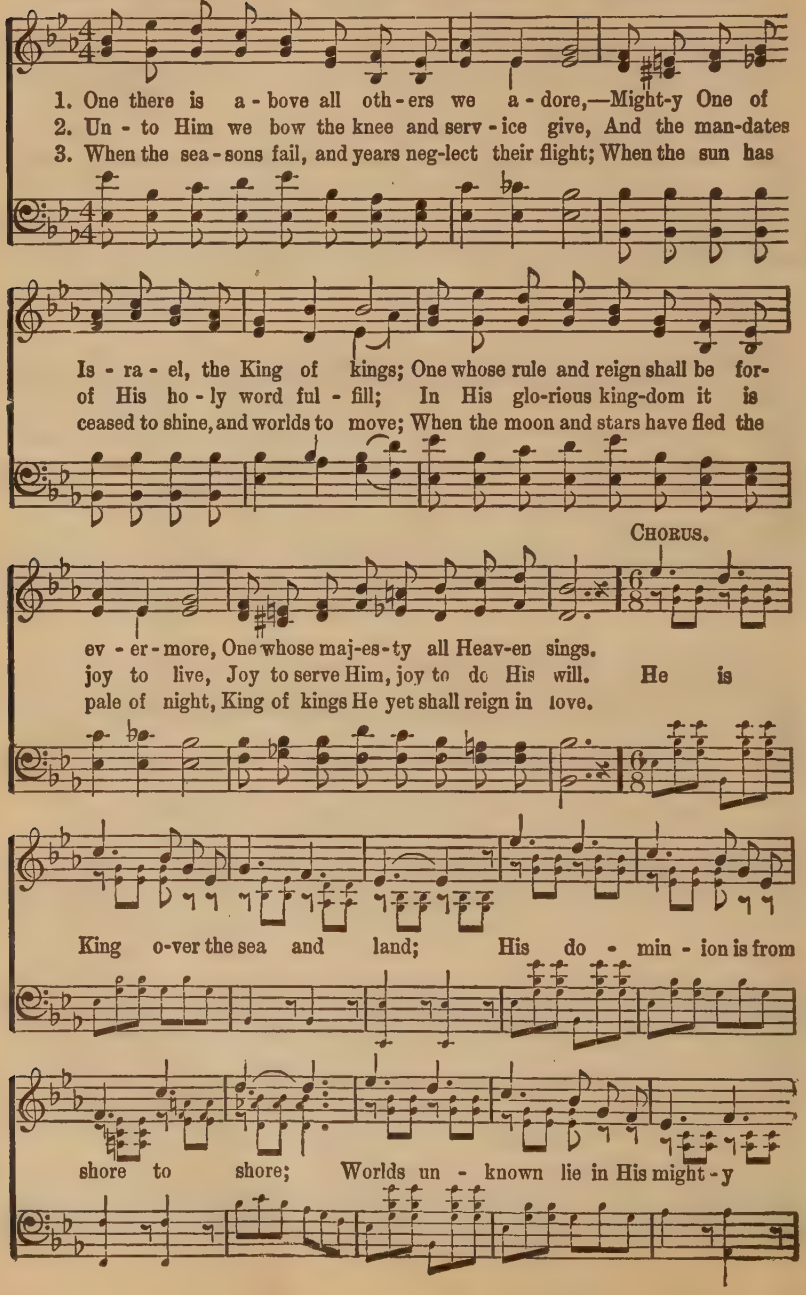
Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



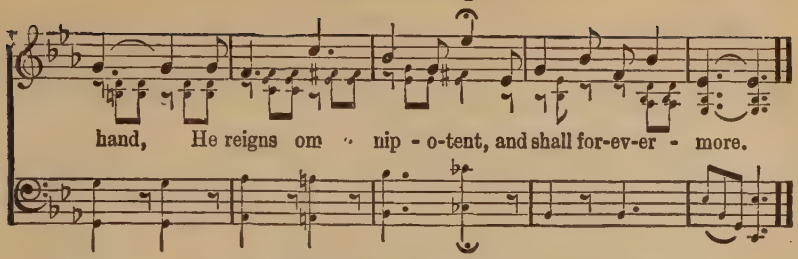
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way.

No. 98. He is King.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. W. Stillman Martin.



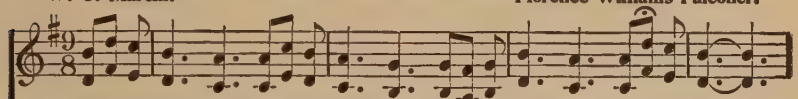
He is King.



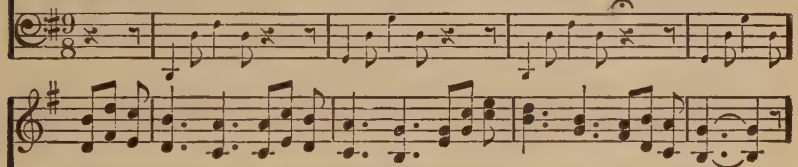
No. 99. I Would Give My Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO.

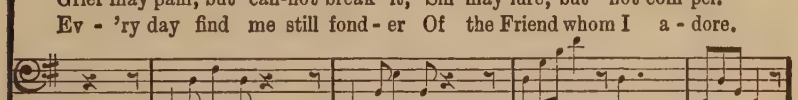
W. C. Martin. Florence Williams Falconer.



1. I would give Thee, Lord, the fair-est Of my treasures and the best;
2. Take my heart, for, if Thou take it, Life is sweet and all is well;
3. Keep my heart nor let it wan-der; Let my love grow more and more,—

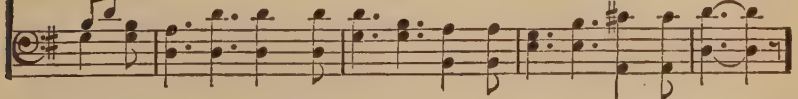


Something tells my heart Thou car - est More for love than all the rest.
Grief may pain, but can-not break it, Sin may lure, but not com-pel.
Ev - 'ry day find me still fond - er Of the Friend whom I a - dore.

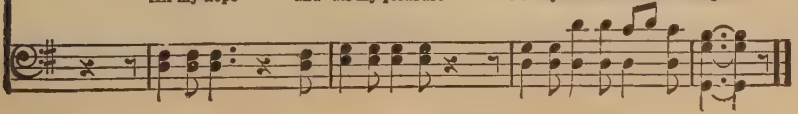


CHORUS.

Let me pour my sweet-est treas-ure On Thy head and on Thy feet:



All my hope and all my pleas-ure In Thy smile are made com-plete.
All my hope and all my pleasure In Thy smile are made complete.



No. 100. You May Have the Joy-bells.

J. Edw. Ruark.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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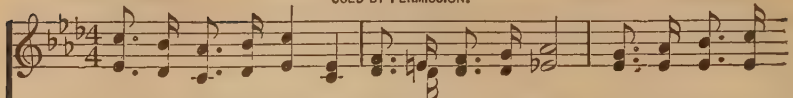
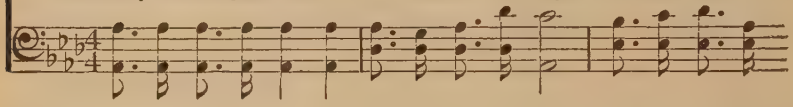
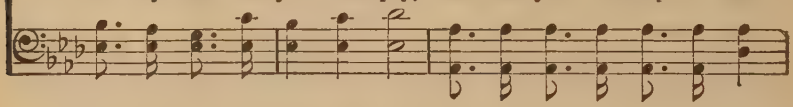
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. You may have the joy-bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to

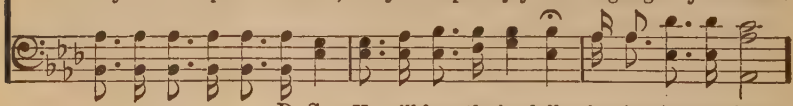


from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row way,
those a - round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say,
He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win



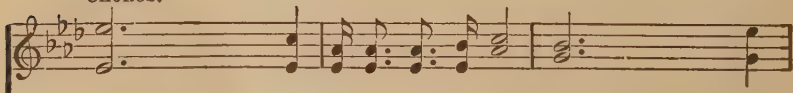
FINE.

Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
He is with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

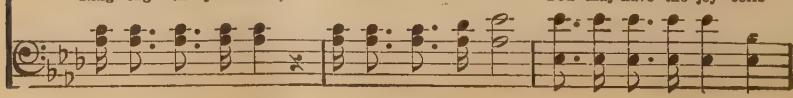


D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.*

CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ring - ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells



You May Have the Joy-bells.

D. S.

ring-ing in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev'rywhere you go;

No. 101. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.

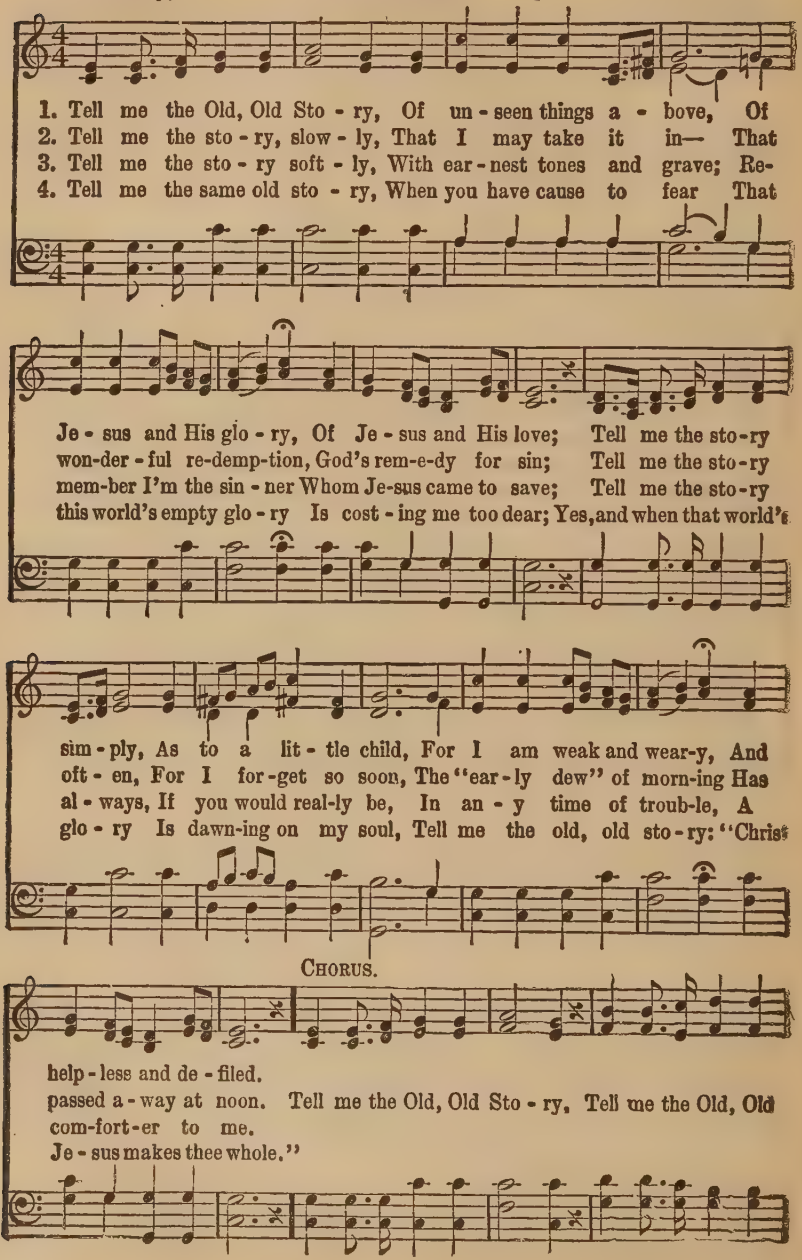
CHORUS.

Call - ing to-day! Call - ing to-day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!

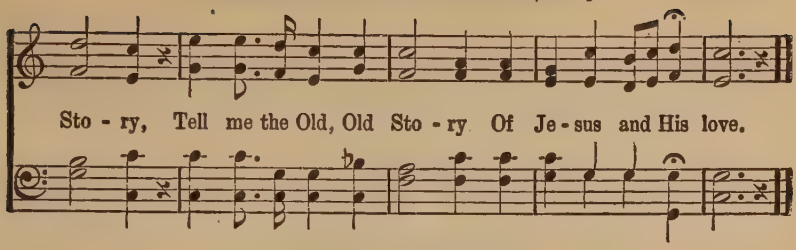
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 102. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane

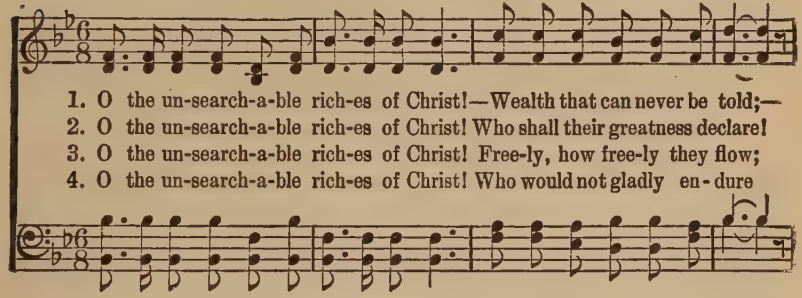


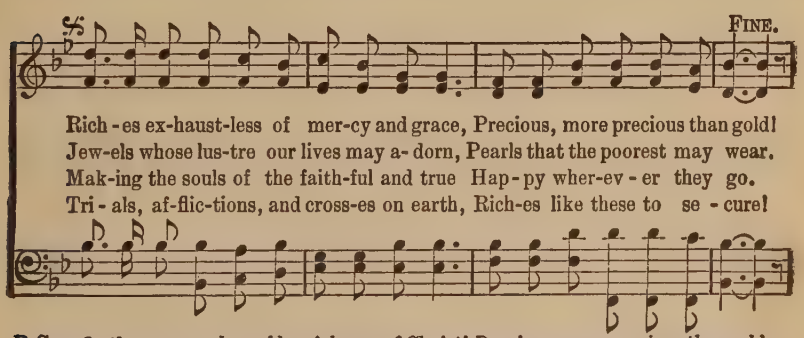
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



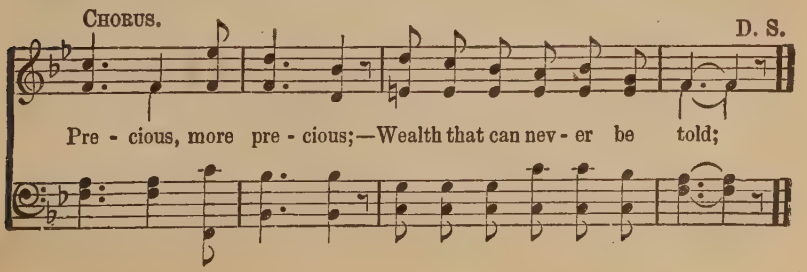
No. 103. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD. John R. Sweney.





D.S.—*O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.*

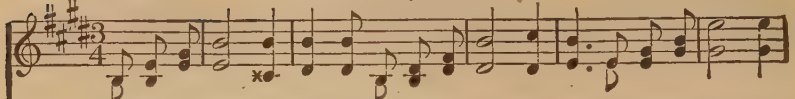


No. 104. The Banner of the Cross.

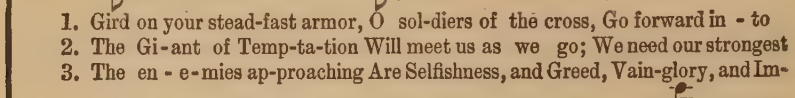
E. M. Bangs.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

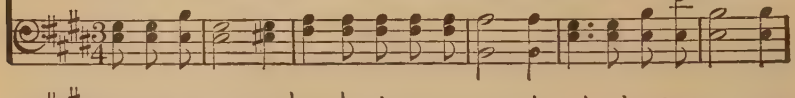
Chas. H. Gabriel.



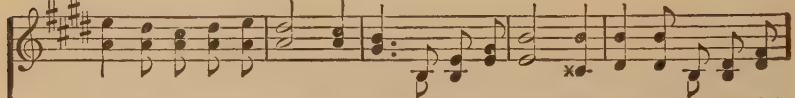
1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to
2. The Gi-ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest
3. The en - e-mies ap-proaching Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glory, and Im-



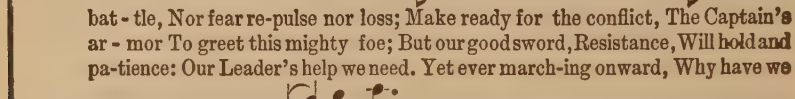
bat - tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's
ar - mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, Resistance, Will hold and
pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we



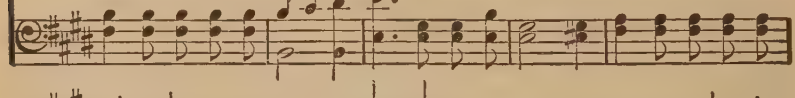
call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.
bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.
fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?



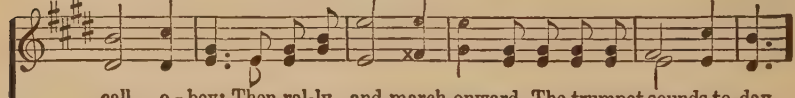
CHORUS.



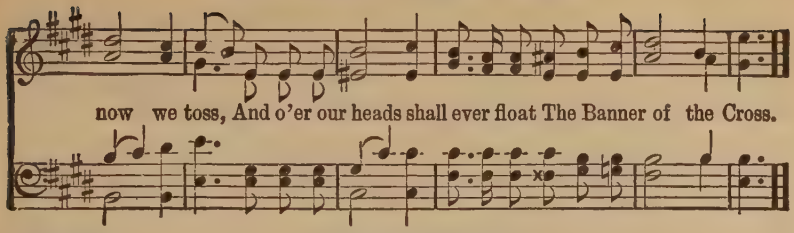
Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're pressing tow'rd the



vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors

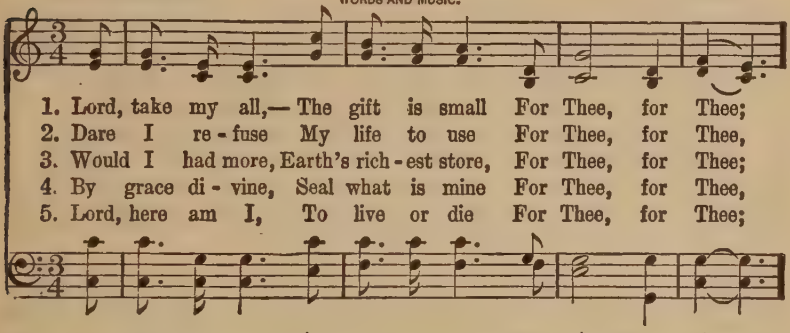


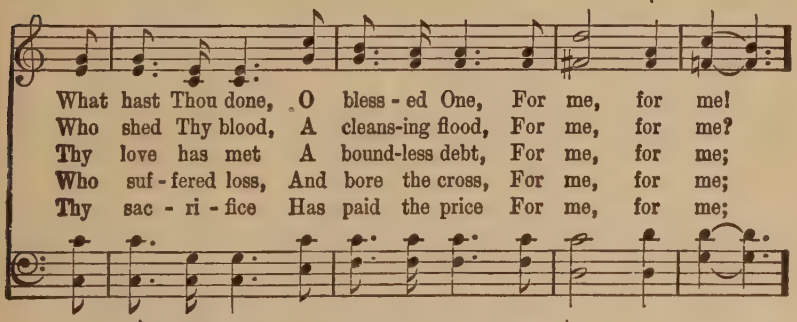
The Banner of the Cross.

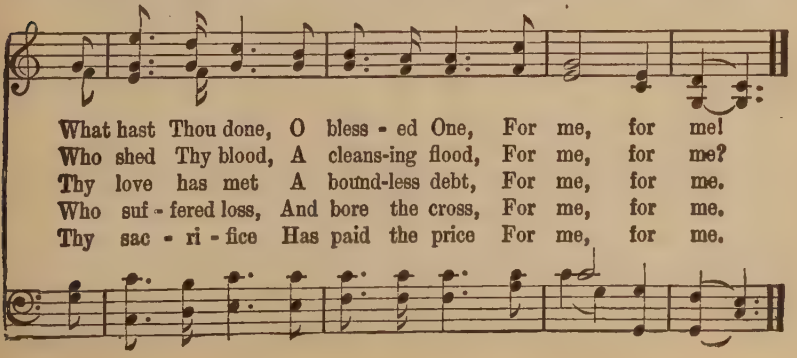


No. 105. The Offering.

John J. McLaurin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.







No. 106. He is All in All to Me.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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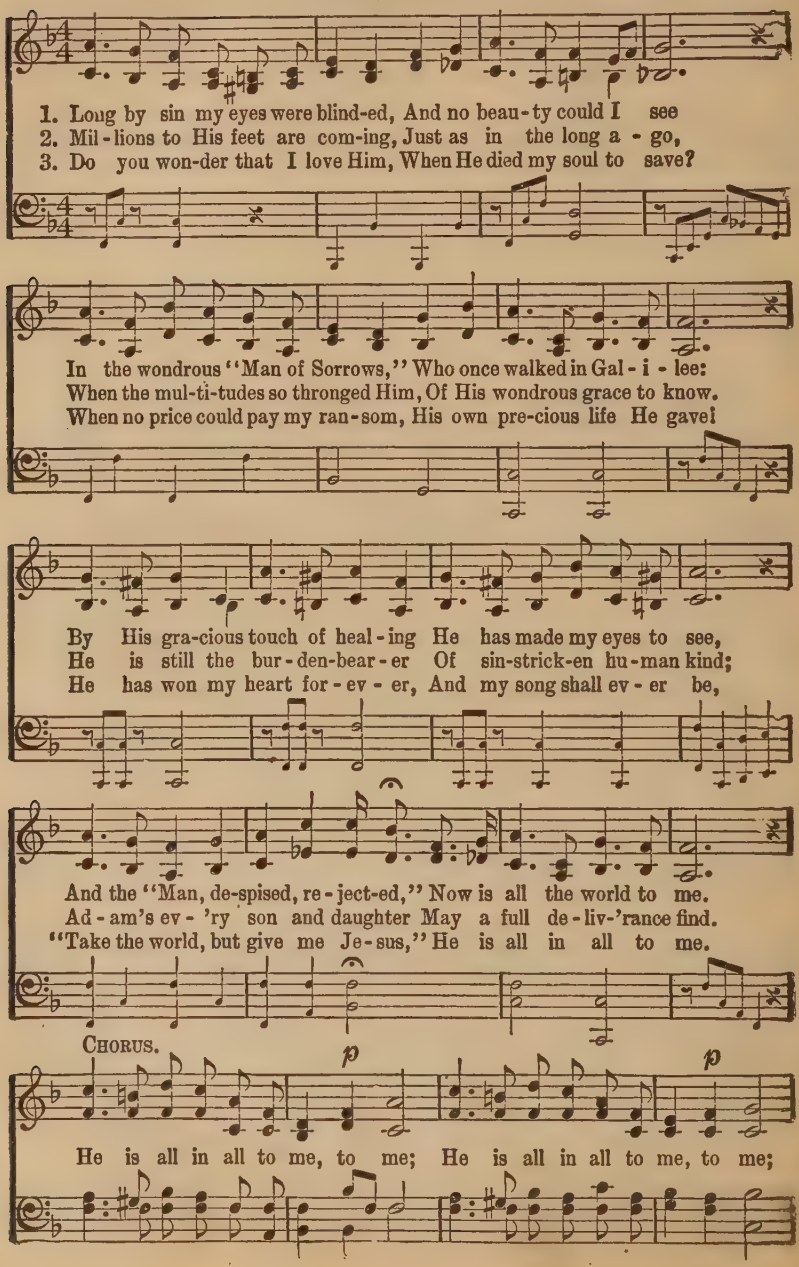
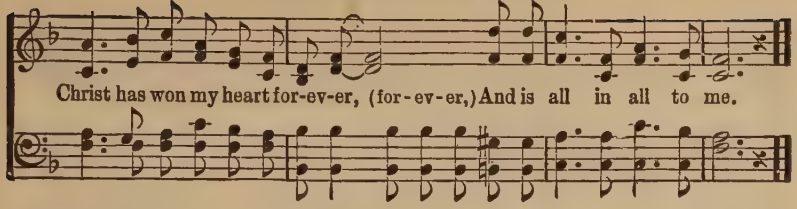
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

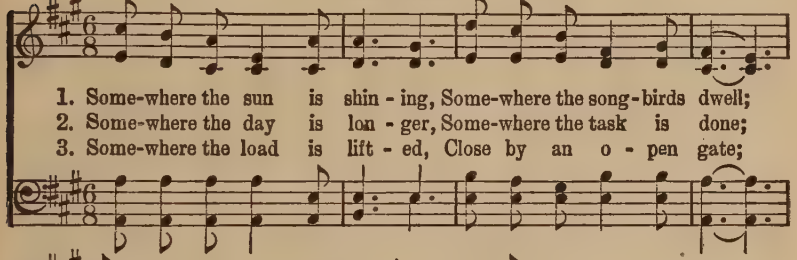


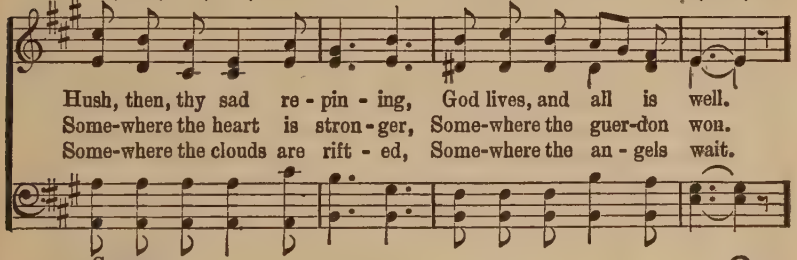
He is All in All to Me.



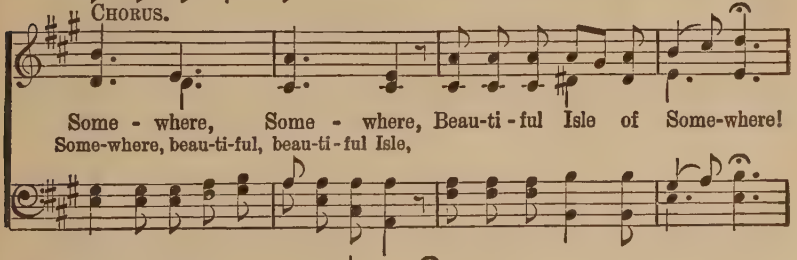
No. 107. Beautiful Isle.

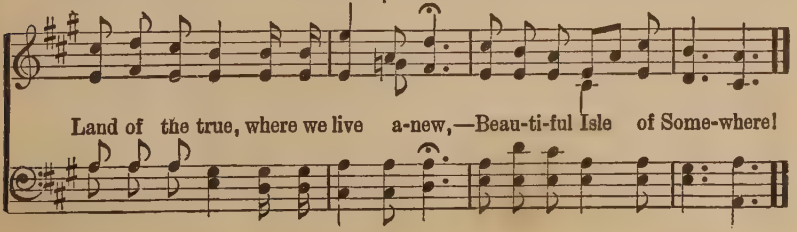
Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.





CHORUS.





No. 108. The Hallelujah Song.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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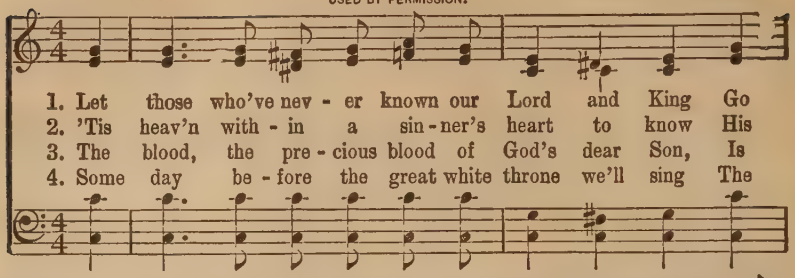
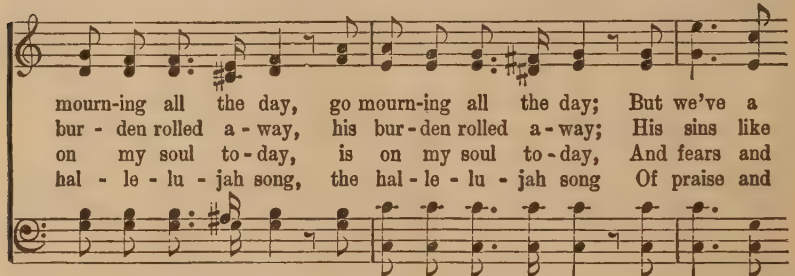
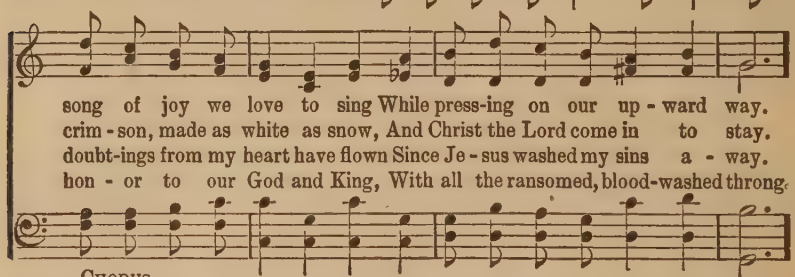
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Let those who've nev - er known our Lord and King Go
2. 'Tis heav'n with - in a sin - ner's heart to know His
3. The blood, the pre - cious blood of God's dear Son, Is
4. Some day be - fore the great white throne we'll sing The

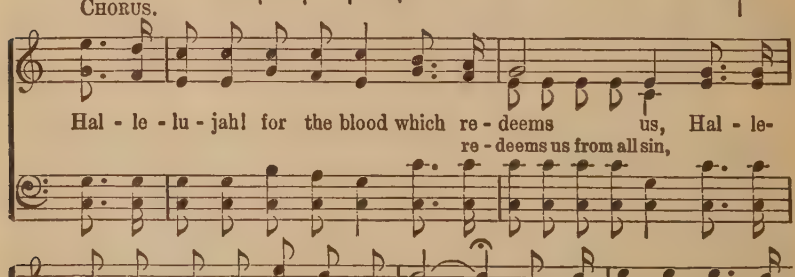


mourn-ing all the day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a
bur - den rolled a - way, his bur - den rolled a - way; His sins like
on my soul to - day, is on my soul to - day, And fears and
hal - le - lu - jah song, the hal - le - lu - jah song Of praise and

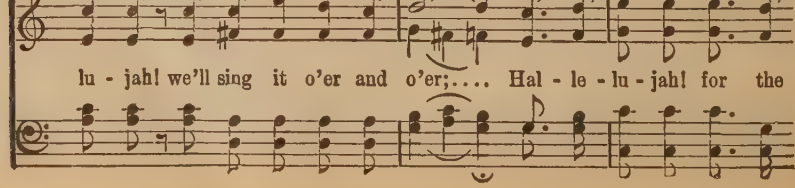


song of joy we love to sing While press-ing on our up - ward way.
crim - son, made as white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
doubt-ings from my heart have flown Since Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
hon - or to our God and King, With all the ransomed, blood-washed throng.

CHORUS.

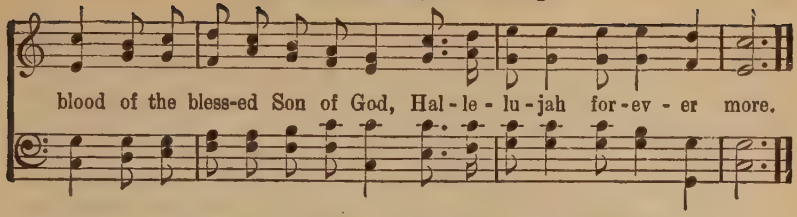


Hal - le - lu - jah! for the blood which re - deems us, Hal - le-
re - deems us from all sin,



lu - jah! we'll sing it o'er and o'er;.... Hal - le - lu - jah! for the

The Hallelujah Song.



No. 109. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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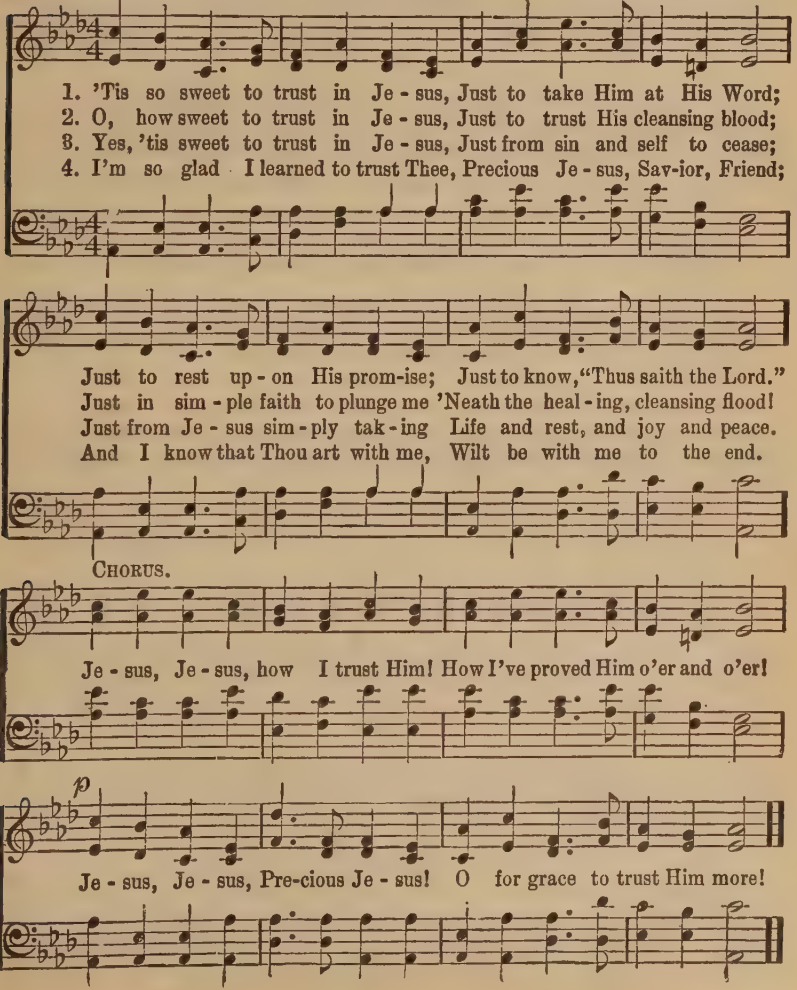
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 110. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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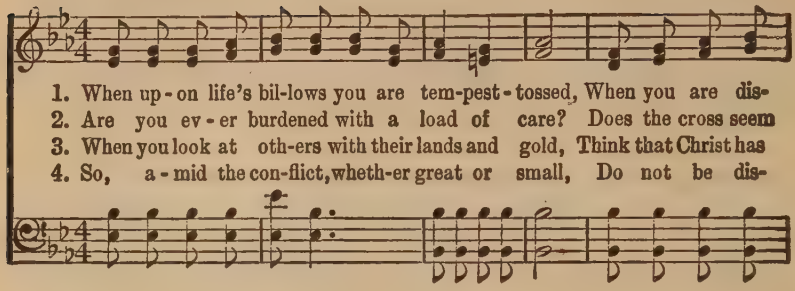
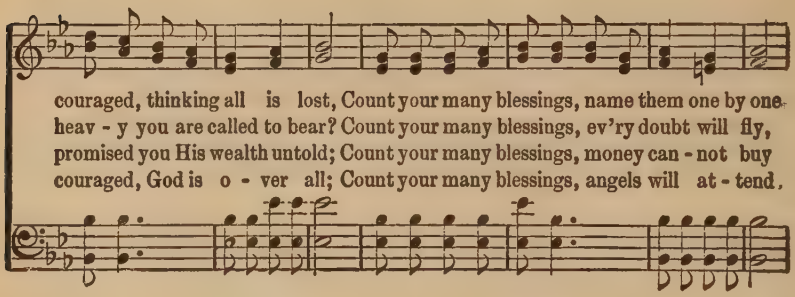
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

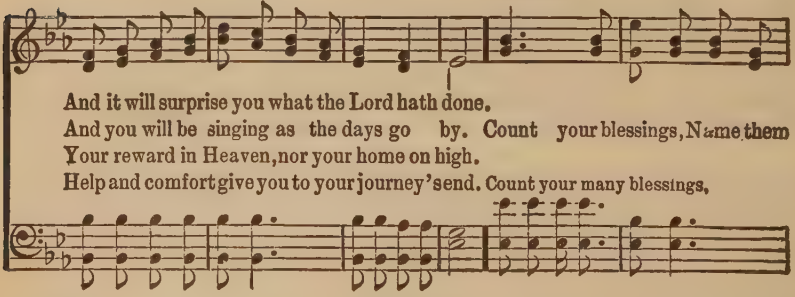


1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev-er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a-mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

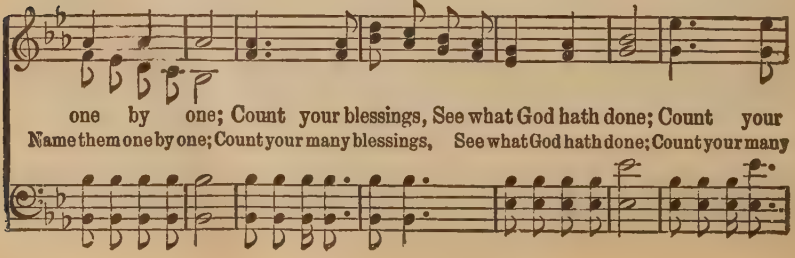


couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one.
heav-y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money can-not buy
couraged, God is o-ver all; Count your many blessings, angels will at-tend,

CHORUS.

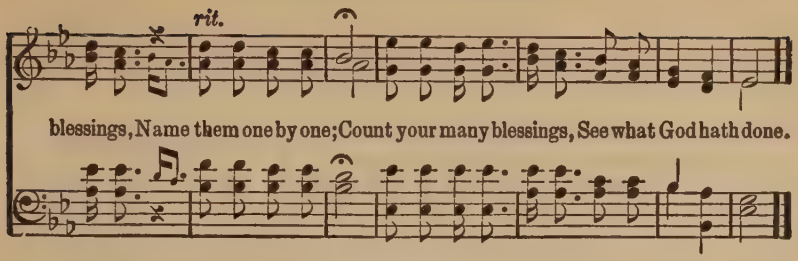


And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end. Count your many blessings,



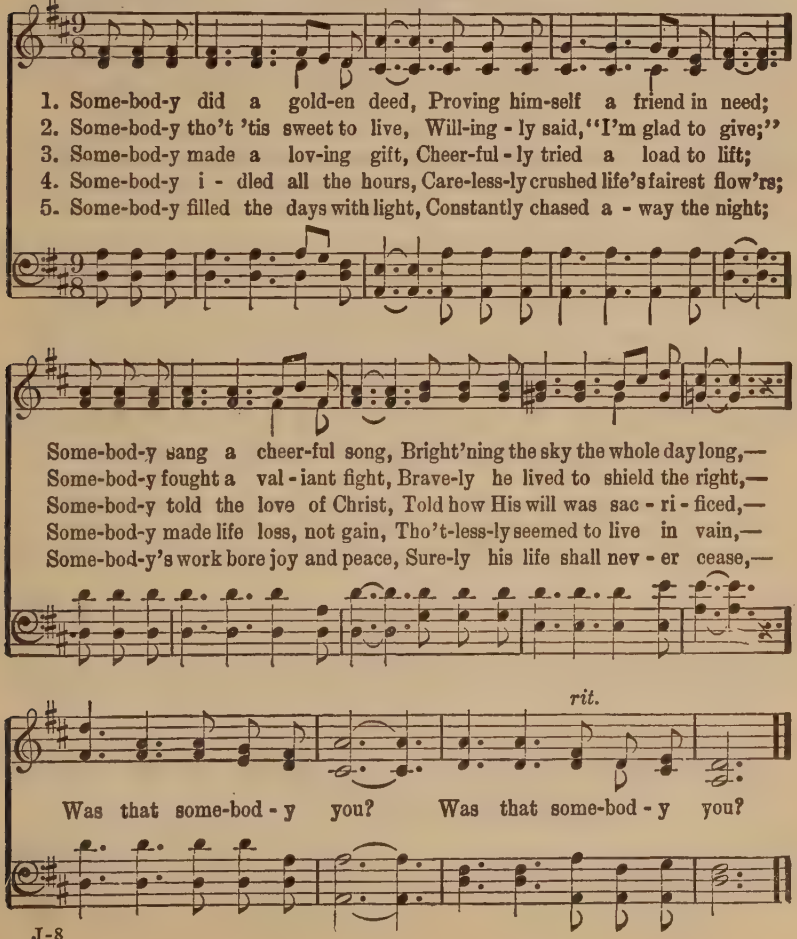
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.



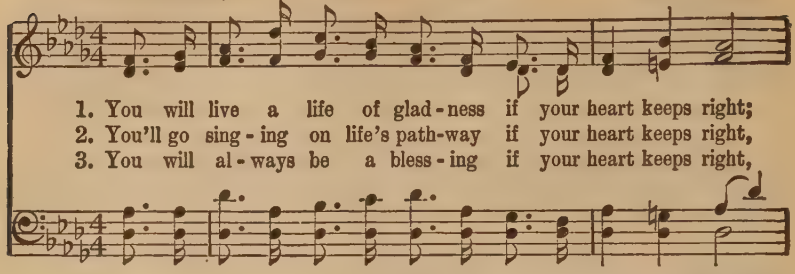
No. 111. Somebody.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.

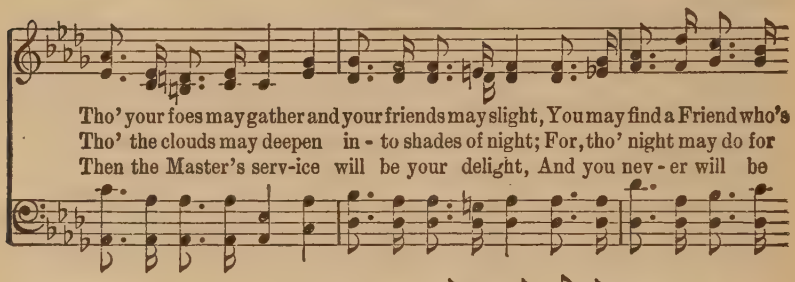


No. 112. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

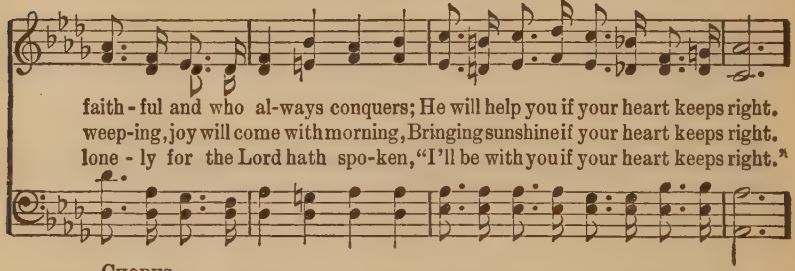
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.



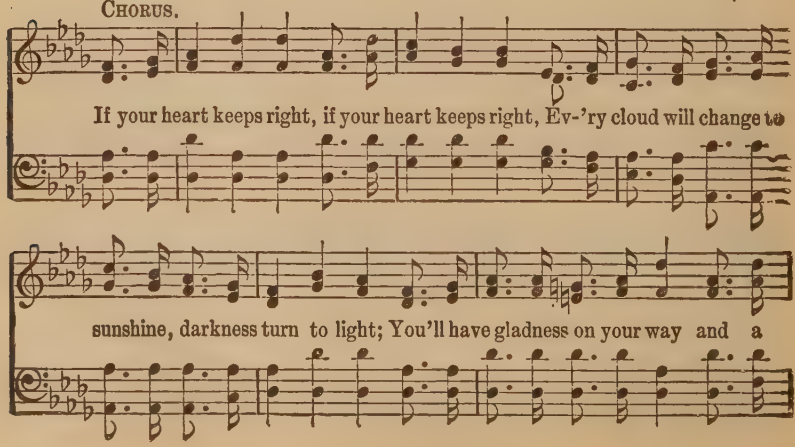
1. You will live a life of glad-ness if your heart keeps right;
2. You'll go sing-ing on life's path-way if your heart keeps right,
3. You will al-ways be a bless-ing if your heart keeps right,



Tho' your foes may gather and your friends may slight, You may find a Friend who's faith-ful and who al-ways conquers; He will help you if your heart keeps right.
Tho' the clouds may deepen in-to shades of night; For, tho' night may do for weep-ing, joy will come with morning, Bringing sunshine if your heart keeps right.
Then the Master's serv-ice will be your delight, And you nev-er will be lone-ly for the Lord hath spo-ken, "I'll be with you if your heart keeps right."

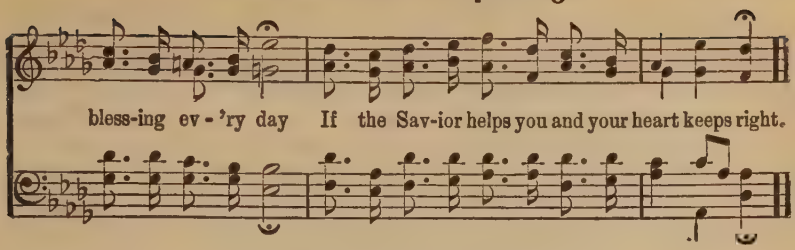


CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, if your heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will change to sunshine, darkness turn to light; You'll have gladness on your way and a

If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 113. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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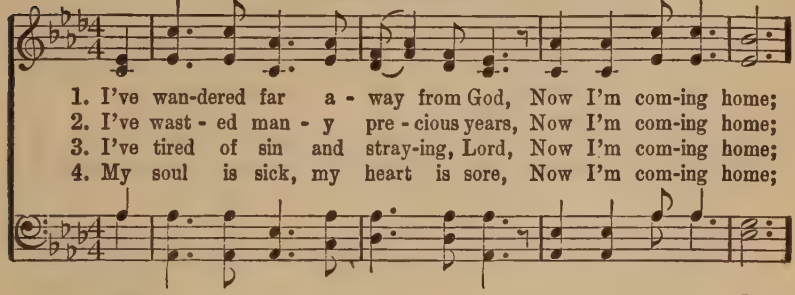
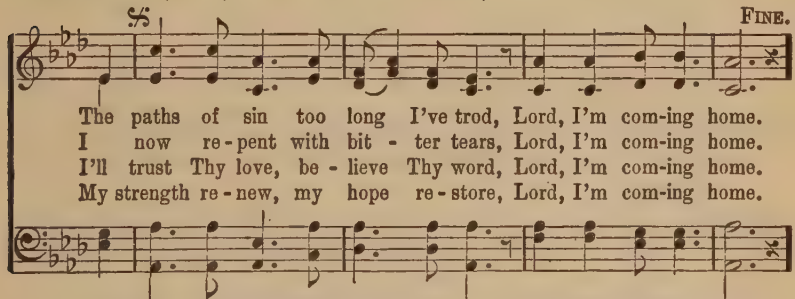
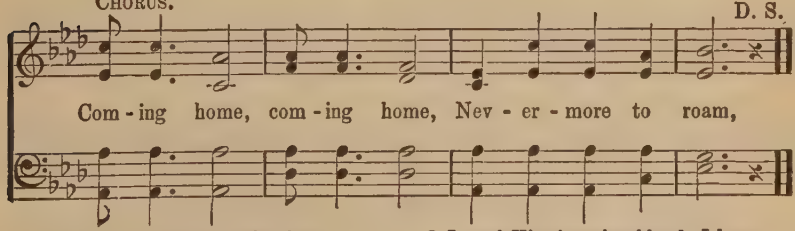
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





CHORUS.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 114. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meekness,
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more courage to be
cross - es I must bear; More ear-nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

rit.

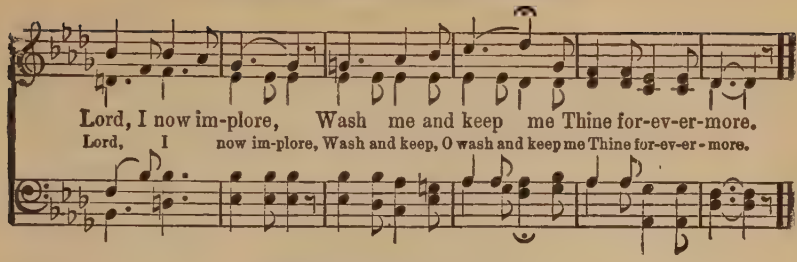
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone; Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

heart.. and make it all Thine own;.... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 115. What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen.

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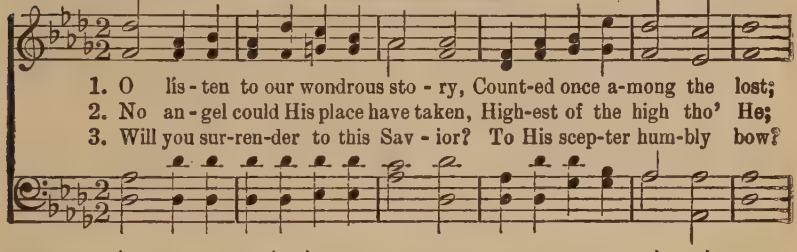
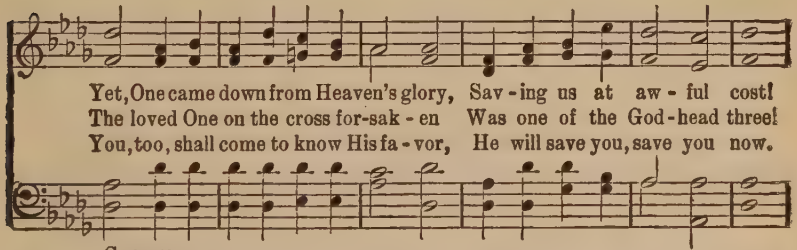
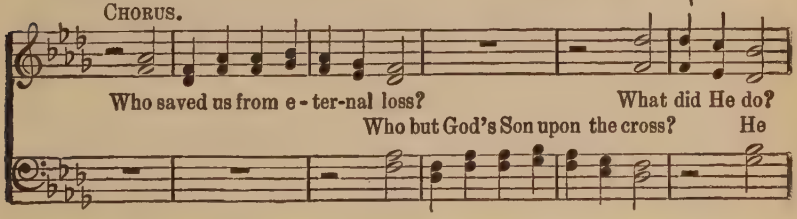
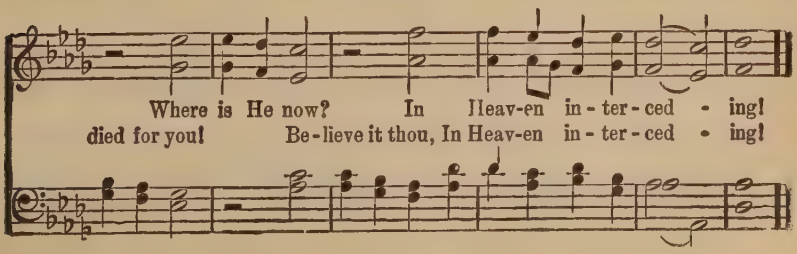




CHORUS.





No. 116. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

P. P. Bliss.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

Question.

1. Wear - y glean-er, whence comest thou, With emp-ty hands and cloud-ed brow?
2. Care - less glean-er, what hast thou here, These fad-ed flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Bur-dened glean-er, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a - wear - y be!

Plod-ding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Hun-gry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Sing-ing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Answer.

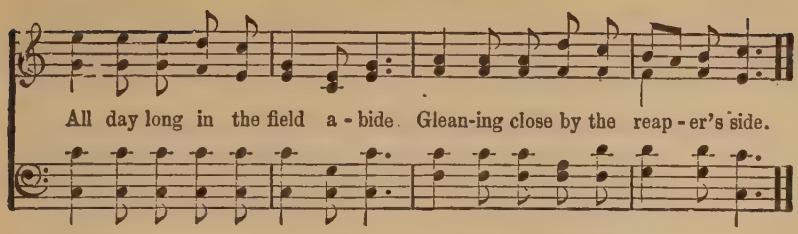
Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past, my search re-vealed
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-ered hand-fuls one by one;

Oth - ers gold - en sheaves had gained, On - ly stub - ble for me re-mained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gath-ered is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reapers I've found them all.

CHORUS.

Forth to the har - vest - field a - way! Gath-er your hand-fuls while you may;

Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?



No. 117. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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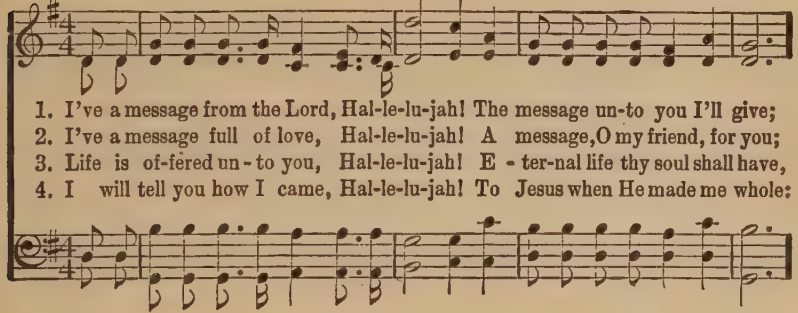
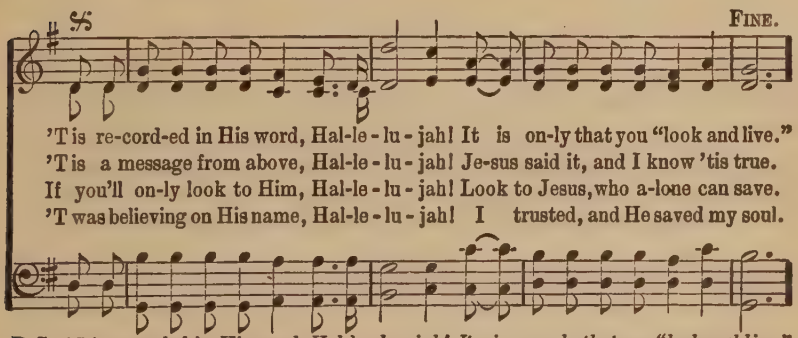
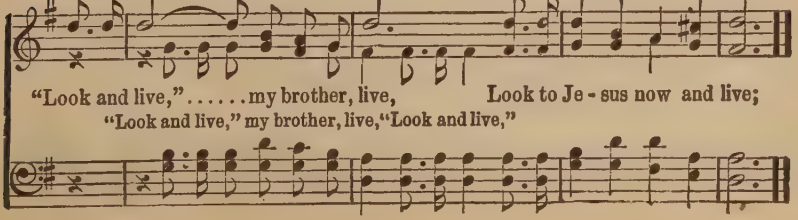
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

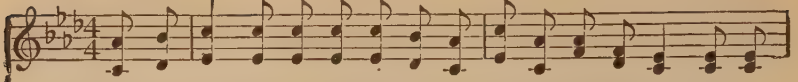




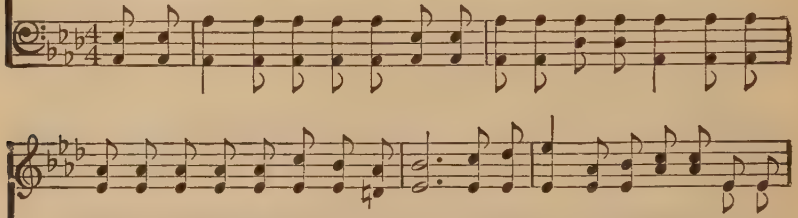


No. 118. My Savior First of All.

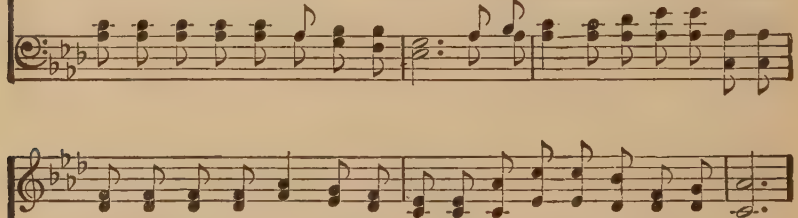
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.



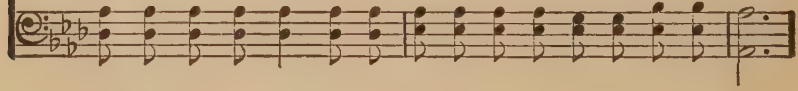
1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will



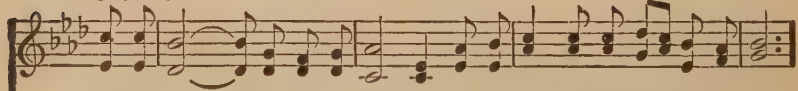
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



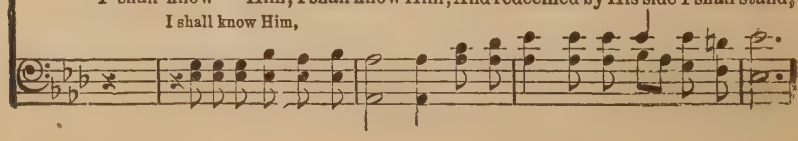
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer-cy, love and grace, That prepare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



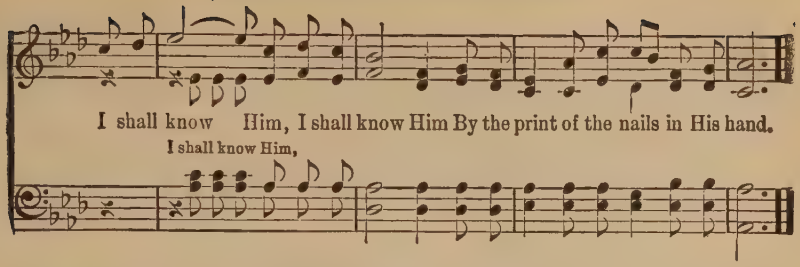
CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

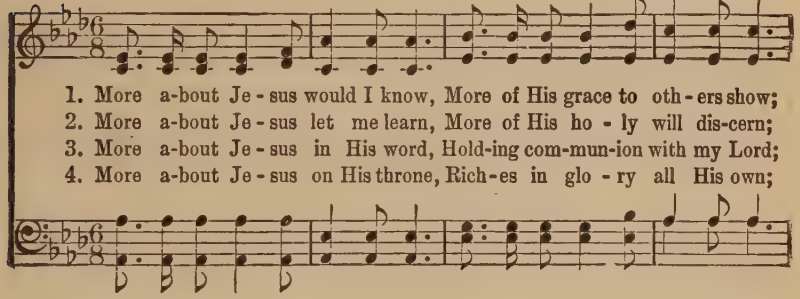


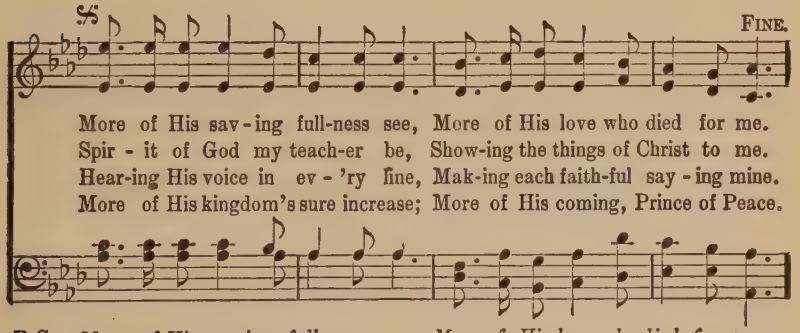
My Savior First of All.



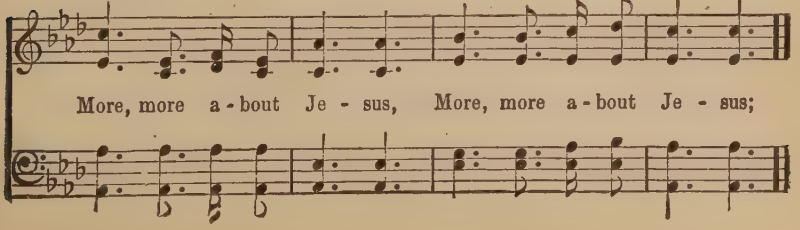
No. 119. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY IN RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.





D.S.—*More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

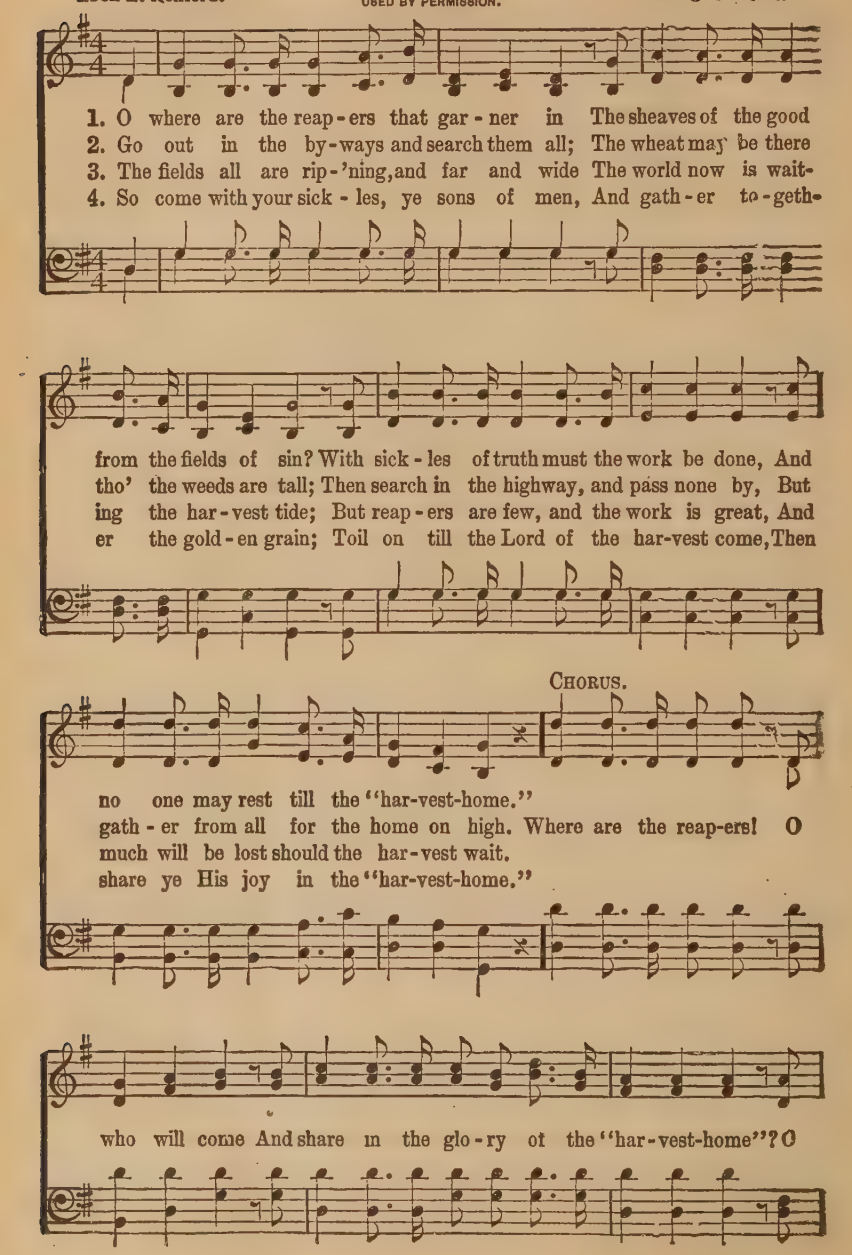


No. 120. O Where Are the Reapers?

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

George F. Root.



O Where Are the Reapers?

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

No. 121. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life.

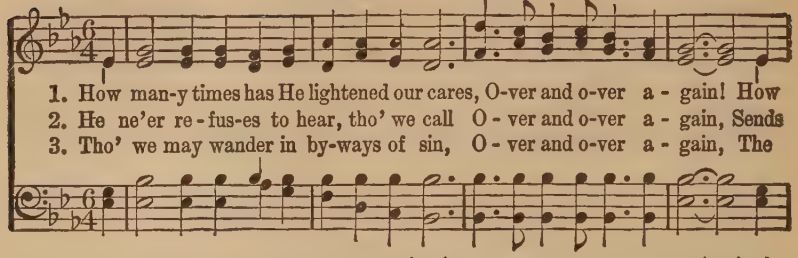
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

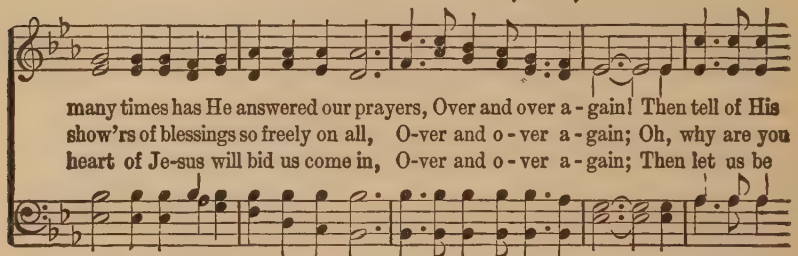
Beau-ti-ful words, beau-ti-ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 122. Over and Over Again.

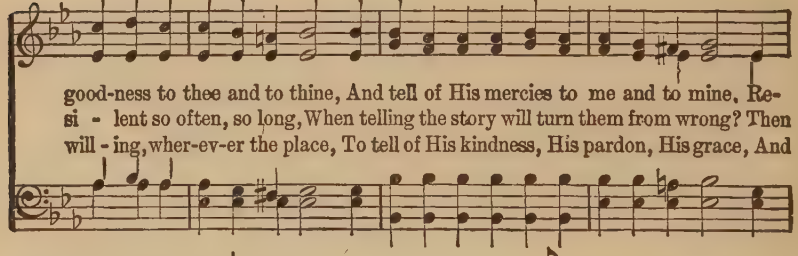
Floy S. Armstrong. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



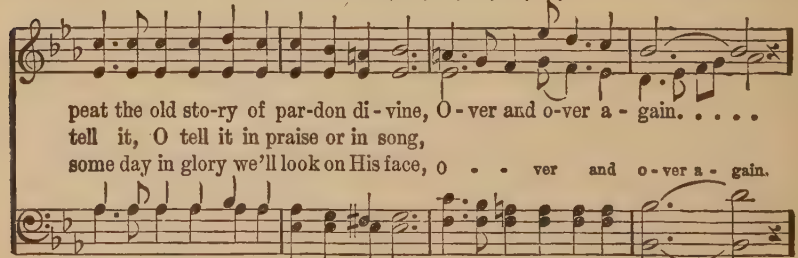
1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The



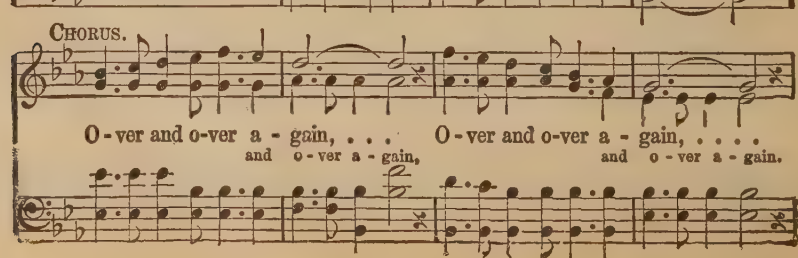
many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be



good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine. Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And



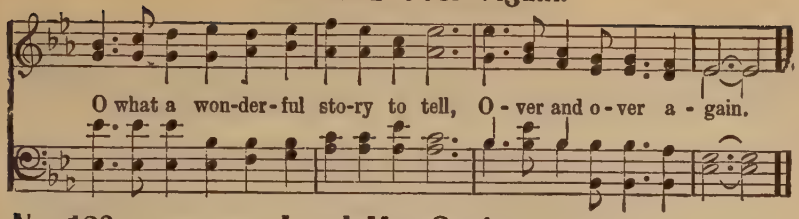
peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - ver and o - ver a - gain.



CHORUS.

O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain.

Over And Over Again.

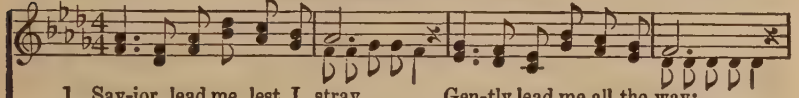


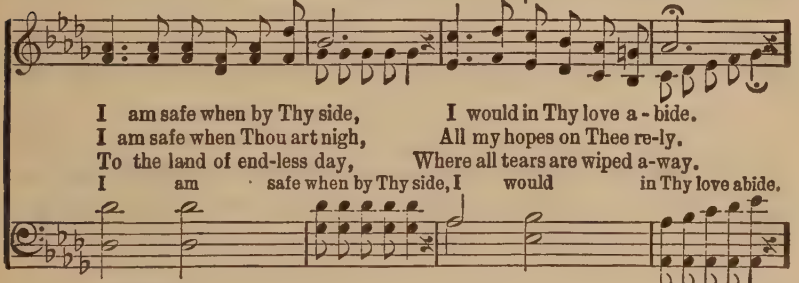
No. 123. Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

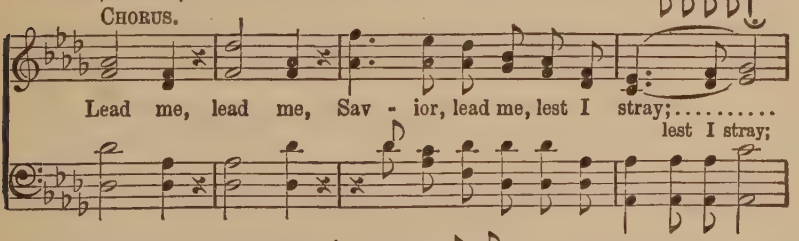
FROM "CAROLS OF JOY."
USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

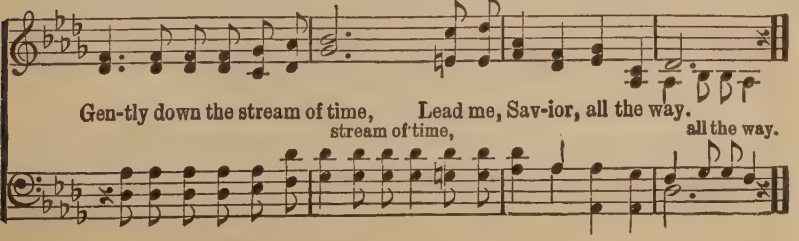
Frank M. Davis.





CHORUS.





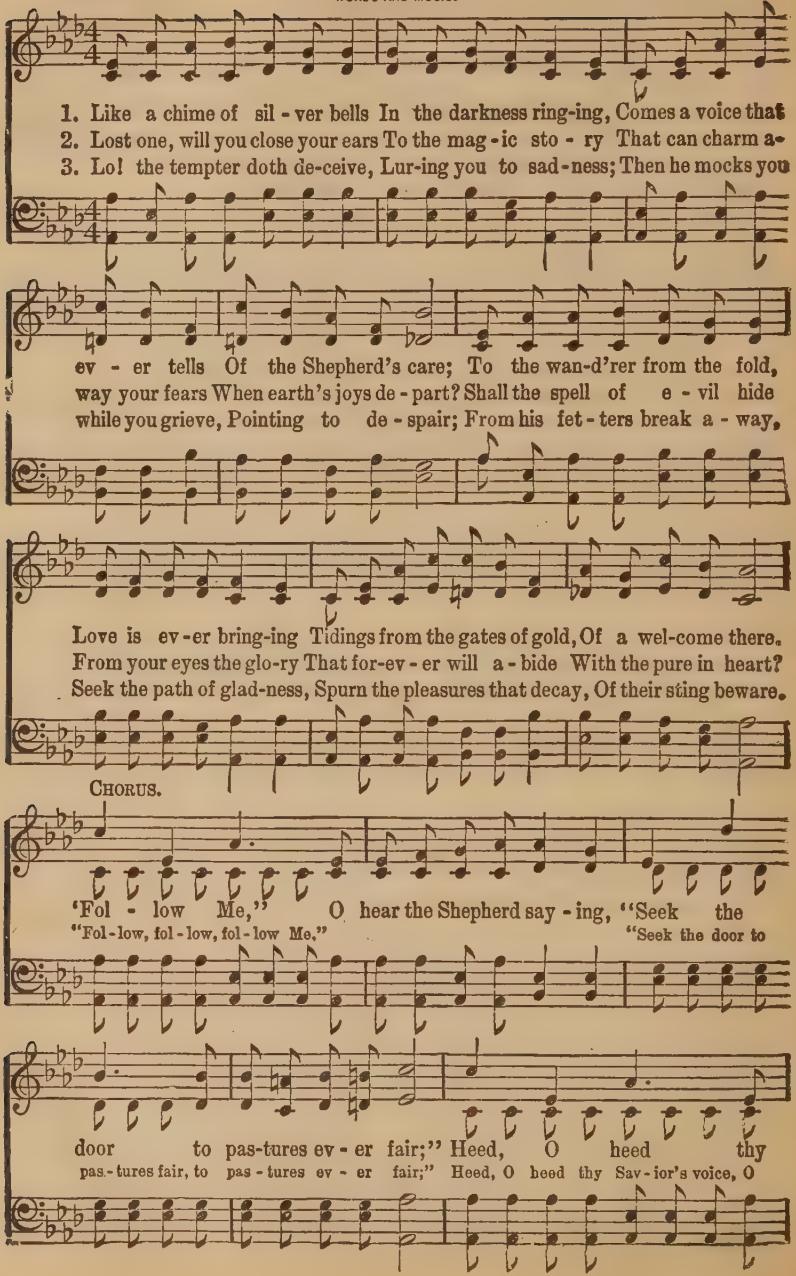
No. 124.

Follow Me.

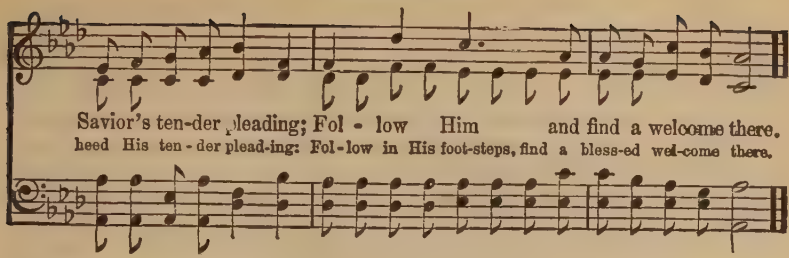
O. M. Bills.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

M. L. McPhail.



Follow Me.

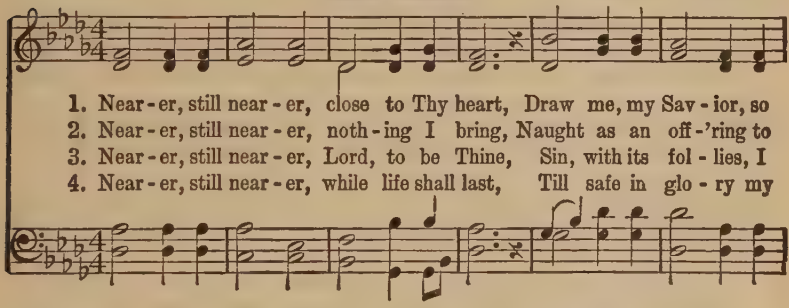


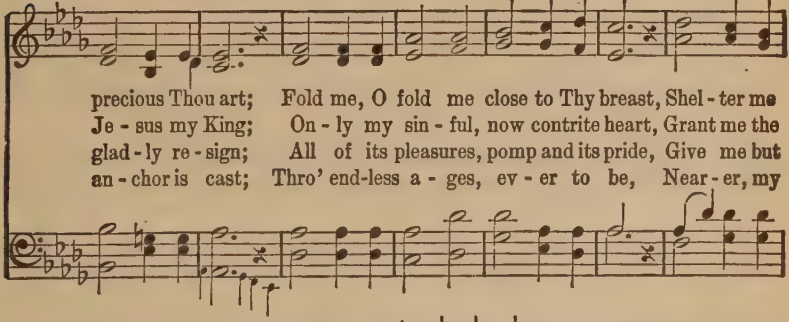
No. 125. Nearer, Still Nearer.

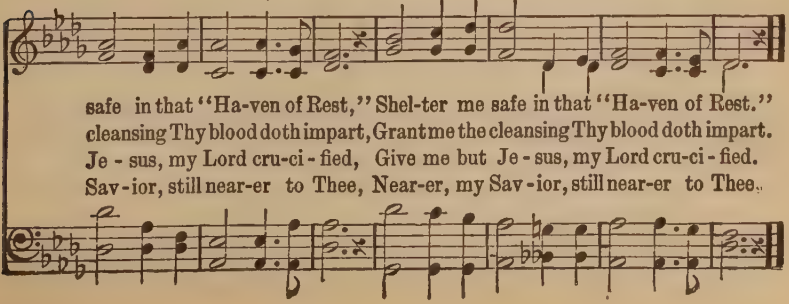
C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.







No. 126. **Harvest Song!**

C. H. G

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

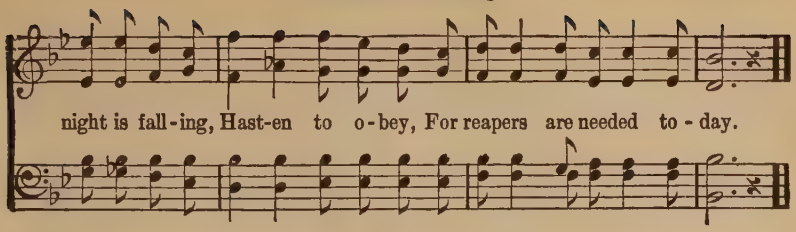
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way.

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas-ter while you may;

Harvest Song.

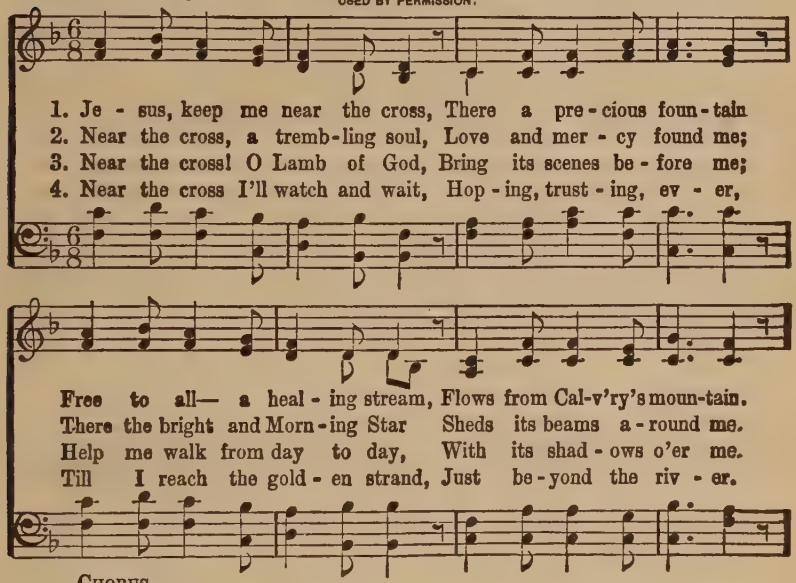


No. 127. Near the Cross.

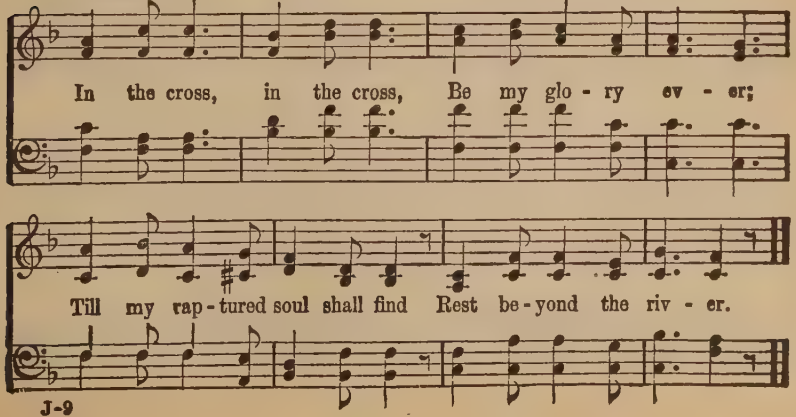
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1890. BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.



CHORUS.



No. 128. Willing Am I.

E. D. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Will-ing am I, and read-y al-way; Will-ing am I His
2. Will-ing to go, nor ques-tion, nor pause; Will-ing to do my
3. Will-ing to serve as du-ty de-mands, Will-ing to aid with
4. Will-ing the emp-ty ves-sel to fill, Will-ing to live con-

word to o-bey; Will-ing am I to speak in His name, Will-ing His
best for His cause; Will-ing to be of use an-y-where, Will-ing all
kind help-ing hands; Will-ing the way to Heav-en to show, Will-ing to
formed to His will; Will-ing to work, to watch and to pray, Will-ing to

CHORUS.

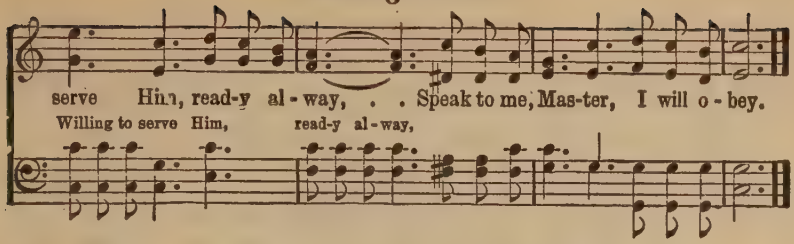
love a-broad to pro-claim. Willing to do what Je-sus re-quires,
things for Je-sus to bear.
help the best that I know.
wait His com-ing some day.

Will-ing to do what . . Je-sus requires,

Will-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires, . . Will-ing to

Will-ing to go where . . Je-sus de-sires,

Willing Am I.

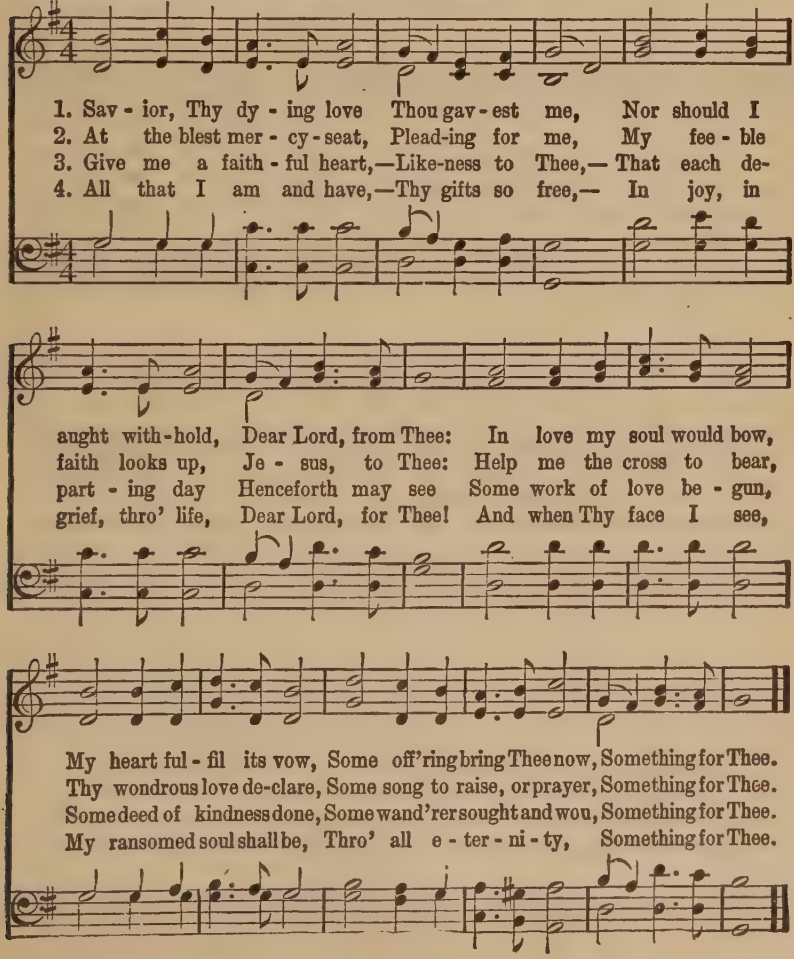


No. 129. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry, D. D.



No. 130. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal-
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je- ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal-
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-

CHORUS.

hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and pray,

No. 131. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To

FINE.

cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile-ness full - y cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

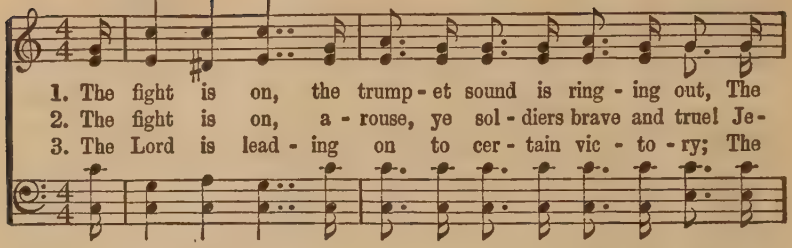
D. S.—*That flowed on Cal - va - ry!*

CHORUS. D. S.

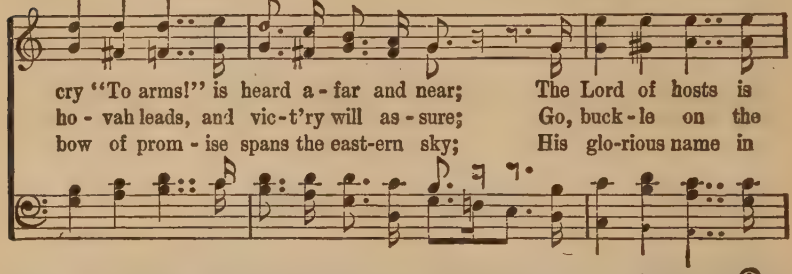
I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

No. 132. The Fight Is On.

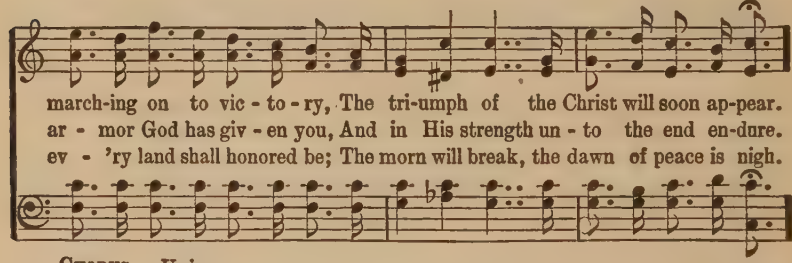
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je-
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The

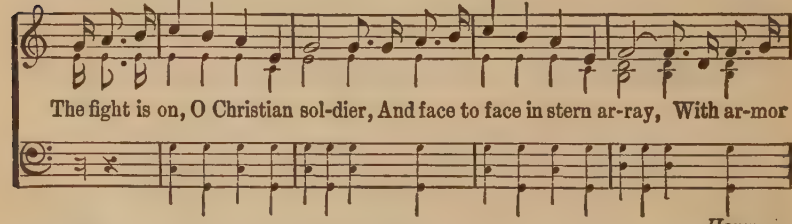


cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in



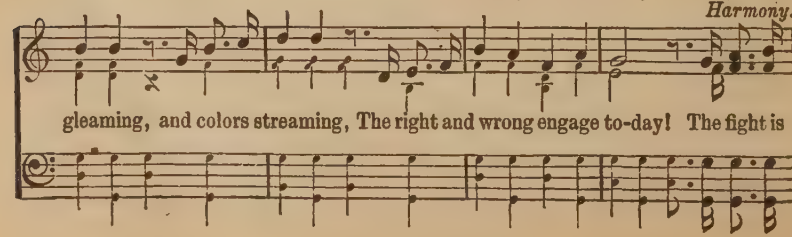
march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*



The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor

Harmony.



gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry.

No. 133. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane.**

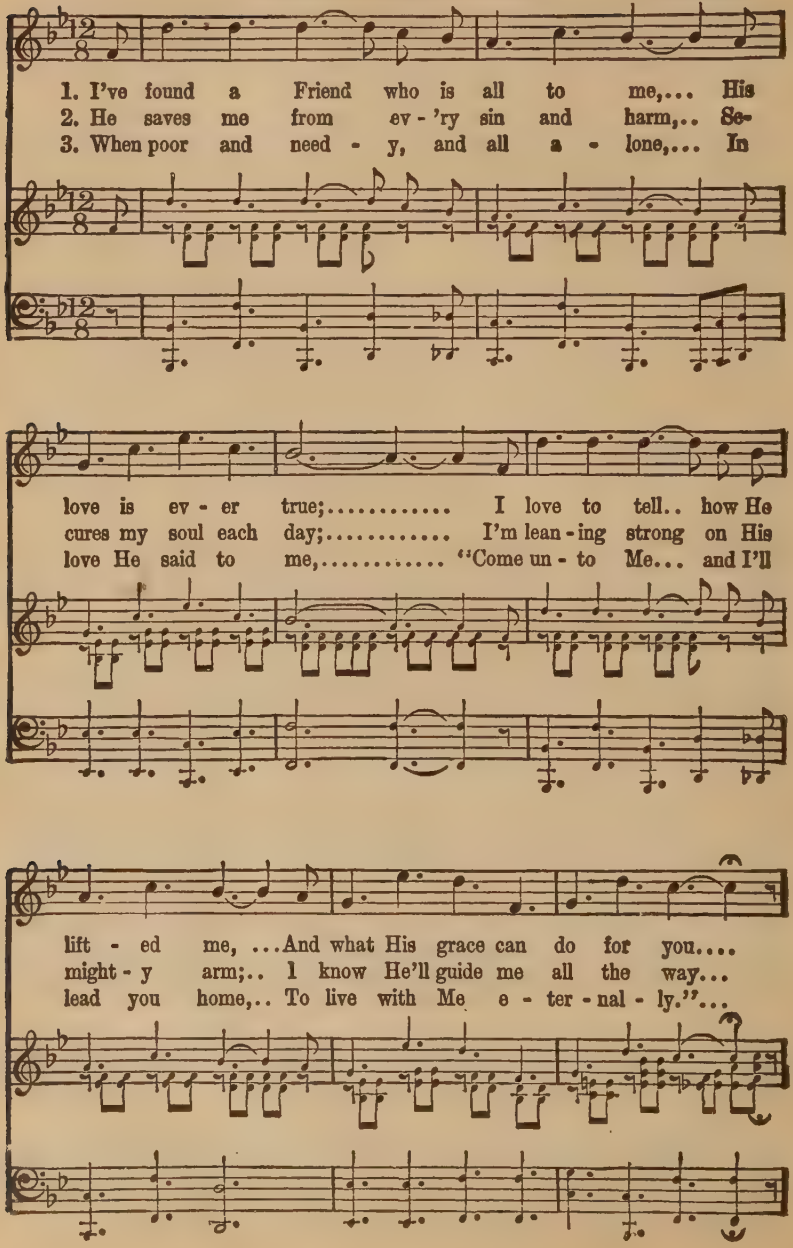
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

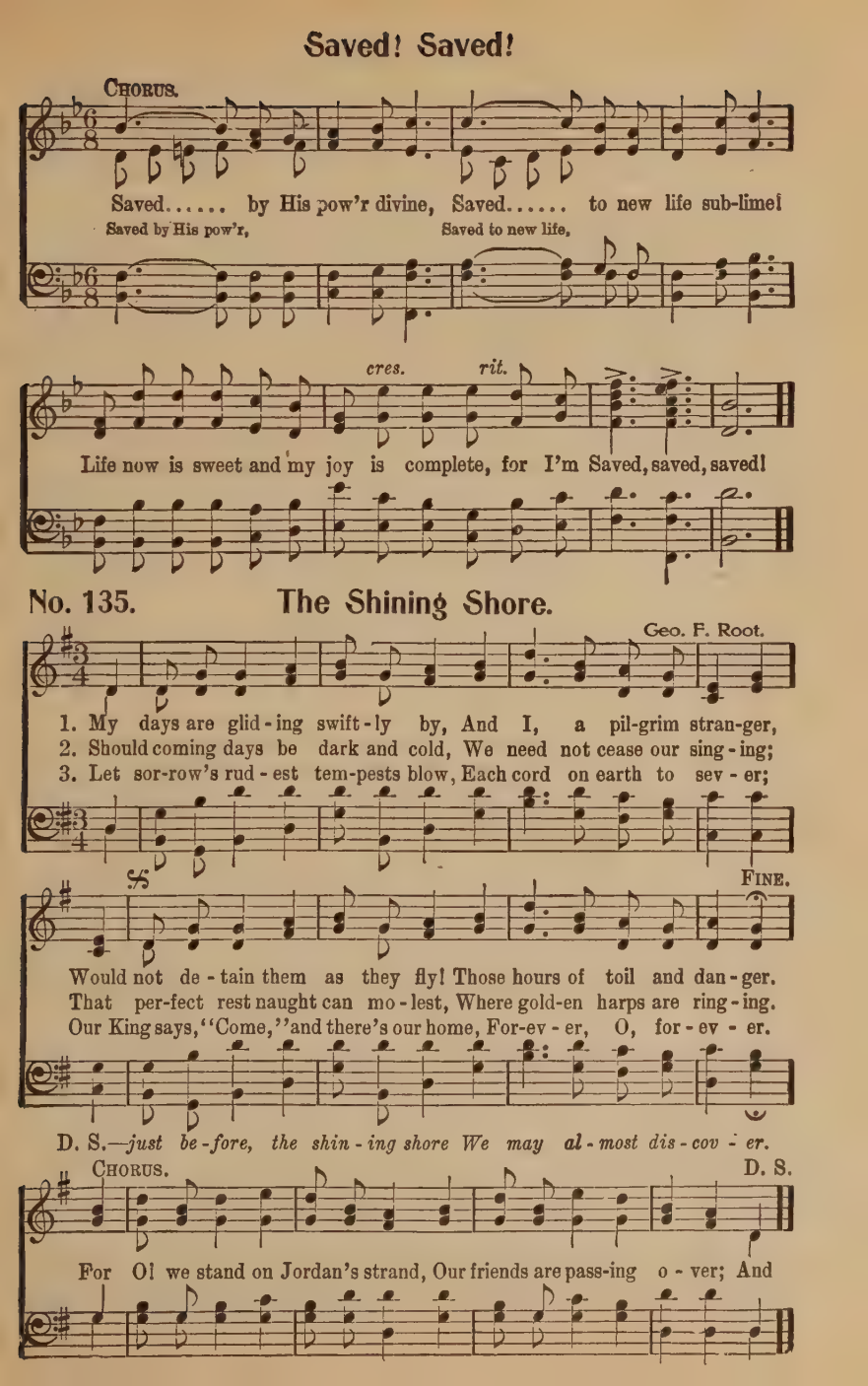
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

No. 134. Saved! Saved!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.



Saved! Saved!



No. 135. The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing-ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;

Fine.

Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev-er, O, for-ev-er.

D. S.—*just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.*

Chorus. D. S.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

No. 136. Some Day.

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Dr. Victor M. Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver—The toil and cares of life; Some day the world be vanquished, With all this mor-tal strife; Some day, the journey end-ed, I'll lay my bur-den down; Some day, in realms su - per-nal Re-

2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of Heav - en's cit - y fair; Some day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the voi-ces Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho-rus In

3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some day re-ceive, un-meas-ured, The bless-ings of His grace; Some day He'll smile upon me from that white throne a-bove; Some day I'll know the full-ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown. Some hap-py day,
Heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, . . . some happy day, . . .
His un - dy - ing love. Some hap-py day,

Some Day.

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, . . . And I shall go to dwell with

all tears a - way,

Him, . . . To dwell with Him . . . . some hap-py day.

to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him some hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 137. Room At the Cross.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake.

1. Room at the cross for a trem - bling soul, Room at the cross for you;
2. Room at the cross for a break - ing heart, Room at the cross for you;
3. Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the cross for you;

Where the sin - lad - en may be made whole, Room at the cross for you.
Choose, then, like Ma-ry, the bet - ter part; Room at the cross for you.
Come, then, O has-ten, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.

REFRAIN.

1 2

{ Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you;
{ Room, room, room at the cross, [*Omit* . . .] Room at the cross for you.

No. 138. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

J. L. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1892 BY E. O. EXCELL WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine - yard needs work-men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast - ing for lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter de-mands.
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a bro-ther's in need, His cries as - cend heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai - ment he suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sist - ance; O, dare to do right.
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has promised its pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.

CHORUS.

Oh, { why.....stand ye i - dle,..... / har - - vest is pass-ing,.... } Oh, why..... stand ye / The har - - - vest is

Oh, { why stand ye i - dle, so / har - vest is pass-ing, is } i - dle all day? / pass - ing a - way. Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so / The har - vest is pass - ing, is

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

i - dle,..... Oh, why..... stand ye i - dle,.....
pass - ing,..... The har - - - - vest is pass - ing,. .....
i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day,
pass - ing a - way. The har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way.

1 2 *rit.*

I - - - dle all day?..... The pass - - ing a - way.
i - dle all day. i - dle all day? The pass-ing a-way. passing a - way.

No. 139. No Dying There.

F. A. B.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i - ty,
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blest domain
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright e-ter-nal day,

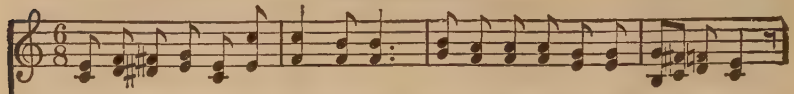
D. S.—*In that fair, heav'nly land,*

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

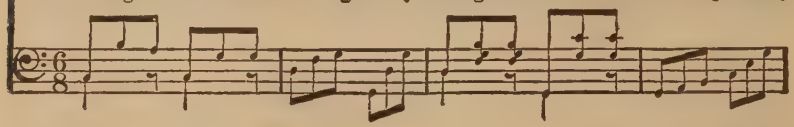
No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there,..... No dying there; .....
No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there;

No. 140. What Shall the Harvest Be?

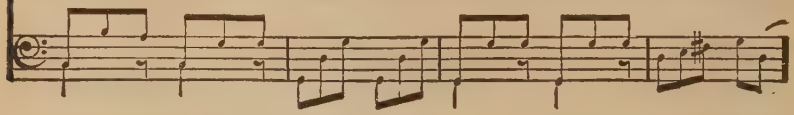
Mrs. Emily S. Oakley. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

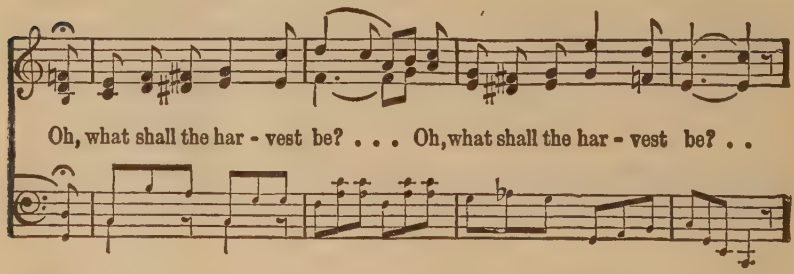


1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lin-g'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-dened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,



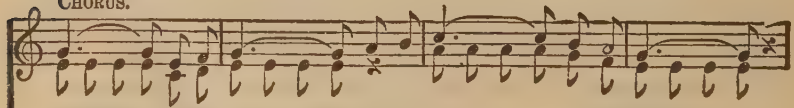
Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home;





Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . .

CHORUS.



Sown . . in the dark - ness or sown . . in the light, . .
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light,

What Shall the Harvest Be?

Sown . . in our weak - ness or sown . . . in our might, Gath-ered in
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in

time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be. . .
time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

No. 141. My Shepherd is the Lord.

Anon. Virgil C. Taylor.

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be sup-plied:
2. He in His mer-cy doth re - store My soul when sink - ing in dis-tress;
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no e - vil will I fear,
4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Prepared be-fore the face of foes;

In pas-tures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.
For His name's sake He ev - er-more Leads me in paths of right-eous-ness.
Be - cause Thy presence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
With oil Thou dost a - noint my head; My cup is filled and o - ver - flows.

No. 142. Awake! Awake!

Fanny J. Crosby.

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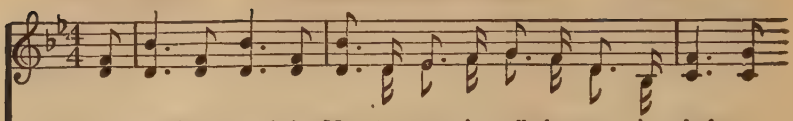
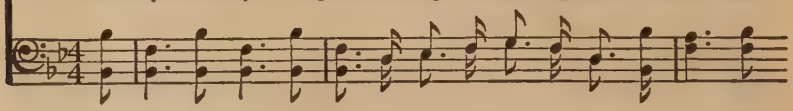
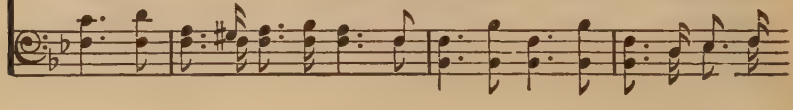
John R. Sweney.



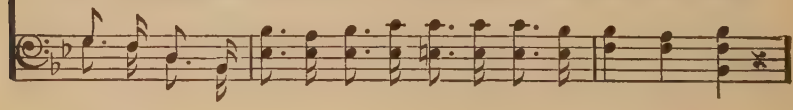
1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - rise! a -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To save the
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When all shall



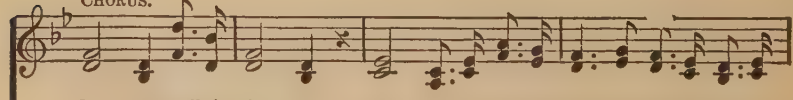
rise! and, trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro - claim the year of
comes a - cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of
lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail, shall hail the Sav - ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in



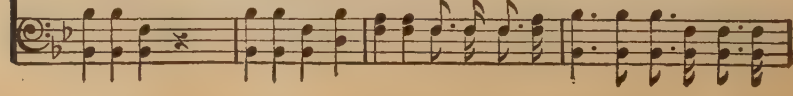
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of Christ our Lord.
truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring.



CHORUS.



On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shin - ing o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, on,



Awake! Awake!

On, on, while be-fore us Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way.

{ Glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng,
Shout "Hosanna!" while we boldly march along; } Faithful soldiers here below,

On-ly Je-sus will we know; Shouting "Free salvation!" o'er the world we go.

No. 143. No Time to Pray.

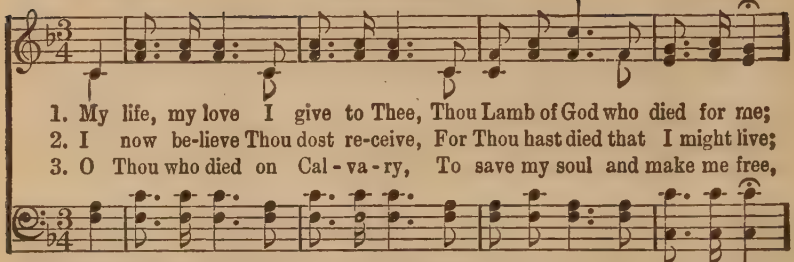
Anon. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. No time to pray! No time to pray! O who so fraught with earthly care,
2. No time to pray! No time to pray! Must care or busi-ness' ur-gent call
3. Cease not to pray! Cease not to pray! On Je-sus as your all re-ly;

As not to give to hum-ble prayer Some part of day?
So press us as to take it all, Each pass-ing day?
Would you live hap-py— hap-py die? Take time to pray.

No. 144. I'll Live For Him.

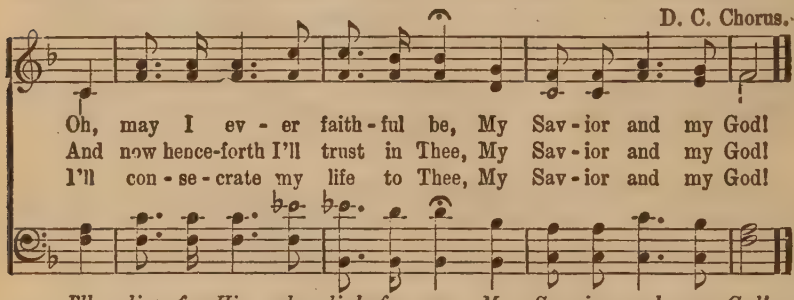
R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

D. C. Chorus.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 145. "Almost Persuaded."

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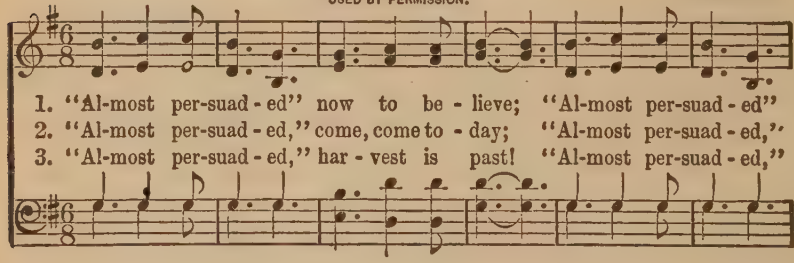
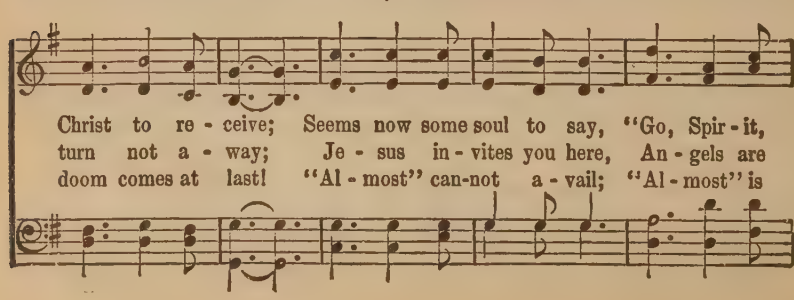
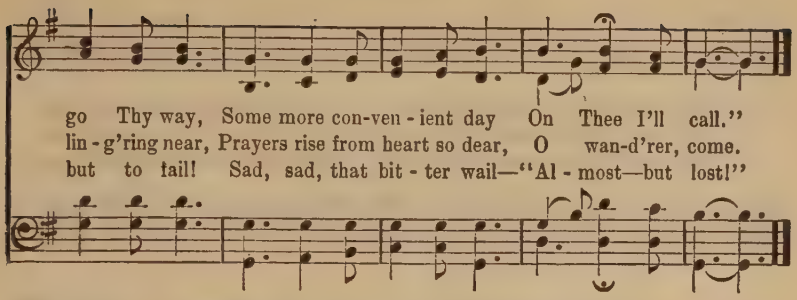


1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is



No. 146 Why Not Come to Him Now?

F. A. S.

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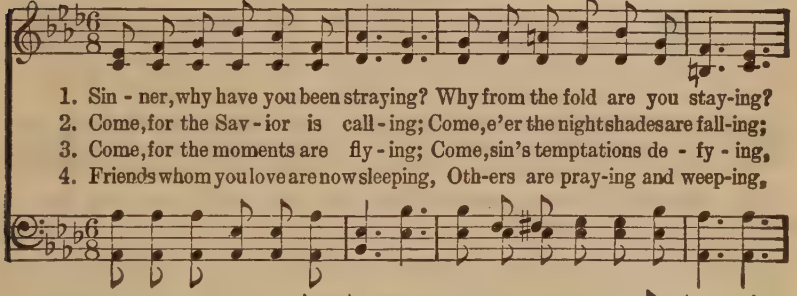
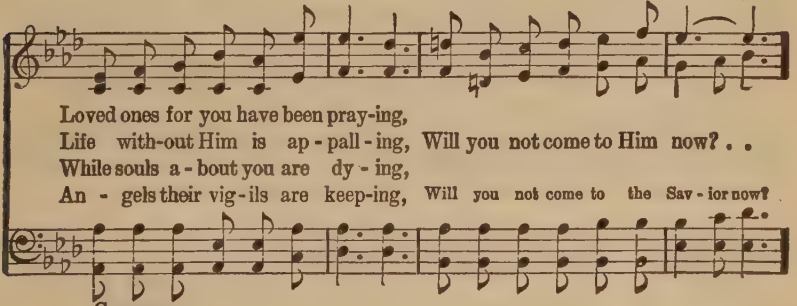
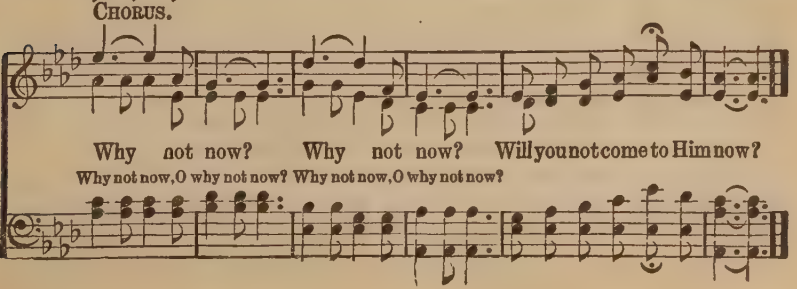
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpson.





CHORUS.



No. 147. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

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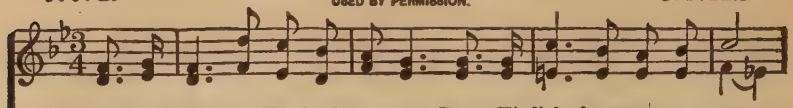
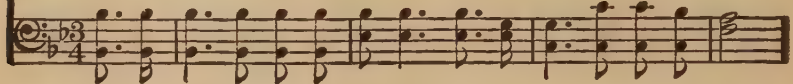
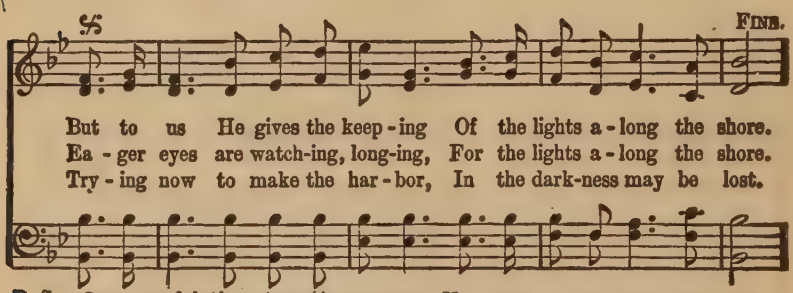
P. P. Bliss.



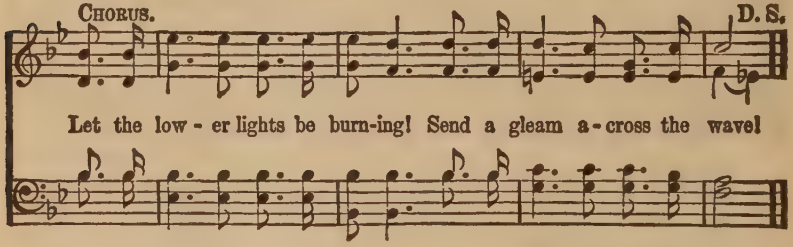
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,





But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S.—*Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

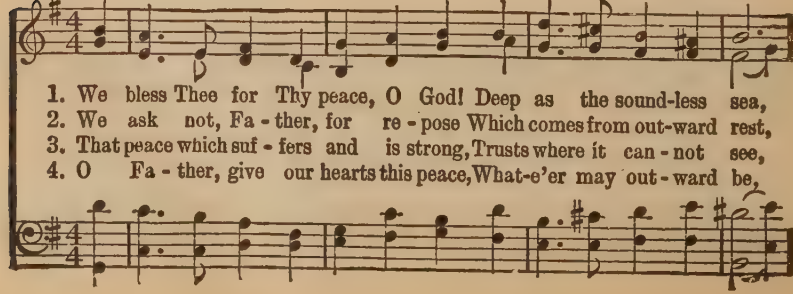


Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

No. 148. God's Peace.

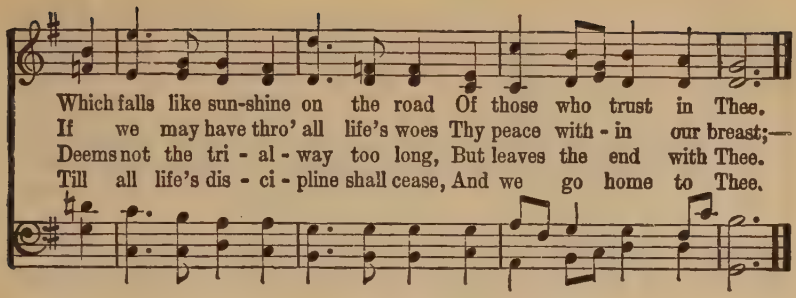
Anon.

H. G. B. Hunt.



1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea,
2. We ask not, Fa-ther, for re-pose Which comes from out-ward rest,
3. That peace which suf-fers and is strong, Trusts where it can-not see,
4. O Fa-ther, give our hearts this peace, What-e'er may out-ward be,

God's Peace.



No. 149. Give Me Jesus.

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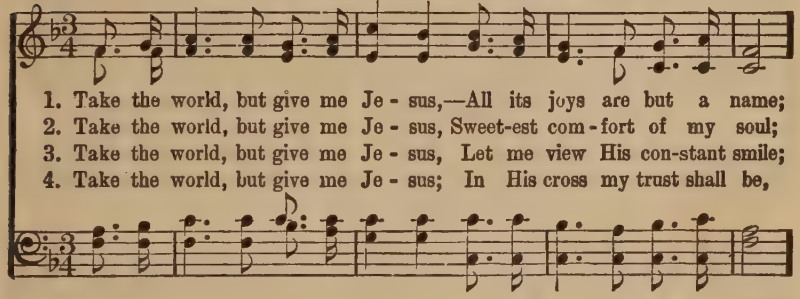
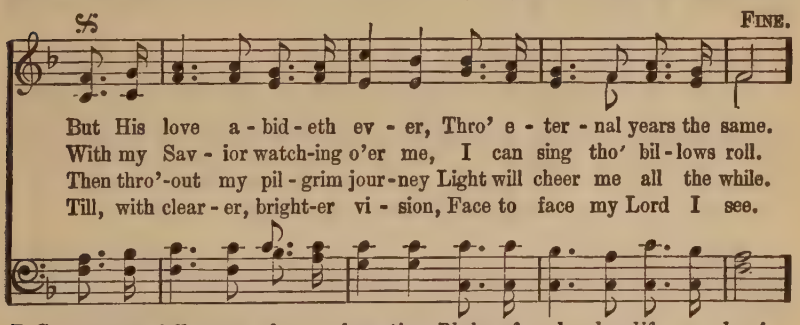
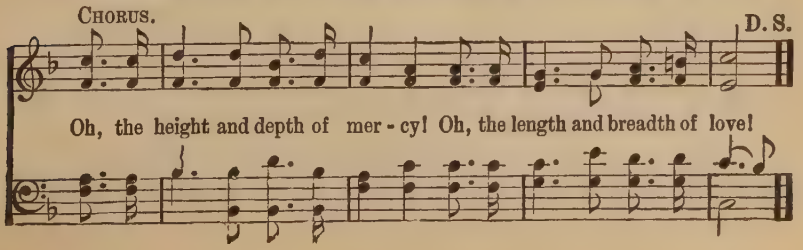




D.S.—*Oh, the full - ness of re - demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!*



No. 150. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

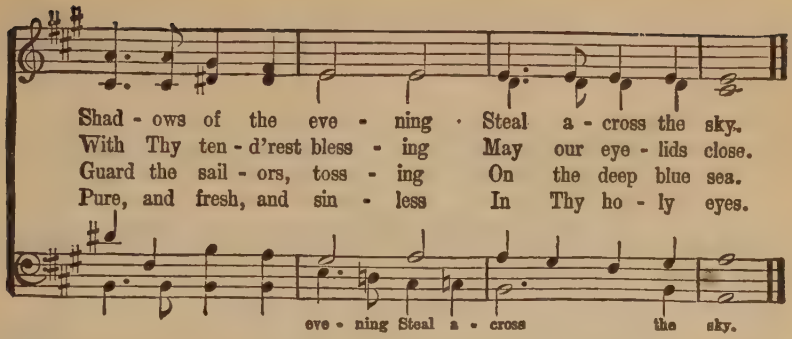
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 151. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Now the Day is Over.



No. 152. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C CASE.
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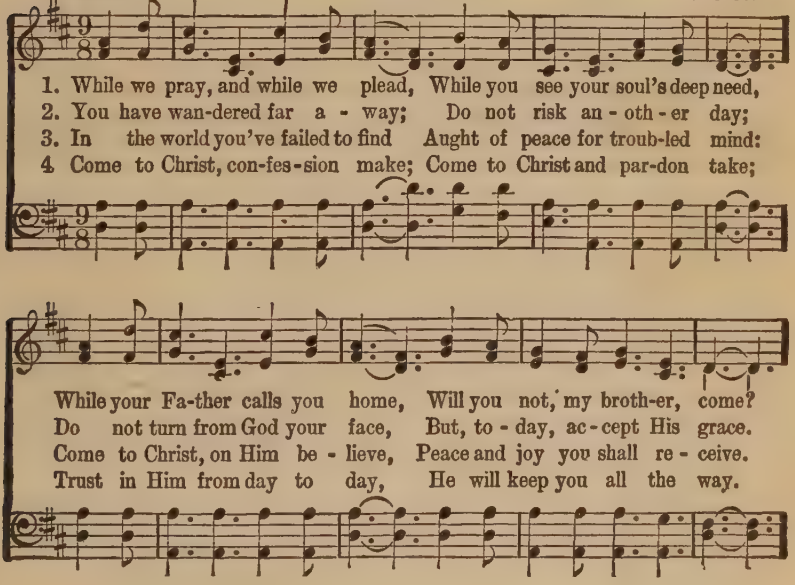
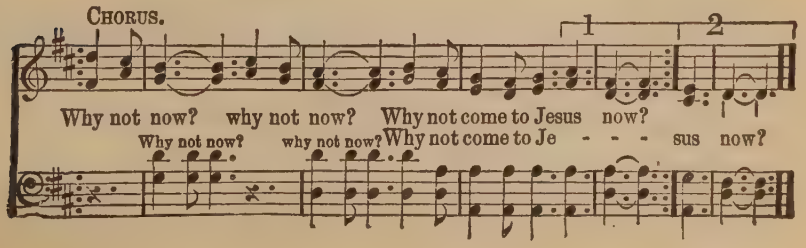
El Nathan. C. C. Case.





No. 153. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PERMISSION. J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.–*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 154. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 155. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Be-cause He first loved me, And*

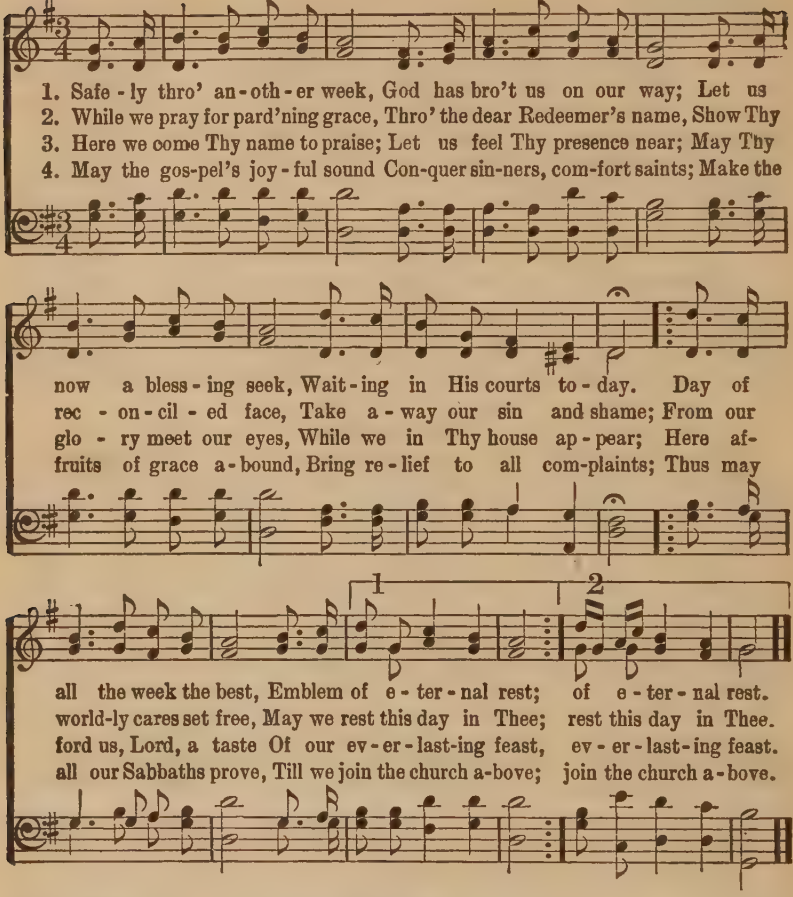
FINE. D. S.

precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed away in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

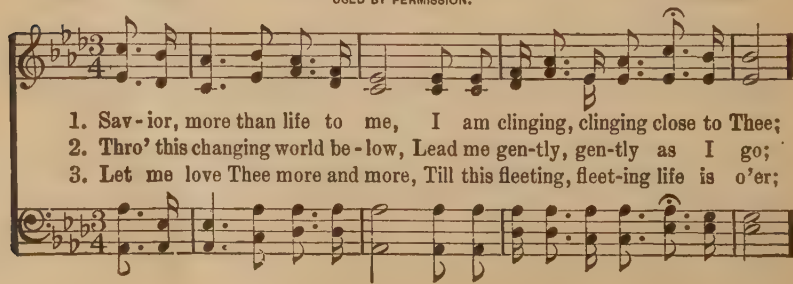
No. 156. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

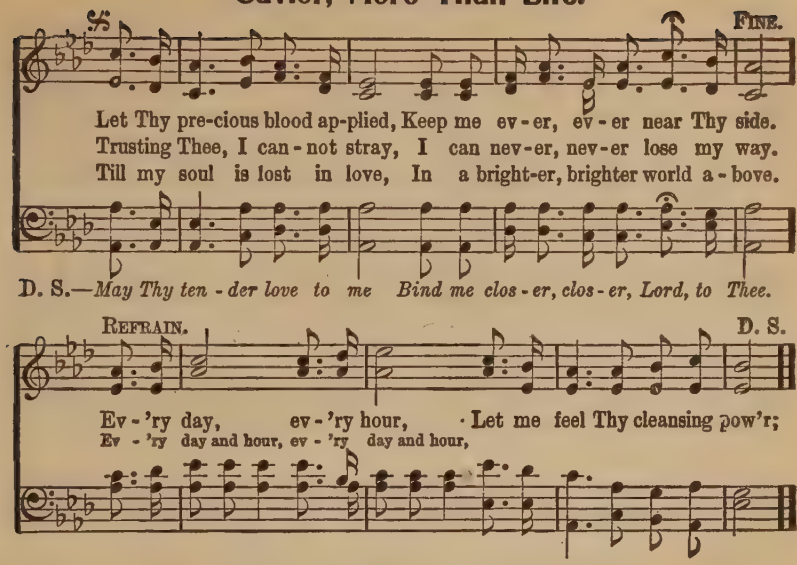


No. 157. Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

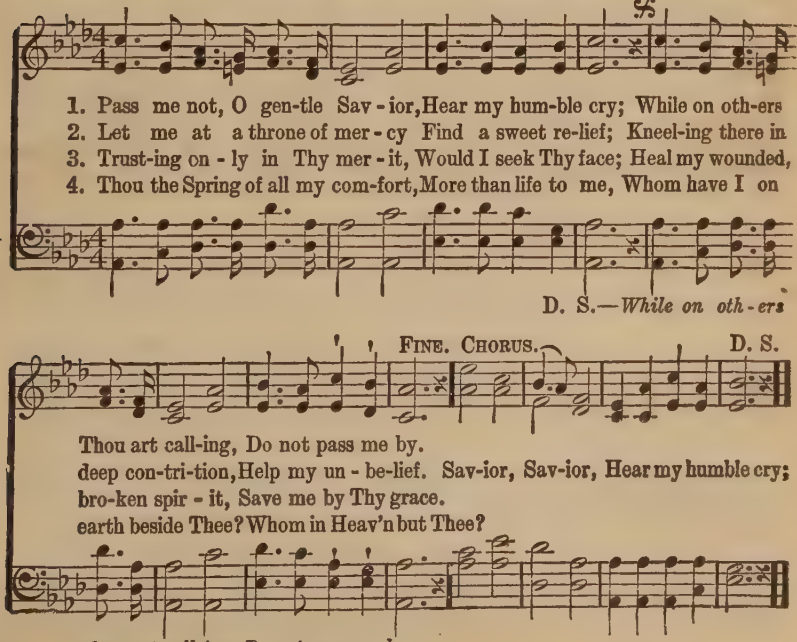


Savior, More Than Life.



No. 158. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.



No. 159. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom:

rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 160. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 161. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary B. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.

Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

S. FINE.

D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

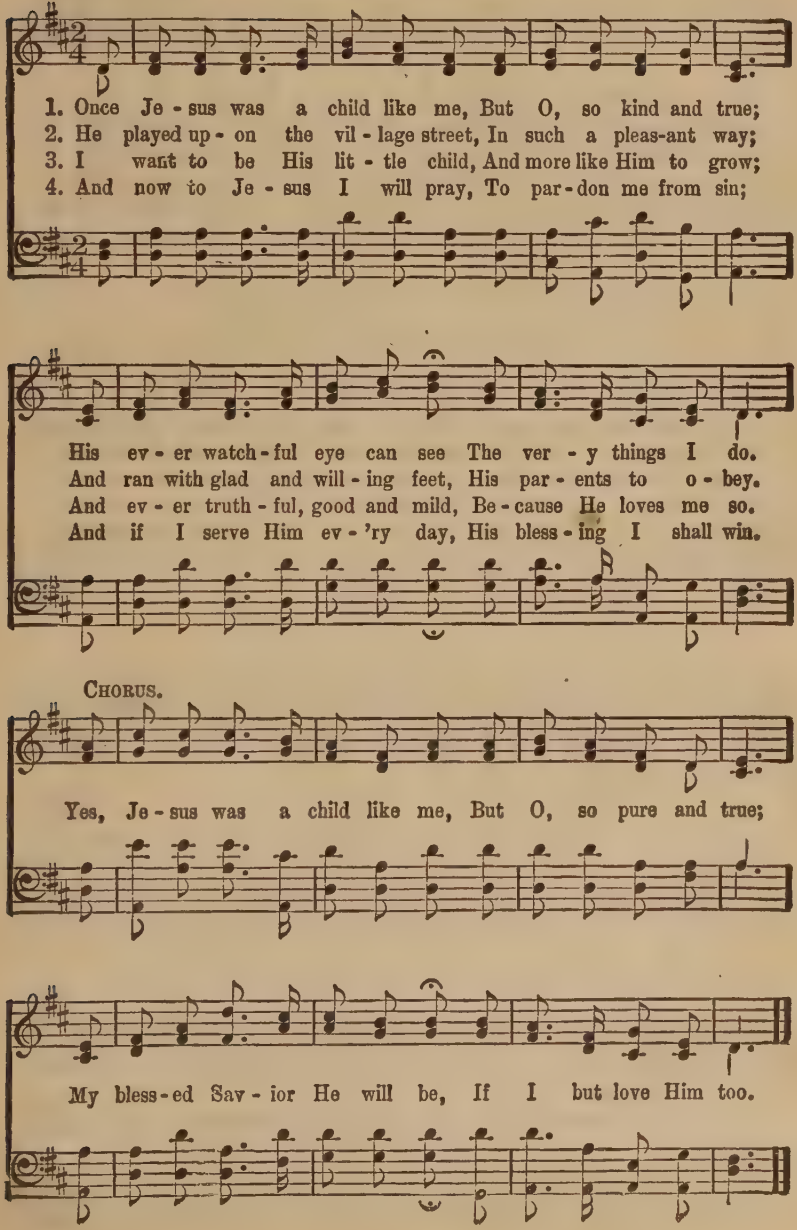
CHORUS. D. S.

O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,

No. 162. Jesus Was a Child Like Me.

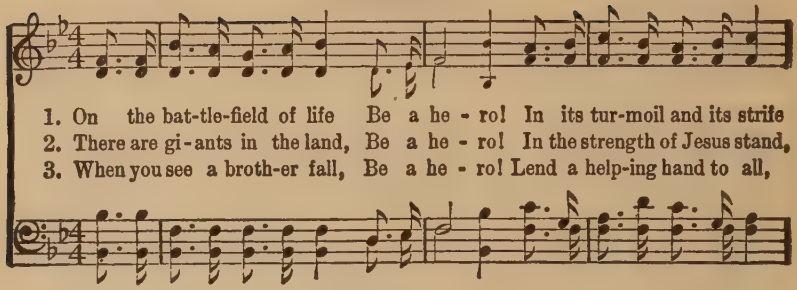
(PRIMARY.)

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

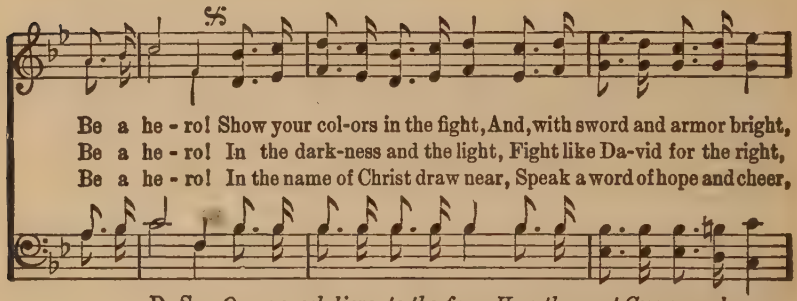


No. 163. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

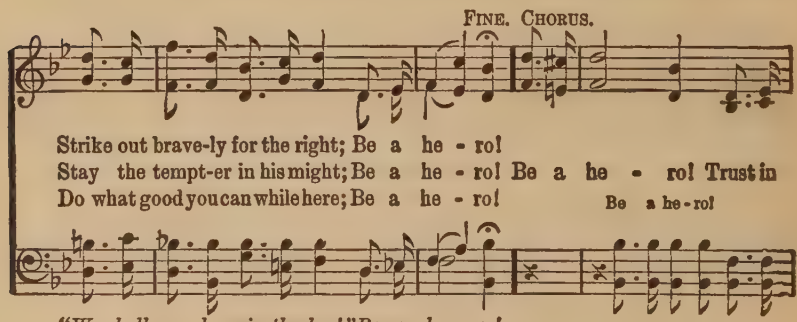


1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



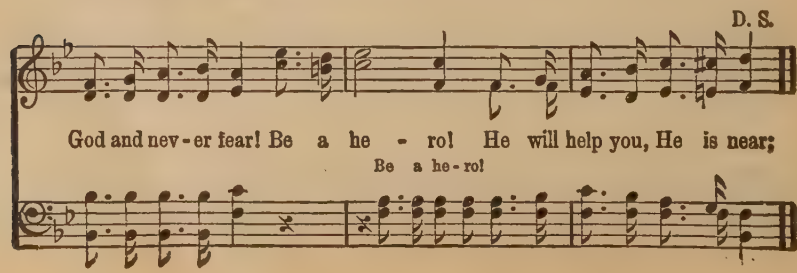
Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*



Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro! Be a he-ro!

"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!



God and nev-er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!

No. 164.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

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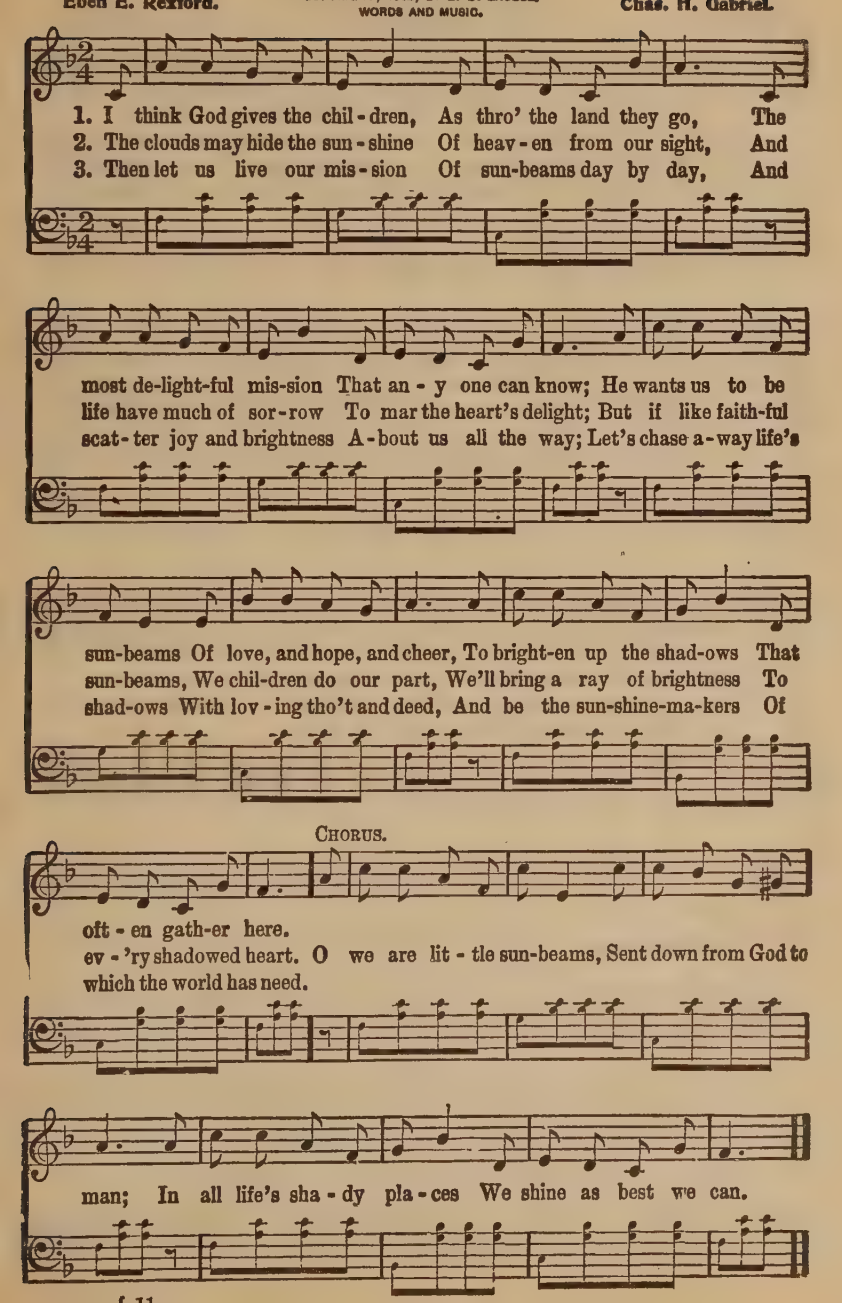
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 165. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
3, Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

CHORUS.

And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain, re-
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 166. Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joi-cing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine the

in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened
sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;

win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

No. 167. Angry Words! Oh. Let Them Never.

H. R. P. USED BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-bri - dled slip;
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa - cred far,
3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bit-t'rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—

May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them, ere they soil the lip.
For a mo-ment's reckless fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
Bright-est links of life are bro - ken By a sin-gle an-gry word.

CHORUS.

"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - ior, Chil-dren, o-
Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,

bey the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: bey His blest com - mand.
'Tis the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: 'Tis His blest com - mand.

No. 168. **Rose, Rose, Rose.**

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un - to this

Waltz time.

rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

REFRAIN.

{Rose, rose, rose, Pret - ti - est flow'r that grows, Em-blem of
{Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

1

love that came from heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

2

Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing. Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

No. 169. We'll Never Say Fail.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. W. A. Post.

Unison.

1. We're fighting for a no-ble cause, A happy, loy-al band, For ev'rything that's good and right We'll bravely take a stand; Tho' mighty prove the hosts of sin, We sure-ly will pre-vail; The ar-my of the Sunday School Must never say fail.
2. We're marching on the winning side, A joyful com-pa-ny, Wher-ev-er Christ our Captain leads, His soldiers true must be; Come join the ranks, He cannot spare A sin-gle vol-un-teer, For ev'ry nation, tribe and tongue, His gospel must hear.
3. We're fighting for a no-ble cause, The roll-call is above; Each one must answer for himself Unto the Lord we love. When we have marched to higher ground And entered Heaven's vale, With happy hearts we'll tell the King We never said fail.

FINE.

D. S.—*ar-my of the Sunday School Must never say fail.*

CHORUS.

f

We'll never say fail, No, nev-er say fail; We're marching on to vic-to-ry, Thro' Christ we shall prevail; We'll never say fail, No, nev-er say fail, The

D. S.

No. 170. The Birds' Nest.

Mrs. B. B. Selby, Arr.

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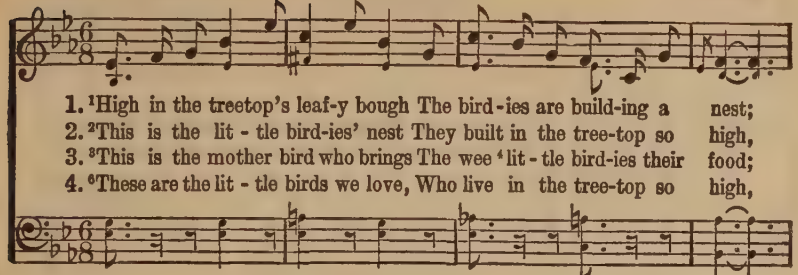
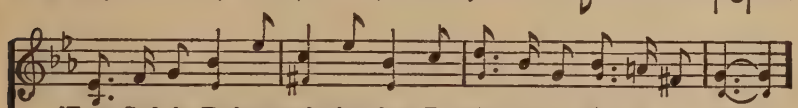
WORDS AND MUSIC.

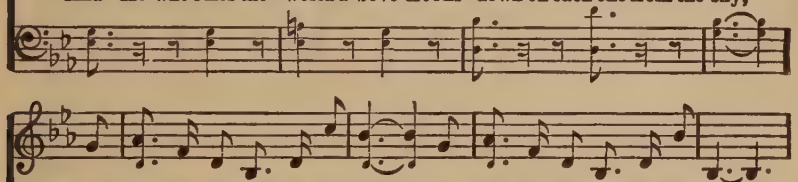
E. O. Excell.



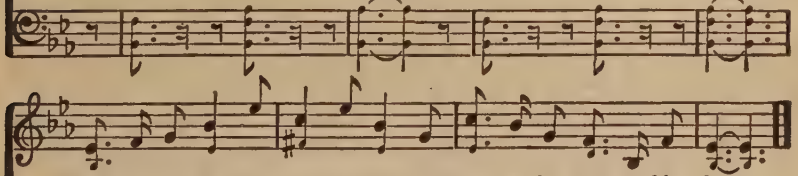
1. [1]High in the treetop's leaf-y bough The bird-ies are build-ing a nest;
2. [2]This is the lit - tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. [3]This is the mother bird who brings The wee [4]lit - tle bird-ies their food;
4. [6]These are the lit - tle birds we love, Who live in the tree-top so high,



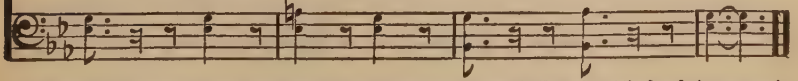
'Twas God the Father taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by;
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;



To build, ev-'ry bird-ie his best, To build ev-'ry bird-ie his best,
The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by, The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by,
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood,
Looks [9]down on each one from the sky, Looks [9]down on each one from the sky,



'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by.
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky.



NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

No. 171. **Honor-Bright Cadets.**

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca-dets that want to bat-tle for the right, you see; That is why we
For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit.*] . . . .

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de-feat, you see; If we fight for
For our Lead-er nev-er taught us to re-treat, you see, [*Omit.*] . . . .

band ourselves together; And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
right, we'll win the battle; No matter how the guns and sabers rattle.

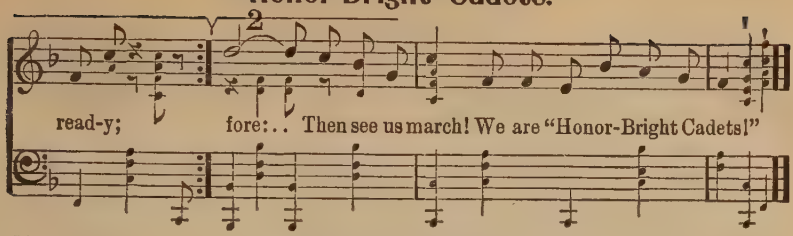
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be true, as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be faithful un-til the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

Then see us marching as to war; . . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.

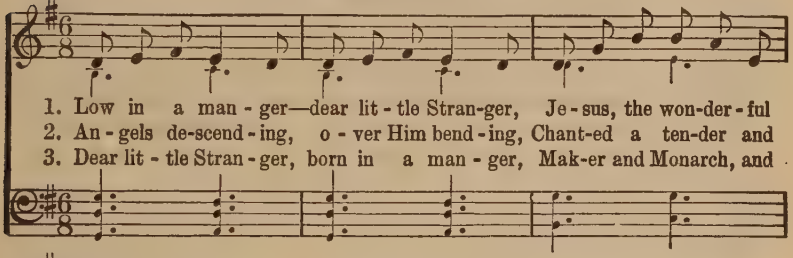


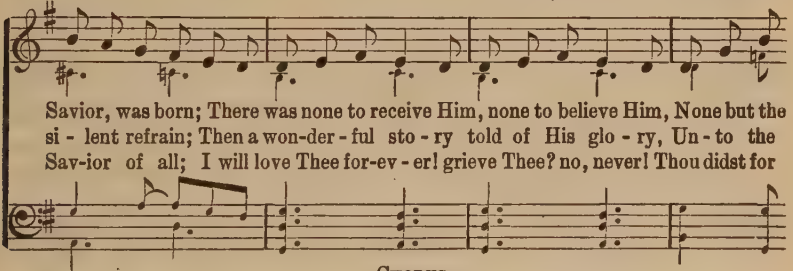
No. 172. Dear Little Stranger.

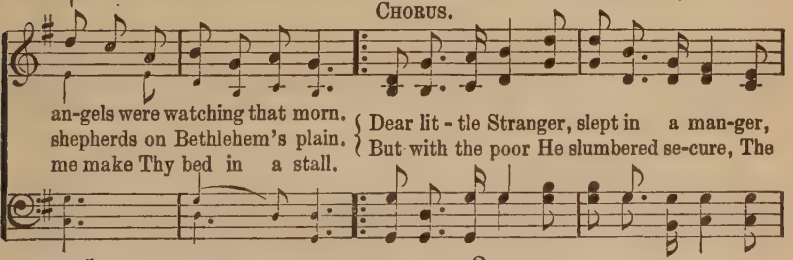
C. H. G.

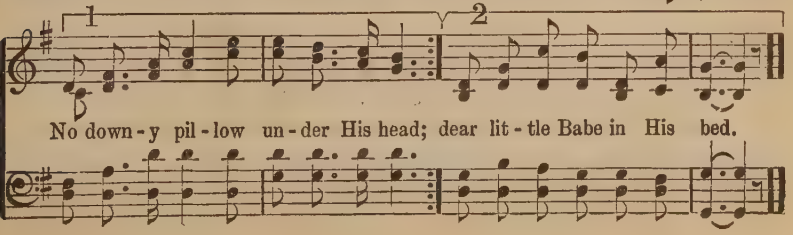
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



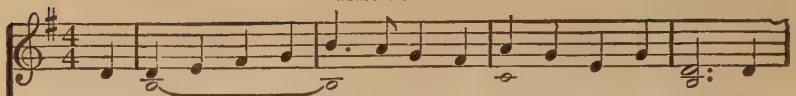






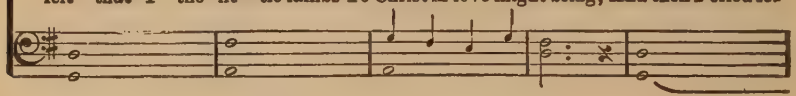
No. 173. The Children's Hosanna.

Neal A. McAuley. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

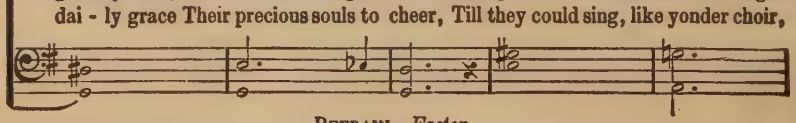


1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of man-sions in the skies, Where
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet - er tones than all, Di-
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I

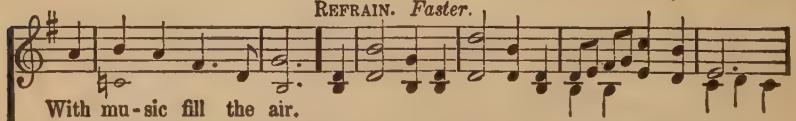
those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
rect - ing Christian workers here, In words I now re - call: "Forbid them not," He
felt that I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for



hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voi-ces clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to Me; Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing, like yonder choir,

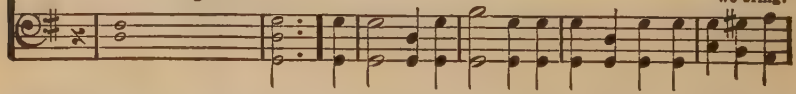


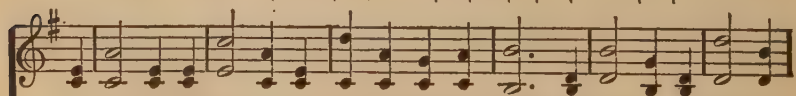
REFRAIN. *Faster.*



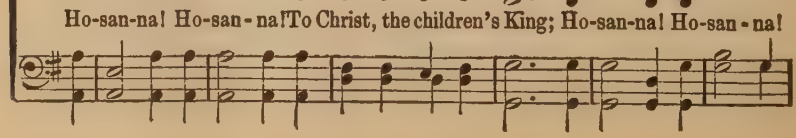
With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring!
Ho - san - na! bright and clear.

we bring!

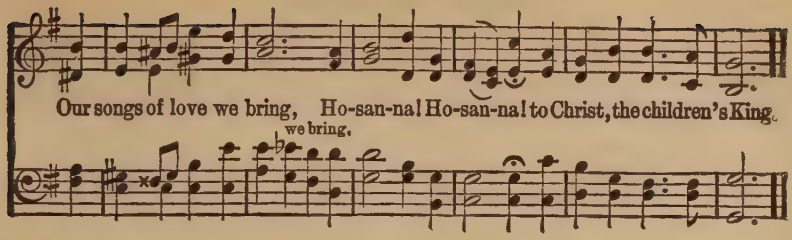




Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na!

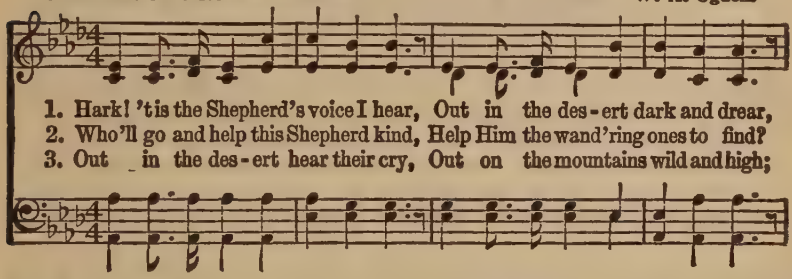


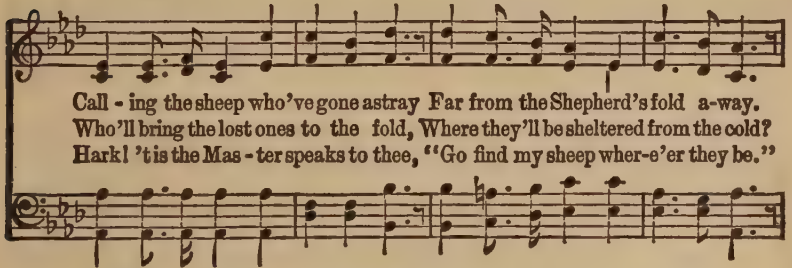
The Children's Hosanna.



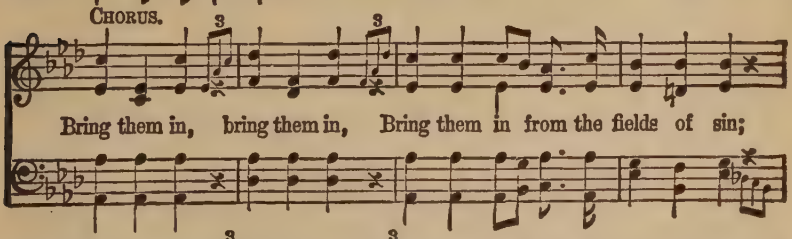
No 174. Bring Them In.

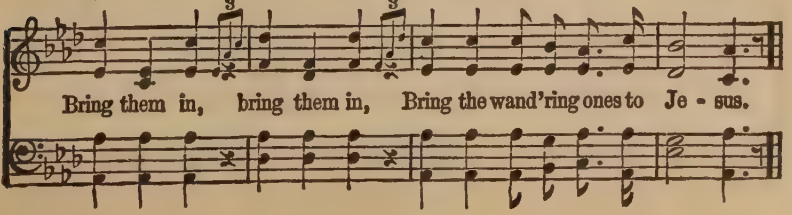
Alexcenah Thomas. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.





CHORUS.



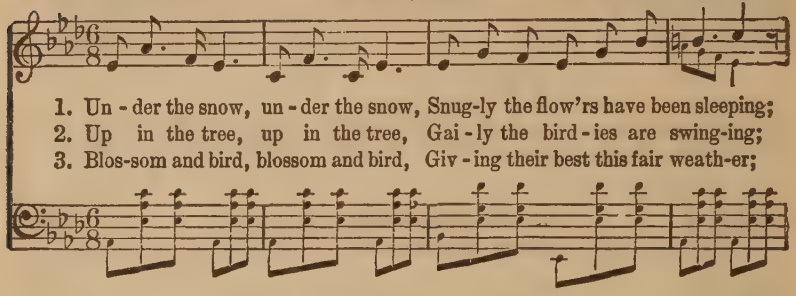


No. 175. Under the Snow.

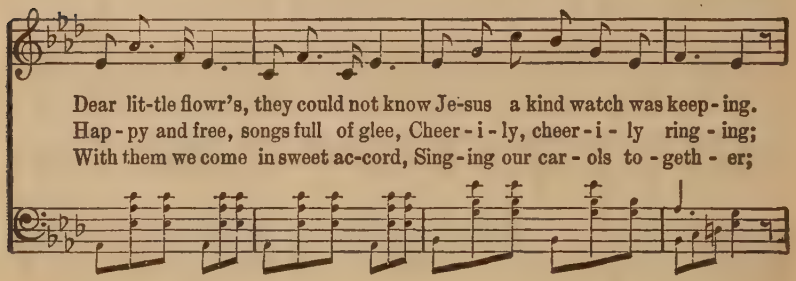
Mary Gilbert-Wray.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

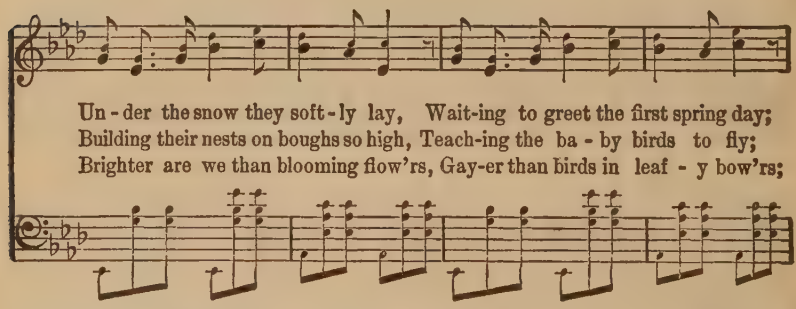
Chas. H. Gabriel.



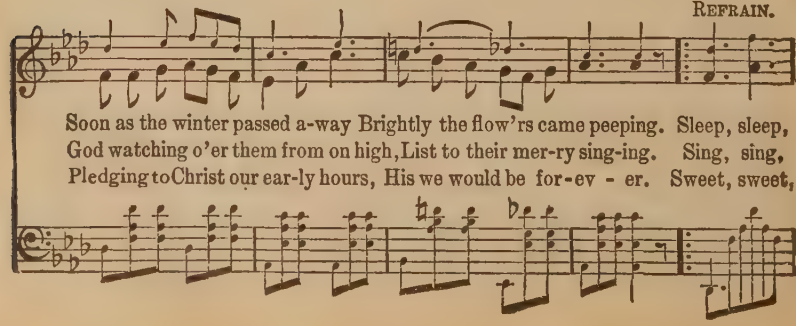
1. Un - der the snow, un - der the snow, Snug-ly the flow'rs have been sleeping;
2. Up in the tree, up in the tree, Gai - ly the bird - ies are swing-ing;
3. Blos-som and bird, blossom and bird, Giv - ing their best this fair weath-er;



Dear lit-tle flowr's, they could not know Je-sus a kind watch was keep - ing.
Hap - py and free, songs full of glee, Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly ring - ing;
With them we come in sweet ac-cord, Sing - ing our car - ols to - geth - er;



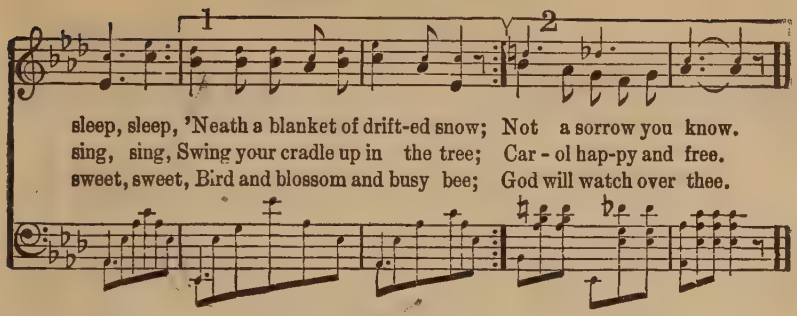
Un - der the snow they soft - ly lay, Wait-ing to greet the first spring day;
Building their nests on boughs so high, Teach-ing the ba - by birds to fly;
Brighter are we than blooming flow'rs, Gay-er than birds in leaf - y bow'rs;



REFRAIN.

Soon as the winter passed a-way Brightly the flow'rs came peeping. Sleep, sleep,
God watching o'er them from on high, List to their mer-ry sing-ing. Sing, sing,
Pledging to Christ our ear-ly hours, His we would be for-ev - er. Sweet, sweet,

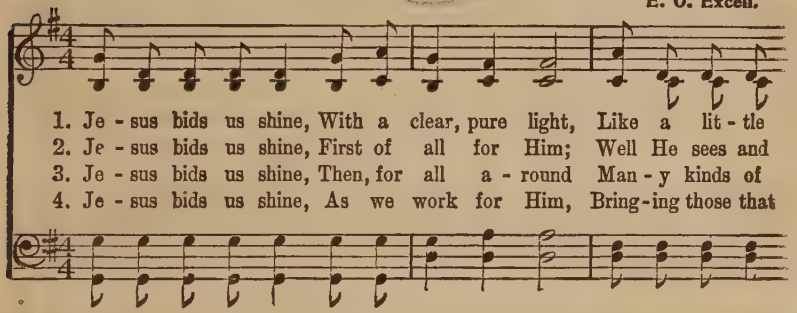
Under the Snow.

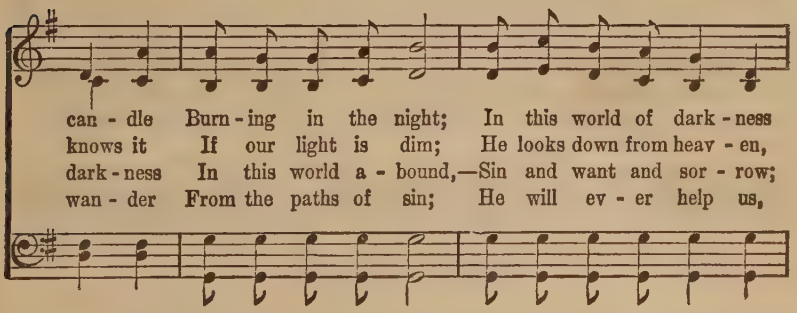


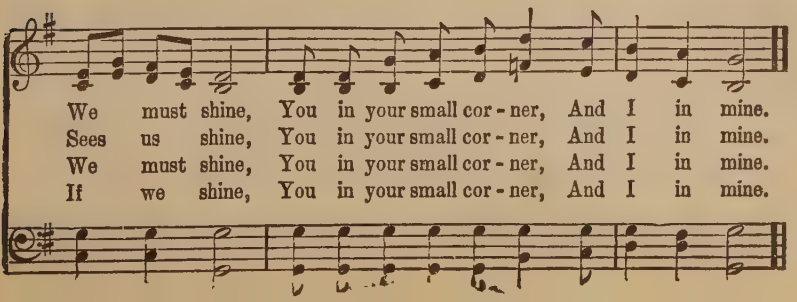
No. 176. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1894 BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.







No. 177. Onward, Little Soldiers!

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Martin A. Elliott.

1. On-ward, lit-tle sol-diers, Brave-ly on-ward go; Learn to trust in
2. On-ward, lit-tle sol-diers, In the gos-pel light; Keep your ban-ner
3. On-ward, lit-tle sol-diers, On-ward ev-'ry day, Full of love for

Je-sus, Learn to face the foe. Je-sus is your Lead-er,
wav-ing, And your ar-mor bright. Fol-low Je-sus close-ly,
Je-sus, Ea-ger for the fray. Ev-'ry hour that pass-es,

And your soul will shield; On-ward, lit-tle sol-diers, To the bat-tle-field.
And from fear be free; Let your weapons al-ways Love and kind-ness be.
E-ven you may win Vic-to-ries for Je-sus, O-ver doubt and sin.

No. 178. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so;
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o-pen wide;
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver-y weak and ill;
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me all the way;

Jesus Loves Me.

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 179. Growing Up For Jesus.

Miriam E. Arnold. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Grow-ing up for Je - sus, In His vine-yard fair, Ev-er watched and tend - ed By His lov - ing care.
2. Keep us free, dear Je - sus, From sin's hurt-ful weeds; Prune us, Lord, and train us, Care for all our needs! Ten - der lit - tle branch-es, help us Bear "much fruit" for Thee.
3. Gen - tle, kind, and lov - ing, Sav-ior, may we be; Thou a - lone canst

CHORUS.

Grow-ing up for Thee; Fruit-ful vines, dear Master, We would like to be.

No. 180. The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er. A - men.

No. 181. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke. Old Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been

here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

No. 182. His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.) B. O. E.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the

p *pp*

earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore . . . Him. A - men.

No. 183. Serving Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. These lit-tle feet of mine Must be ver - y, ver - y careful; This lit - tle
2. These lit-tle hands must be Bus-y, bus - y, i - dle nev-er; But dai - ly
3. This lit-tle face of mine Must be light-ed up with beau-ty; These lit - tle

CHORUS.

heart of mine Must be ver - y, ver - y prayerful.
they must be Learning to be clev-er, clev-er. Dai-ly striv-ing to be true, In
eyes be sharp To de - tect and claim a du - ty.

ev-'ry lit-tle thing; Serv-ing Je-sus faith-ful-ly—Our blessed Lord and King.

No. 184. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in Heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

No. 185. Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell!
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.—CHO.

SPECIAL SELECTIONS

No. 186. Happy Song-Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. A. H. C. A. Havens.

Melody prominent.

1. Song-land fair, O - ver there, Free from sorrow, free from care; Angels bright,
2. Toils are o'er, Near the shore, Near the blessed Ev - er-more; Hand in hand,

Robed in white, Dwell in peace and pure de-light. By and by, Shadows nigh,
Near the strand, Near the shin-ing Summer Land; Where we go, Fountains flow

D. S.—*By and by, Shadows nigh,*

Resting comes in home on high; We shall join in prais-es there, In that happy
In the noon-tide's sunny glow; Joyful ransomed souls are there, In that happy

Rest-ing comes in home on high; We shall join in praises there, In that happy

REFRAIN. D. S.

FINE.

Song-land fair.
Song-land fair.

Ho - ly, hap-py Song-land fair, Radiant mansions 'wait us there;

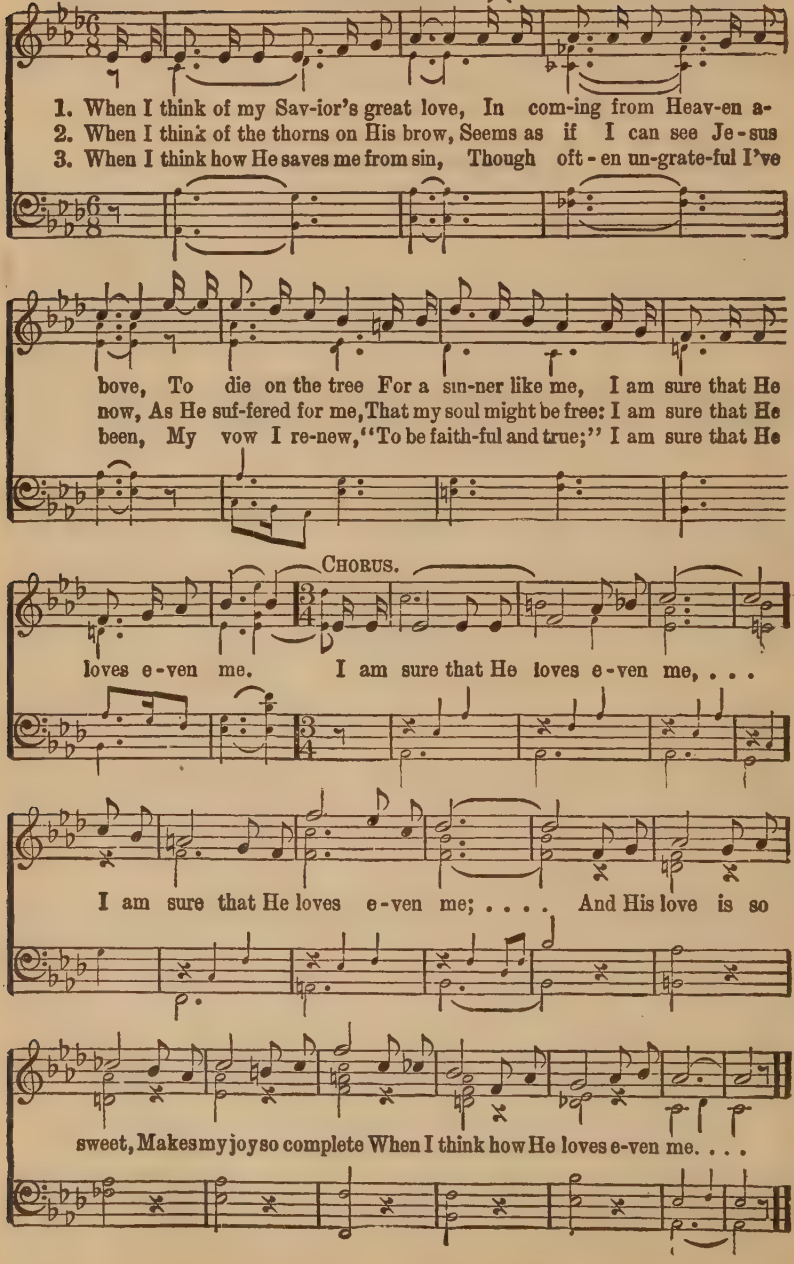
Song-land fair.

No. 187. **He Loves Even Me.**

S. L.

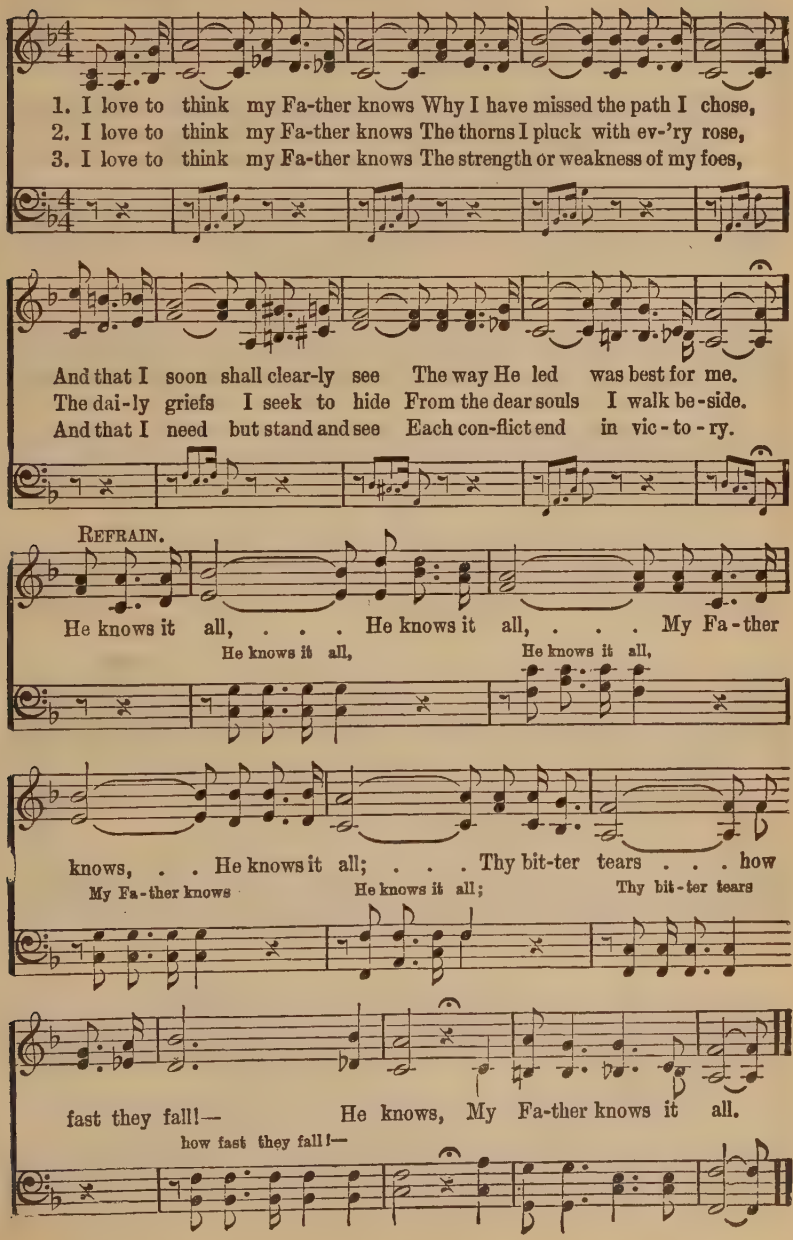
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.



No. 188. **He Knows It All.**

Mrs. Ophelia Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. C. M. Davis.



No. 189. I Died Broken-Hearted.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. With sor-row and woe I was cru-el-ly crowned, And beat-en with
2. I plead by the cross, where I suf-fered and died;—I point to the
3. I rose from the grave and as-cend-ed on high, While an-gels were

stripes, tho' no blame could be found; In hate-ful de-ri-sion they mocked at My
wounds in My hands, feet and side; O let Me come in-to your heart and re-
chant-ing their songs in the sky; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the theme of My

CHORUS.

shame, They scorned proffered mercy, re-ject-ing My claim.
main, The King of Re-demp-tion for-ev-er to reign. I suf-fered in
love Shall sound thro' the man-sions of glo-ry a-bove.

si-lence be-cause of your sin, I died broken-hearted to save sin-ful men.

No. 190. Better Than I Know.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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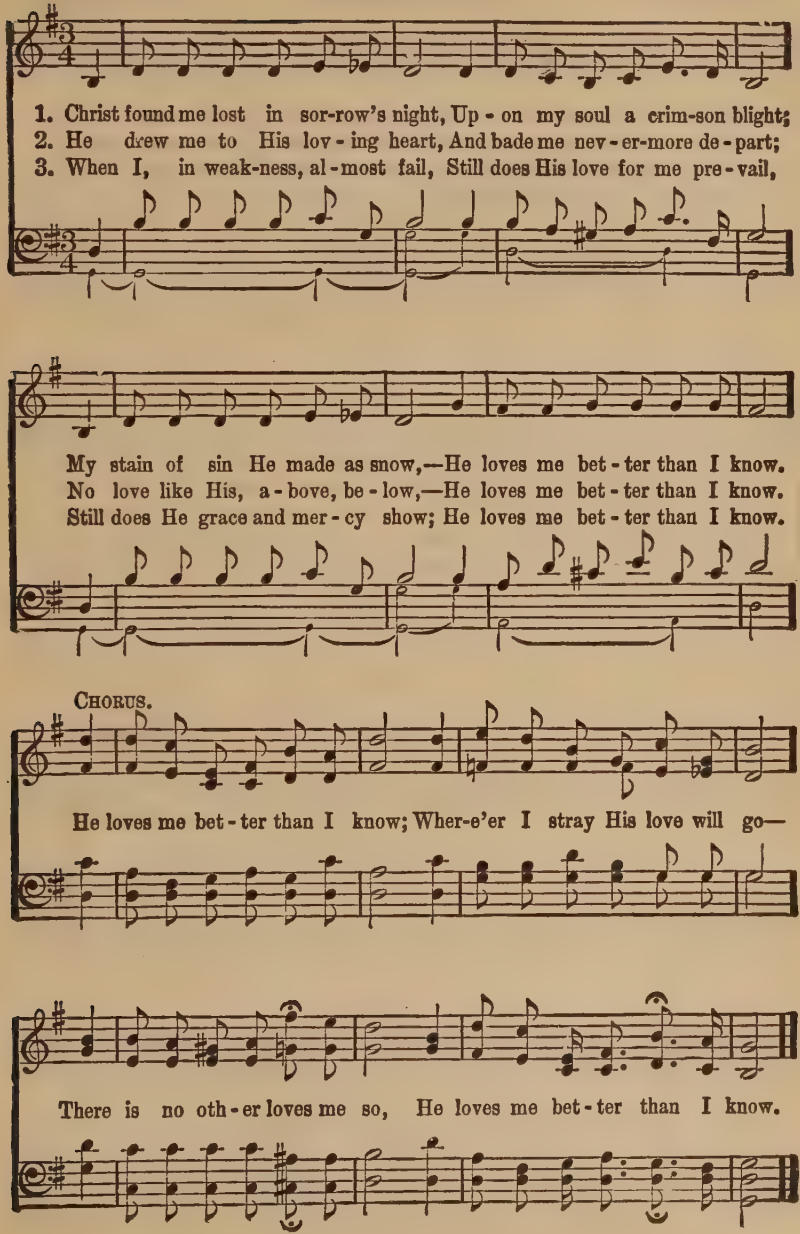
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.



No. 191. Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley

DUET.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 192. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 193. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

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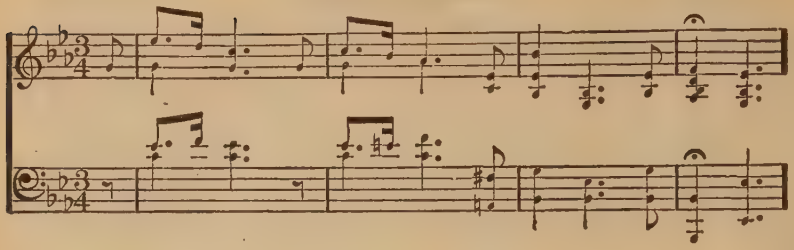
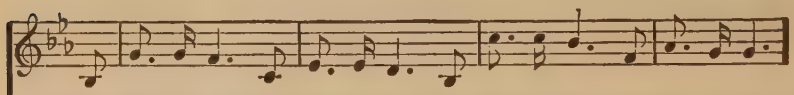
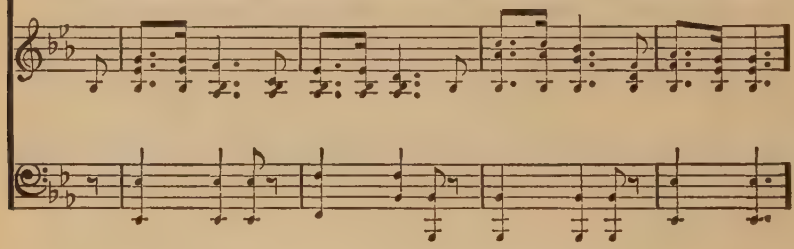
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

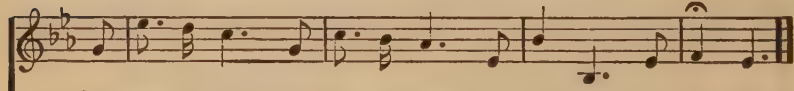
E. O. Excell.



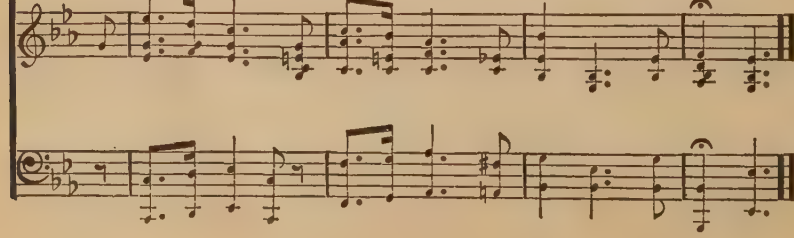


1. In vain I've tried a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,





But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin-ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.



No. 194. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when oppresst by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.

No. 195. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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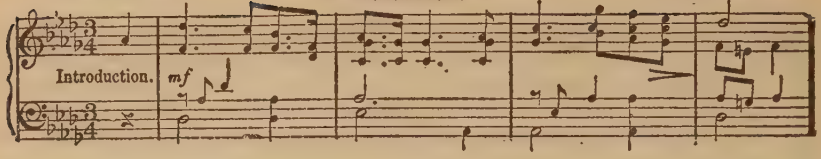
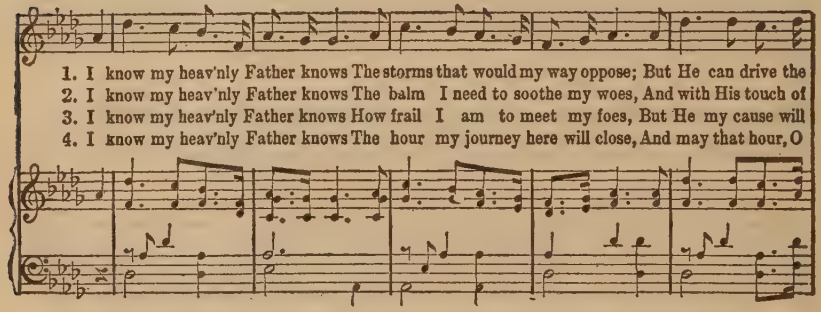
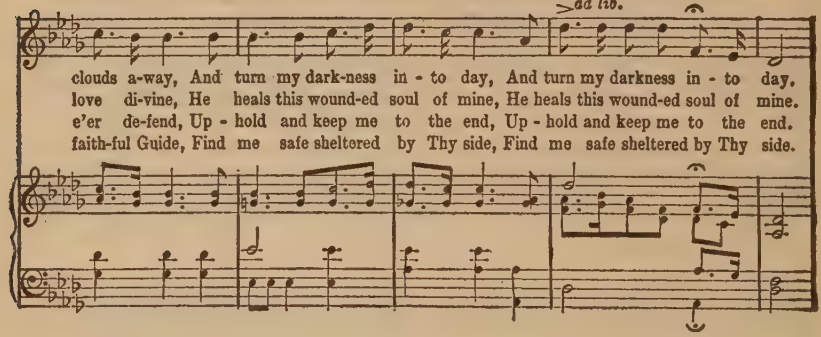
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

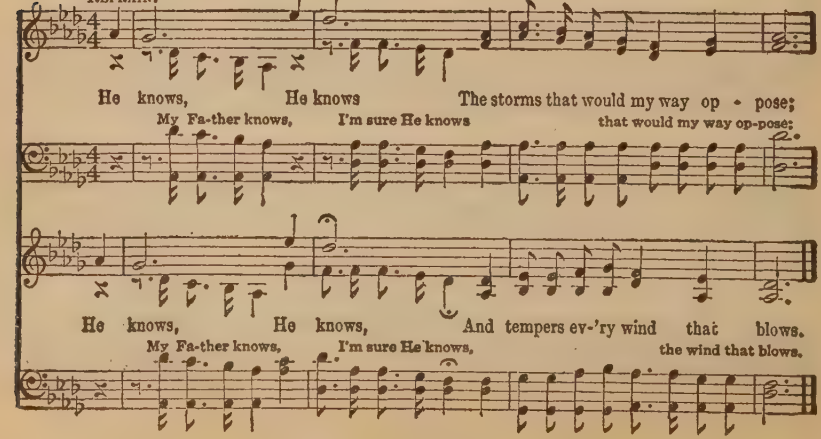




1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O



clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.



He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 196. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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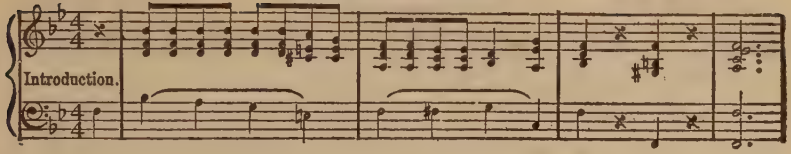
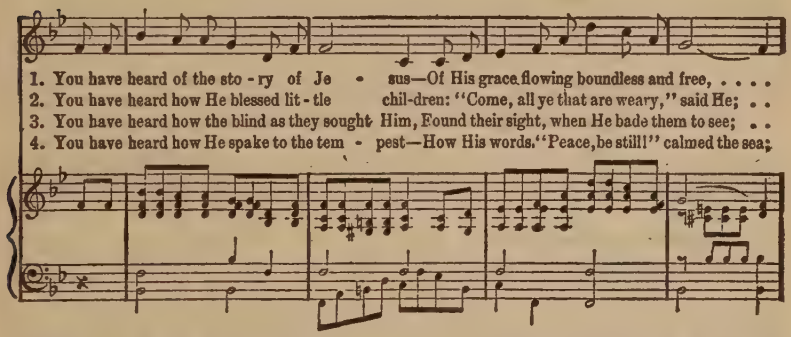
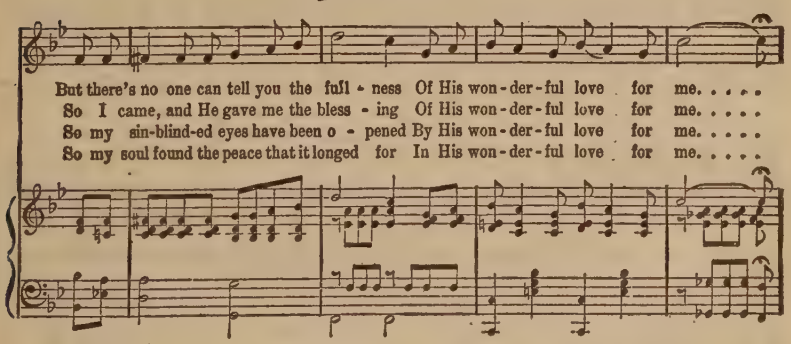
Fred H. Byshe.

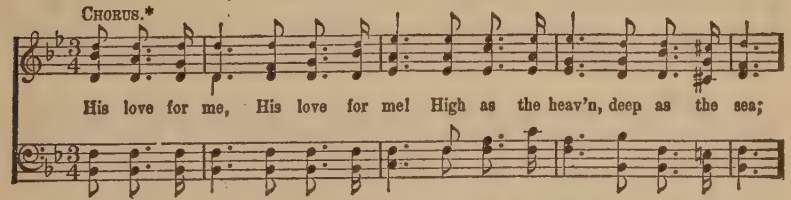




1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace flowing boundless and free, ...
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil-dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;

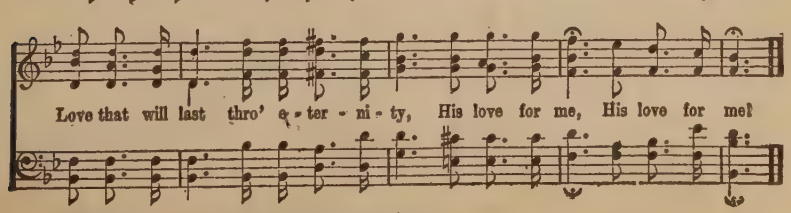


But there's no one can tell you the full - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .



CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;



Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 197. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1900 BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner hears that voice; And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

Chorus.

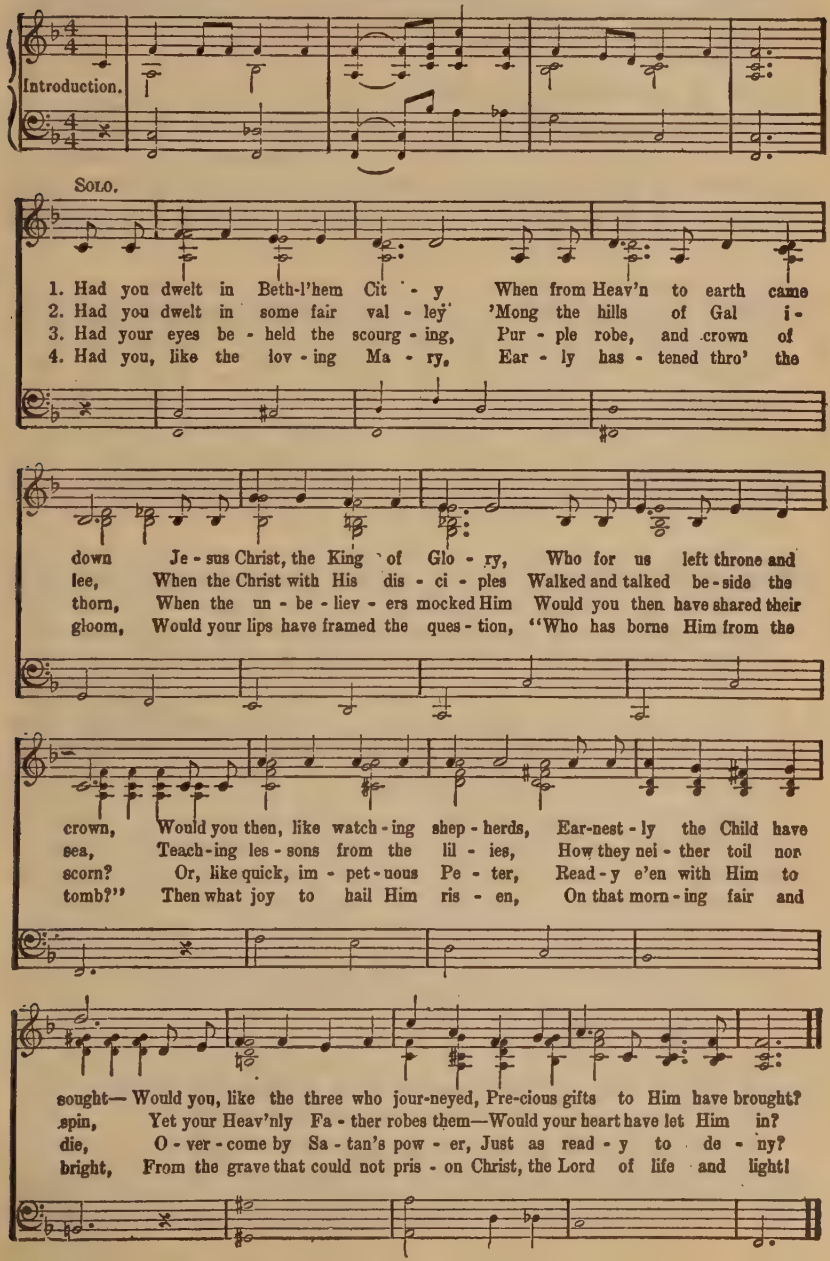
It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction. rit. dim.

No. 198. What Would You Have Done?

Jennie E. Hussey. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.



No. 199. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry but a night!
2. Of that Cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re-deem - er is the Light;
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing,— O my long - ing heart is there;
(1.) I can tar - ry but a night, I can tar-ry but a night!

Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing;
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing;
Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan-dered, forlorn and wear - y;
(1.) Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flow - ing;

rit

Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan-dered, forlorn and wear - y.
(1.) Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flow - ing.

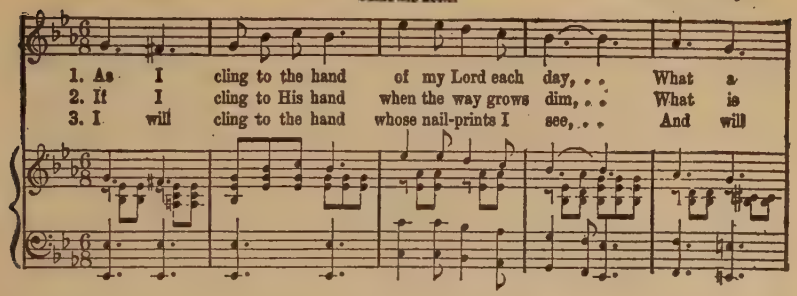
CHORUS.

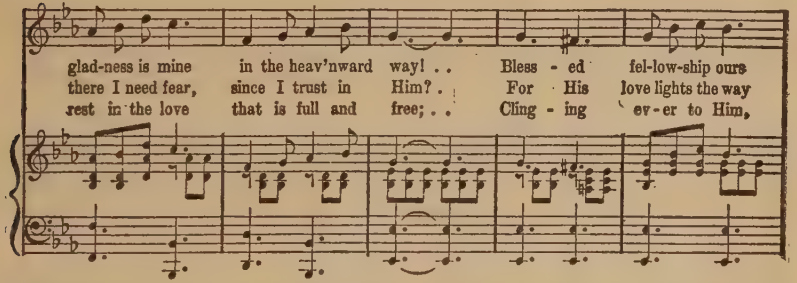
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry but a night;
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, I'm a pilgrim and a stranger; I can tarry but a night, I can tarry but a night; For

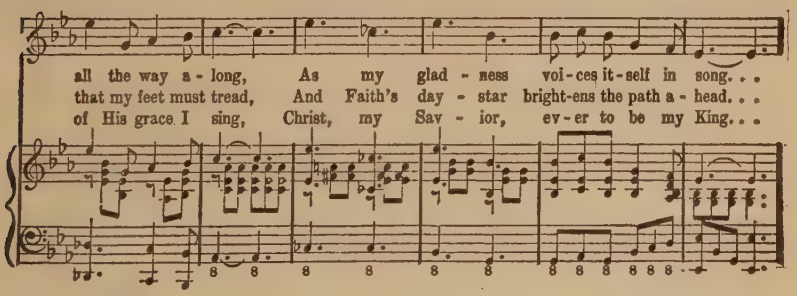
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,

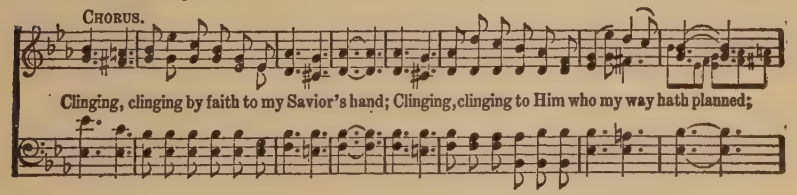
No. 200. Clinging Close to His Hand.

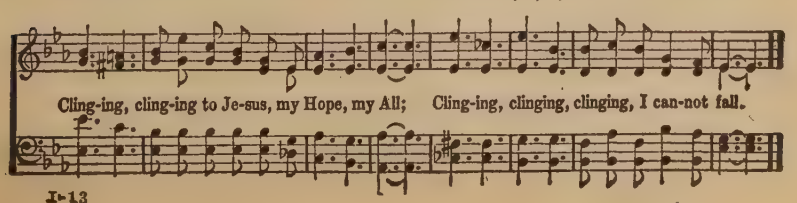
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.











No. 201. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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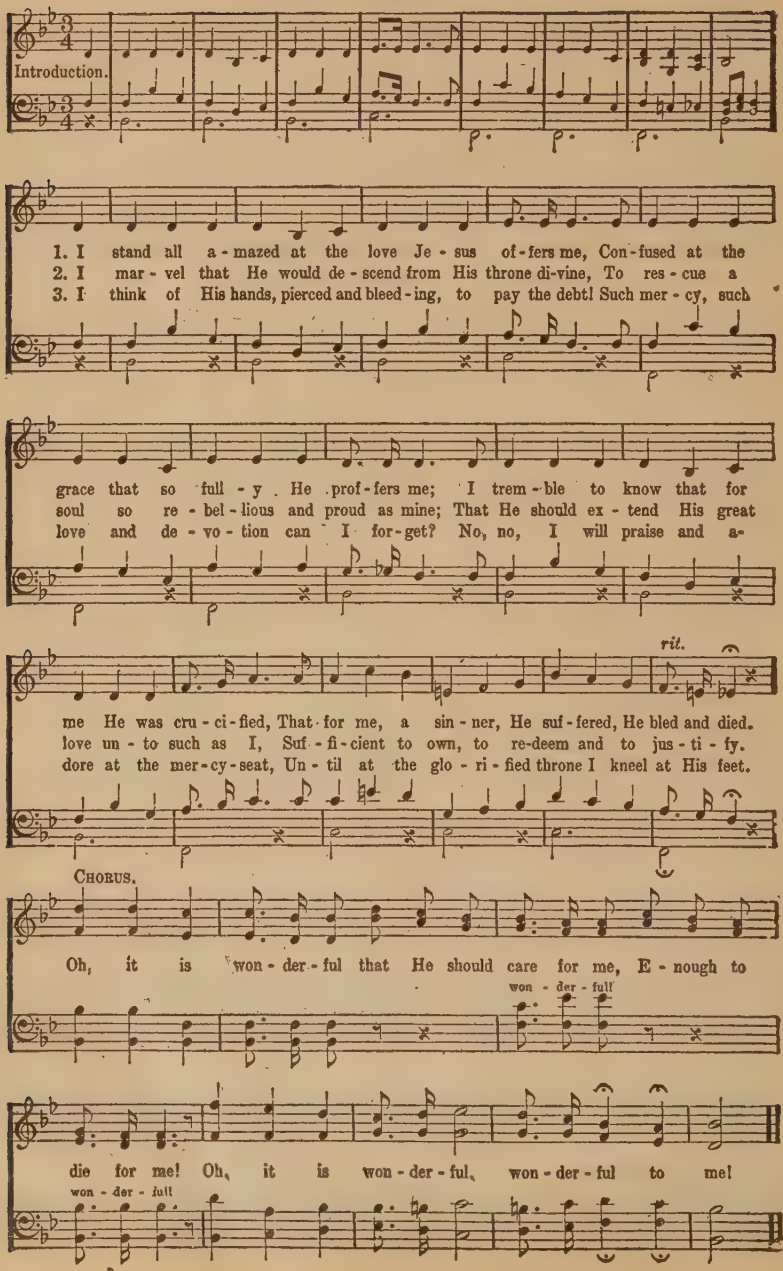
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 202. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Samuel W. Beazley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest-field, Gath-er the gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.

2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re- ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home. Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng;

3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare; Soon will the har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i - dly dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a help - ing hand, Ere the night.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Forth with joy-ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 203. No Room In the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

1. No beautiful cham-ber, No soft cradle bed, No place but a man-ger,
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seeking His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't of their sin,
No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sorrow for sin,
No staff but a spear; No seeking His treasure, No weeping for sin,

CHORUS.

No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Jesus, Oh,
No doing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.

Lest you should hear at Heaven's gate,
give Him welcome free, "There is no room for thee."

No. 204. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. A. Huntley.

* *Use small notes in Duet.*

1. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, From this world.... of sin and woes;
2. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, For my heart.... is slave to fear,
3. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, Hear a con - trite spirit's prayer;

D.C.–*Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, From this world.... of sin and woes;*

FINE.

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy presence near.
Raise me from the sin a - round me, Ere I yield me to de - spair.
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.

SOLO.

I am weary with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; Kneeling
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con-fess; By the
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; Now I

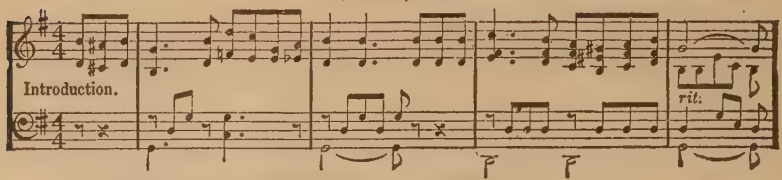
D. C. Quartet or Chorus.

at Thy feet, I pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....
prom-ise Thou hast giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....
feel Thy glo - ry near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....

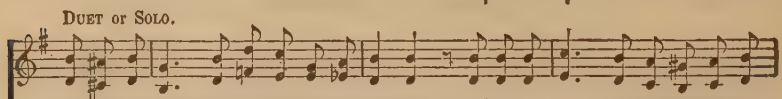
* Use the stanzas as Duet and Solo; the D. C. as Quartet or Chorus.

No. 205. Sometime, Somewhere.

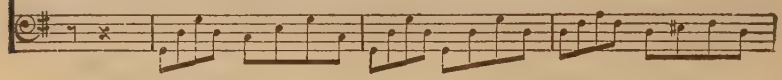
Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Charlie D. Tillman.

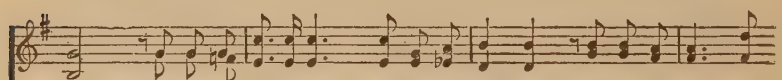


DUET or SOLO.

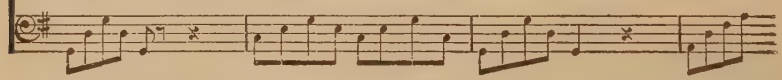


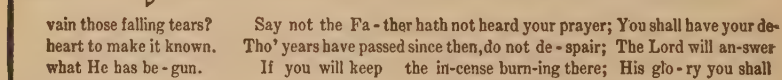
1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the



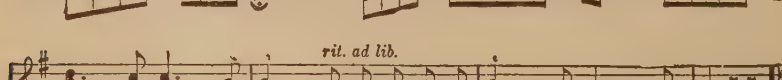


years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin ish
Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the

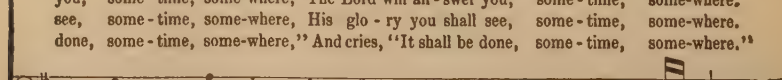




vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be



sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."



No. 206. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe. E. O. Excell.

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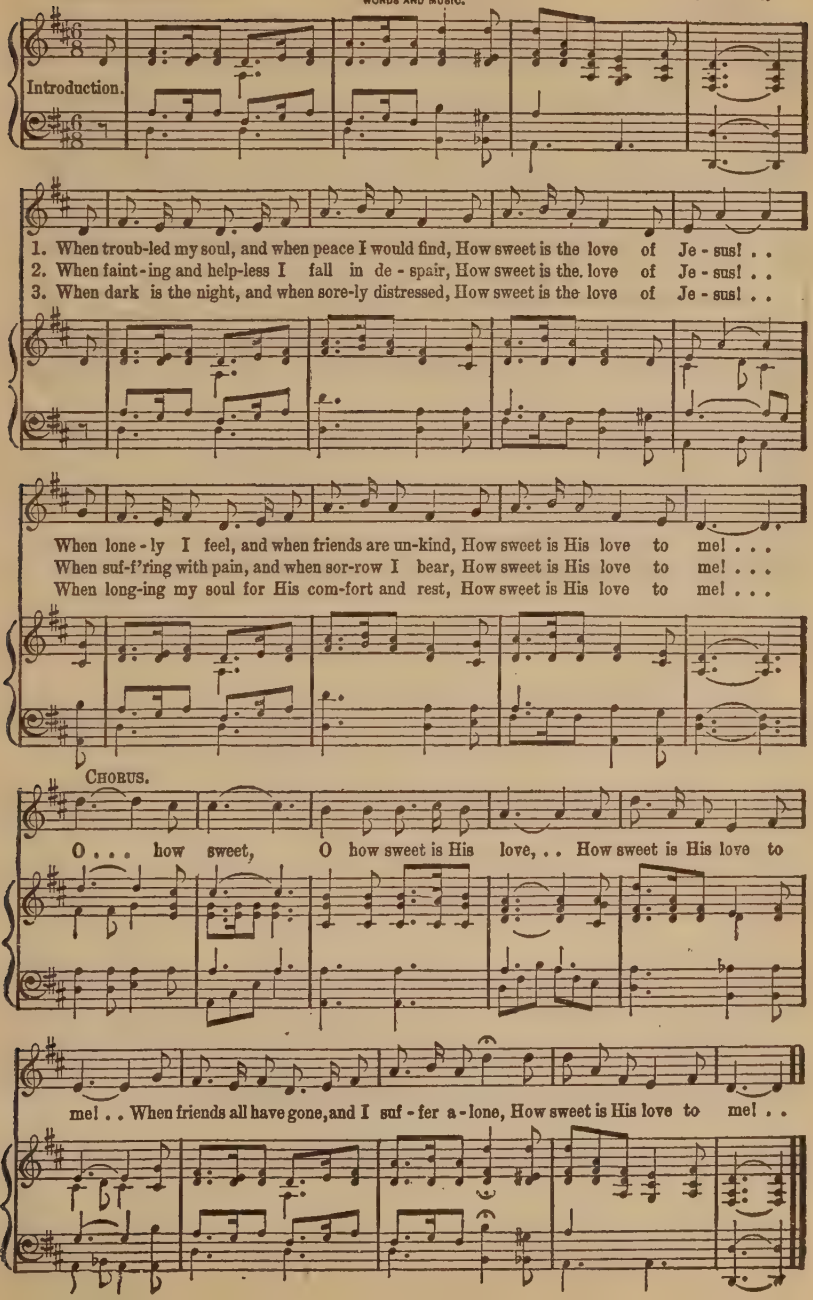
WORDS AND MUSIC.



No. 207. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
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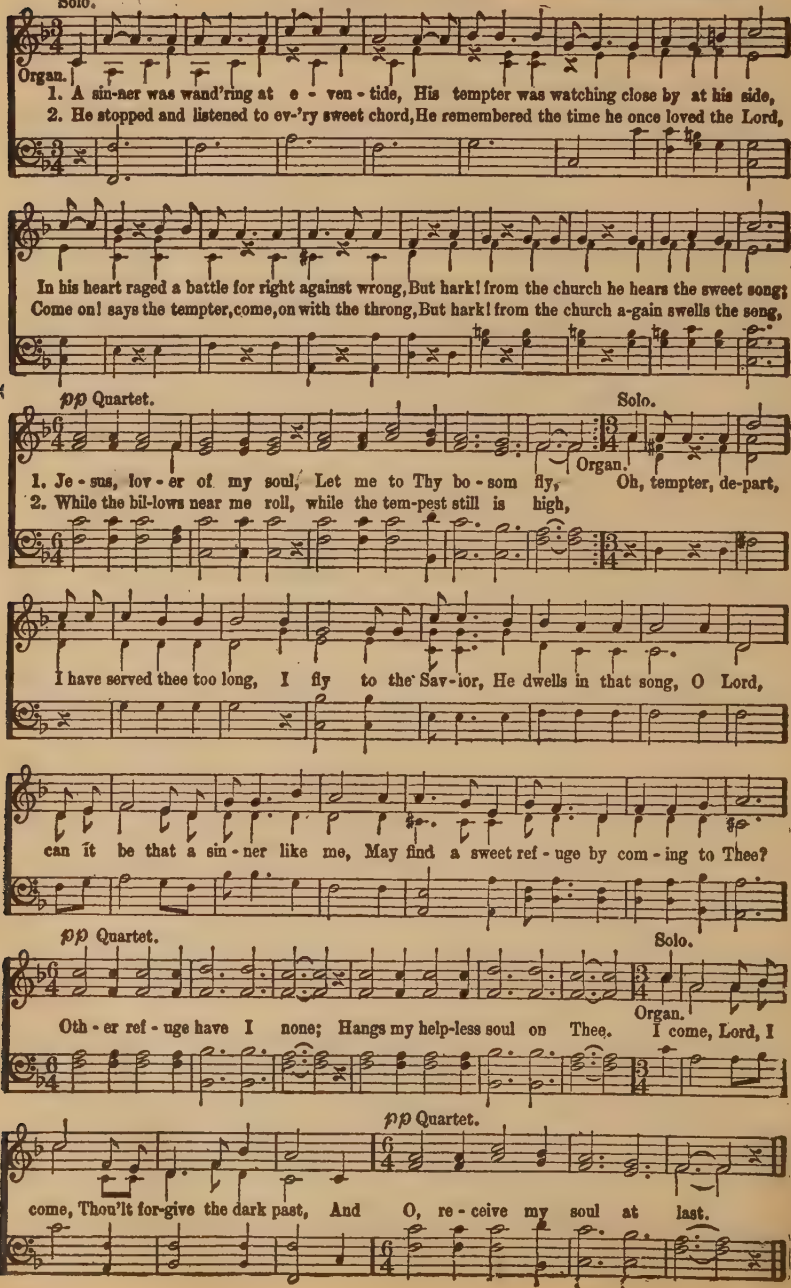
Will L. Thompson.



No. 208. My Mother's Song.

J. E. Ramsey. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Sing me the song my moth-er sang In ac-cents sweet and low, That dear old song she sang to me In childhood long a - go; Me thinks I hear her voice a-gain, And see her smil - ing face, As when she sang that sweet re-frain Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
2. O sing it as she sang that day, So tender and so sweet, When pen - i - tent I knelt to pray, Be - fore the mer - cy - seat; It seemed a song from angel tongue, My bro-ken heart to bless, When mother sang that dear old song Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
3. Sing me the dear old song a-gain, It brings a sweet re - lief; 'Twas mother's song in joy or pain, Her balm for ev - 'ry grief; In vale or on the mountain steep, She sang her song of praise,—The Lord my soul will safe-ly keep, Thro' His A-maz - ing Grace.
4. Sing as she sang, with faith so strong, When called by an - gel band, To join her song with ser-aph throng, In heav'n's sweet sum-mer land; Still sing-ing God's re-deem-ing love, His glo - ry on her face, She winged her way to realms a-bove, Thro' God's A-maz - ing Grace.

After each stanza sing the corresponding stanza of the following hymn: "Amazing Grace,"

No. 209. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 210. Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer

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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A-wake! a-wake! and sing the bless-ed sto-ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-

A-wake! a-wake!
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
peat, re-peat a-new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the

A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo-ry, And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a-new the

a-wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth, And shout a-new

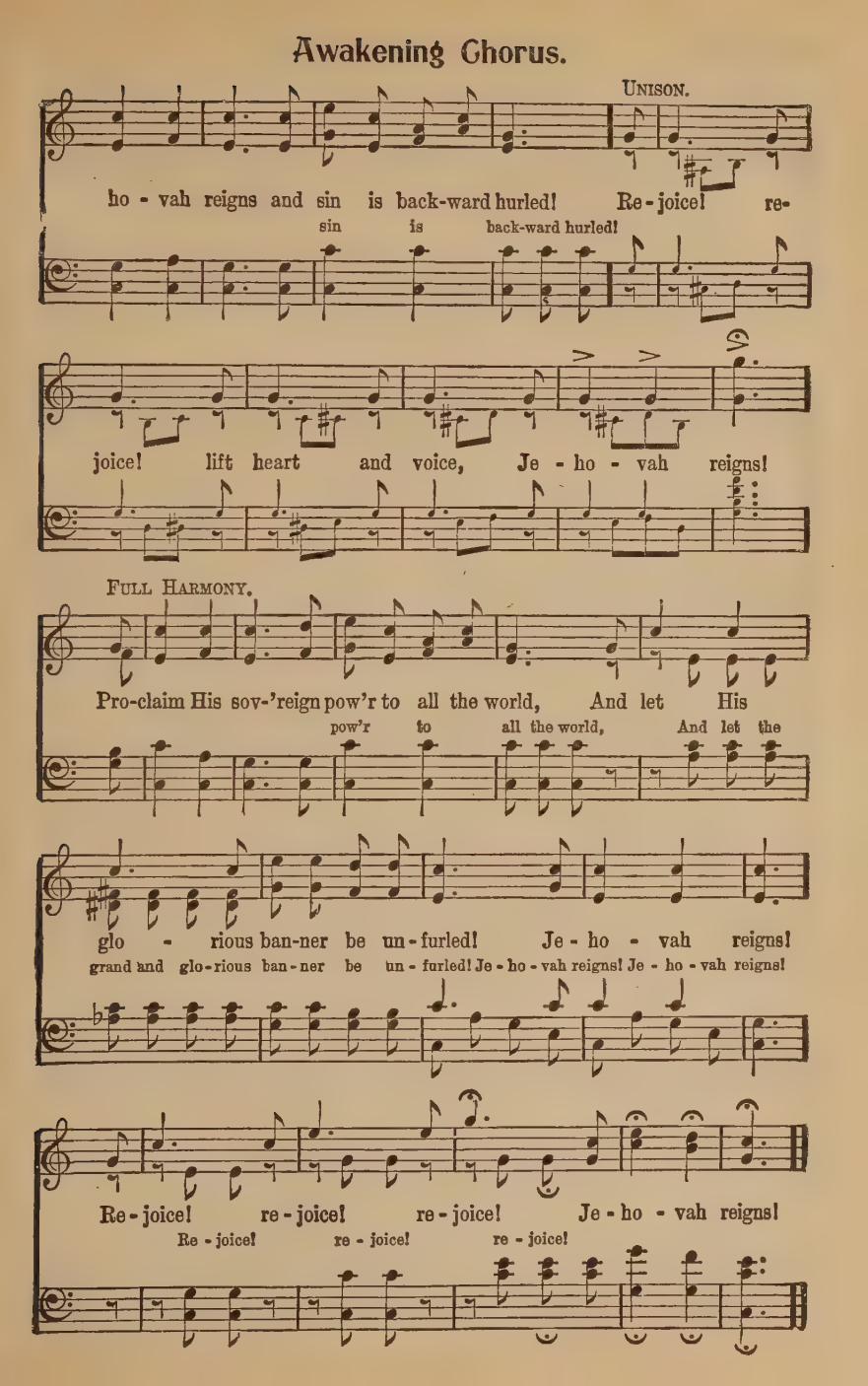
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo-ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

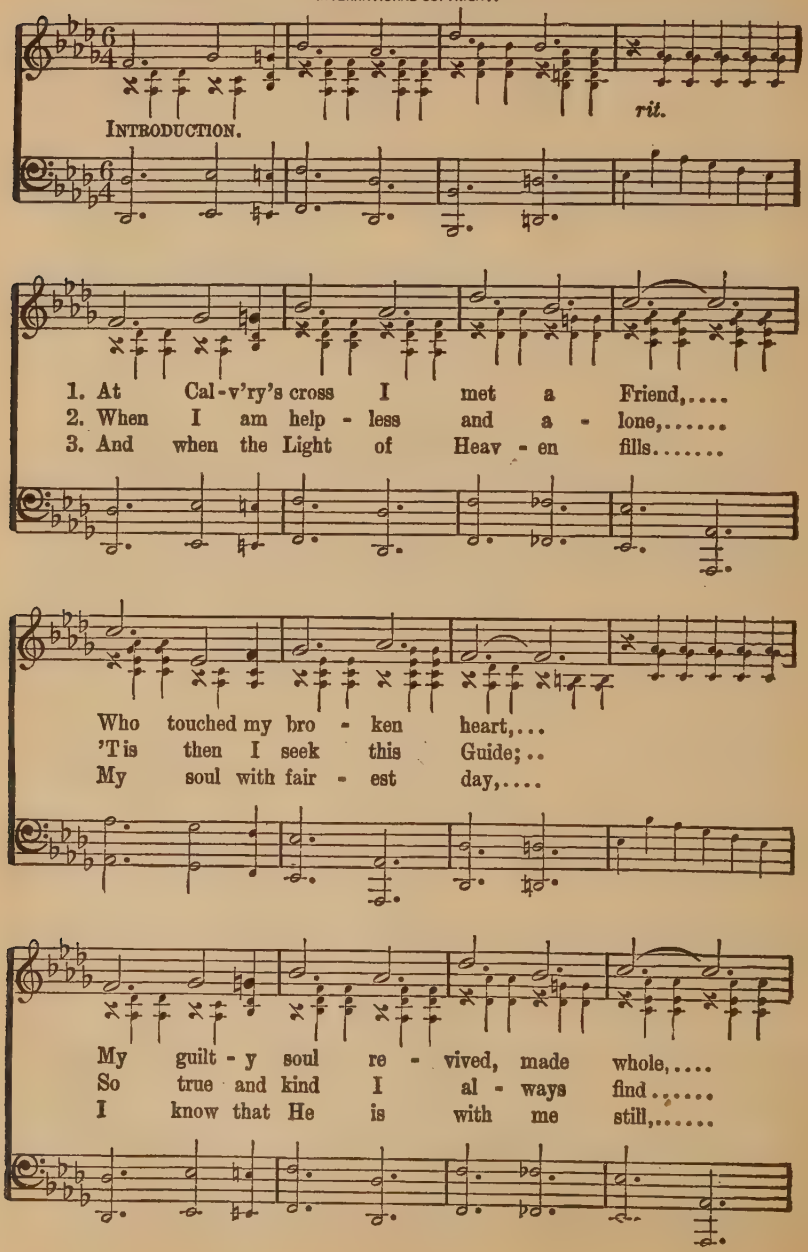
glad-ness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va-tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.



No. 211. O How I Love Him.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.



O How I Love Him.

Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .

CHORUS.

O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!

O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!

There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;

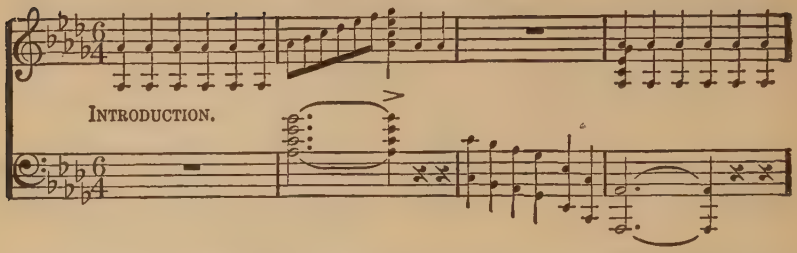
O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

No. 212. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

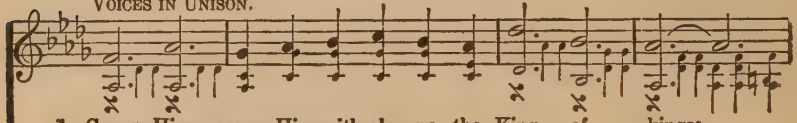
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

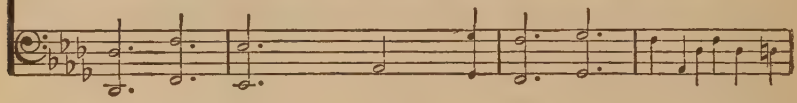


INTRODUCTION.

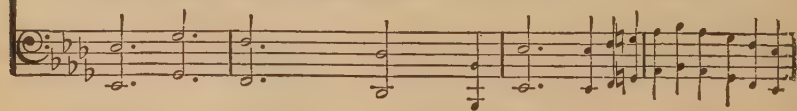
VOICES IN UNISON.



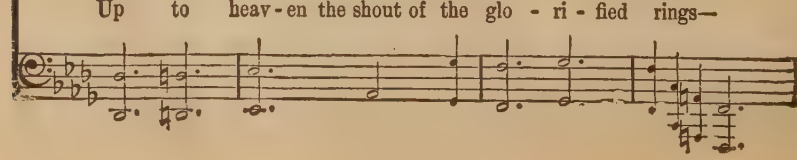
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;



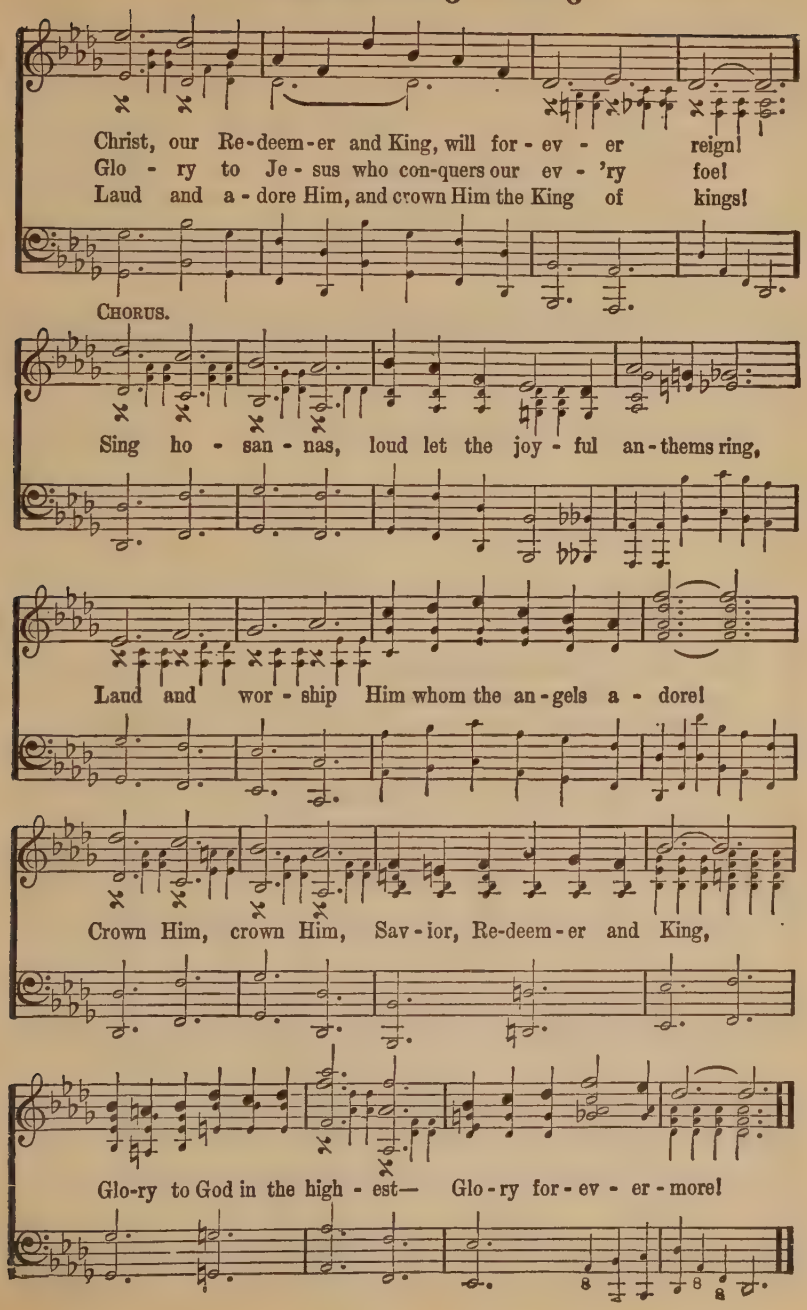
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;



Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—



Crown Him King of Kings.



No. 213. **All Hail, Immanuel!**

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well.

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

Hail! . . . . . .

No. 214. Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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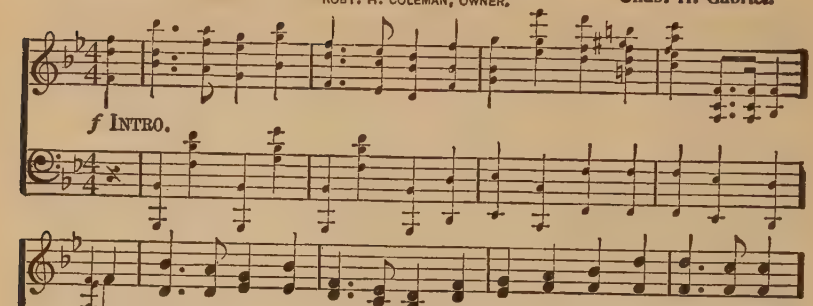
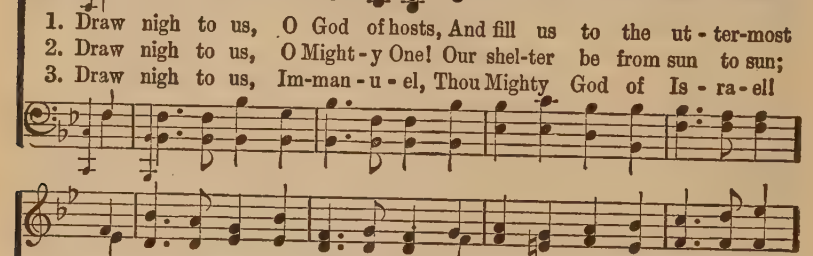
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

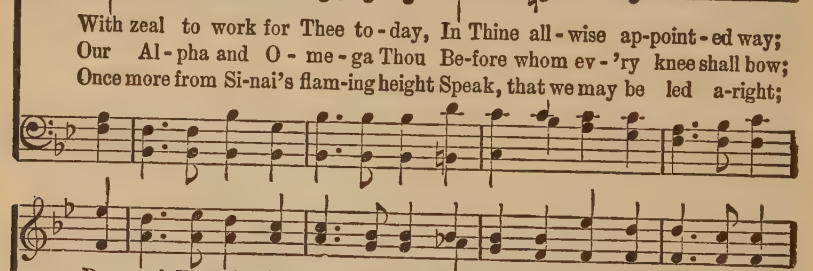
Chas. H. Gabriel.



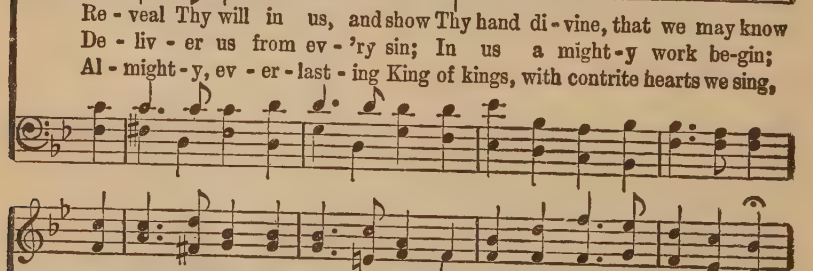
1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut - ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might - y One! Our shel-ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man - u - el, Thou Mighty God of Is - ra - el!



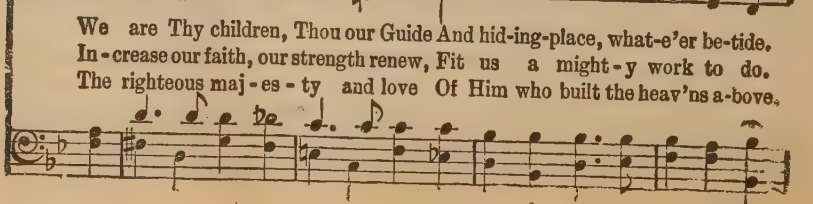
With zeal to work for Thee to - day, In Thine all - wise ap-point - ed way;
Our Al - pha and O - me - ga Thou Be-fore whom ev - 'ry knee shall bow;
Once more from Si-nai's flam-ing height Speak, that we may be led a-right;



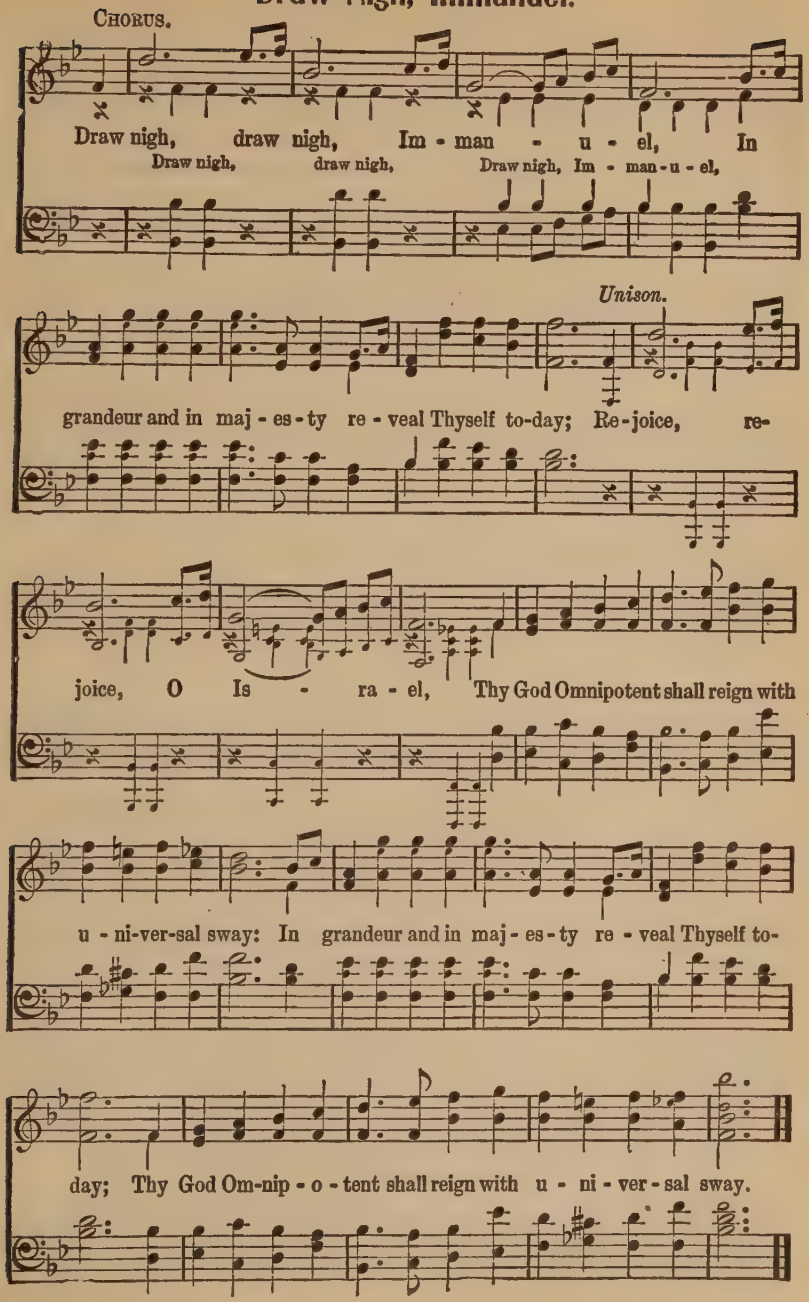
Re - veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di - vine, that we may know
De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry sin; In us a might - y work be-gin;
Al - might - y, ev - er - last - ing King of kings, with contrite hearts we sing,



We are Thy children, Thou our Guide And hid-ing-place, what-e'er be-tide.
In - crease our faith, our strength renew, Fit us a might - y work to do.
The righteous maj - es - ty and love Of Him who built the heav'ns a-bove.



Draw Nigh, Immanuel.



No. 215. A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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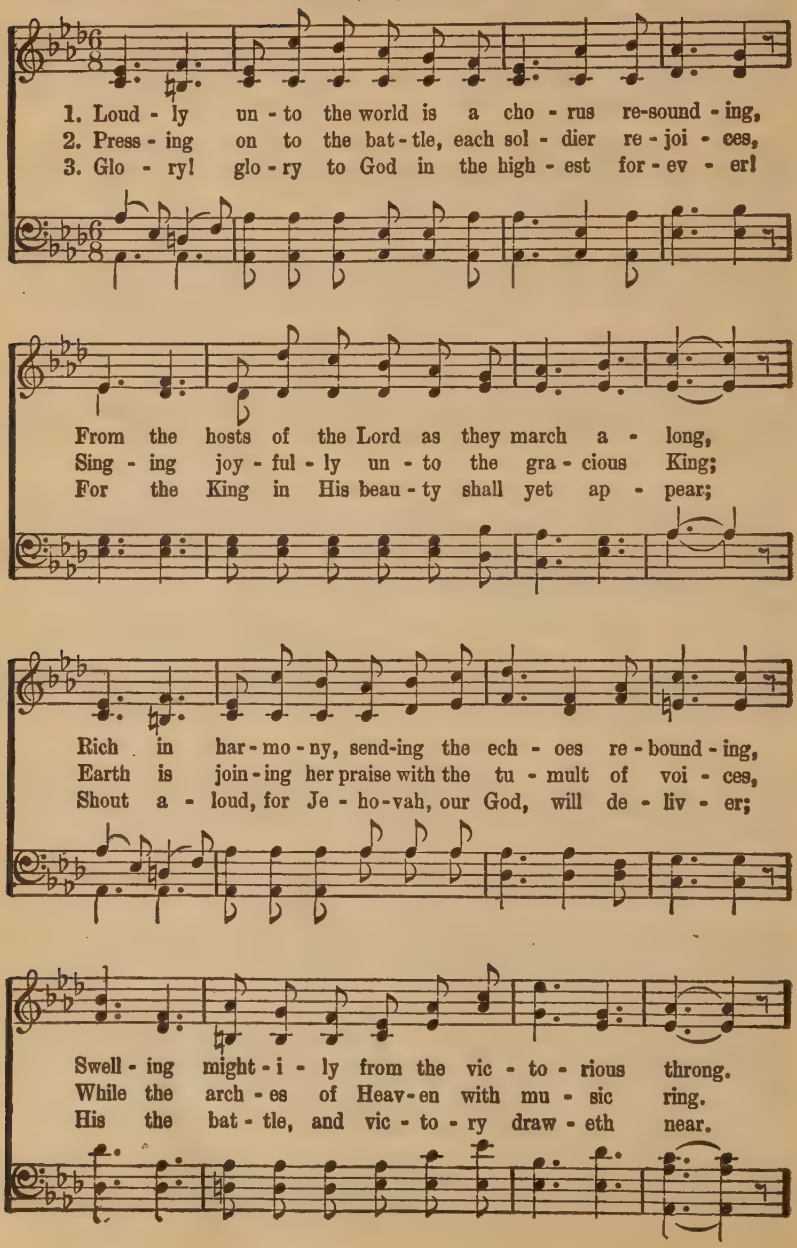
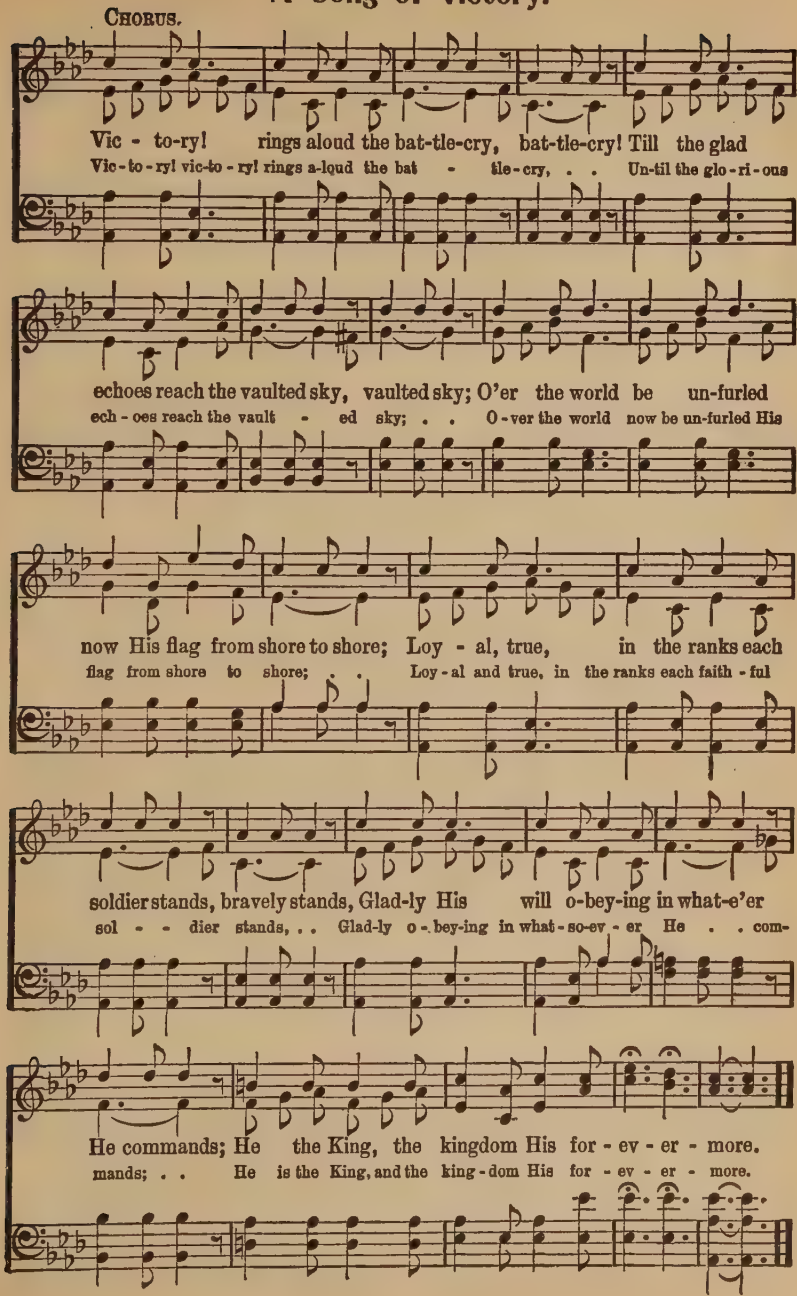
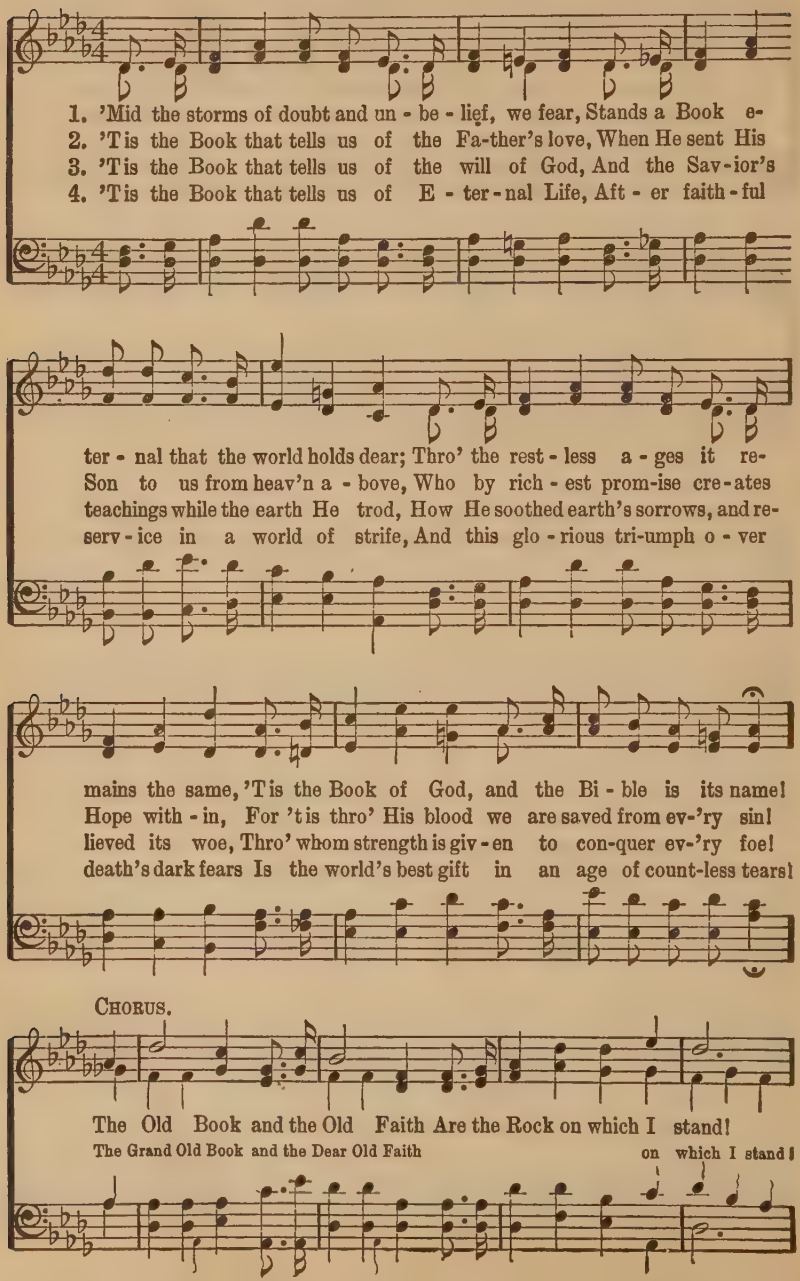


A Song of Victory.

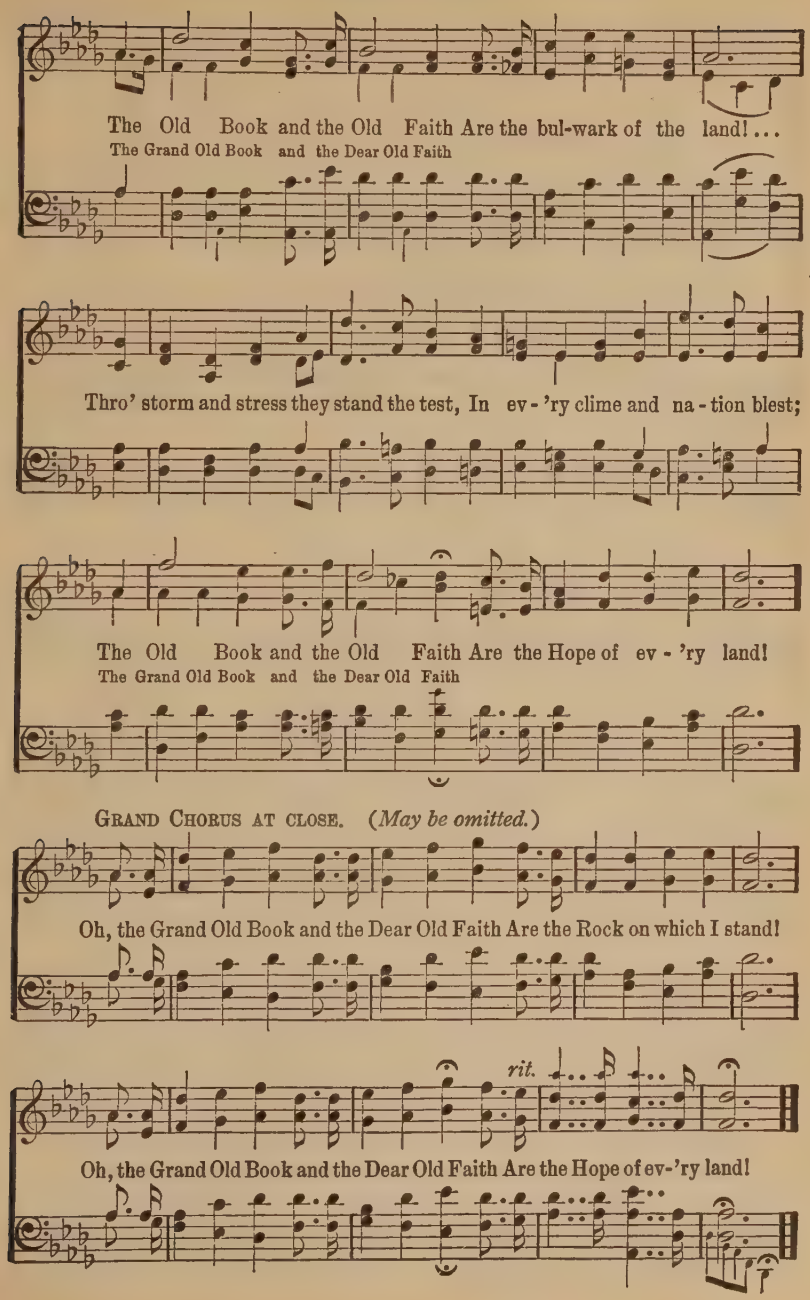


No. 216. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Geo. H. Carr.



The Old Book and the Old Faith.



No. 217. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,
2. Could . . my tears . . for - ev - - er flow,
3. While . . I draw . . this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Let . . me hide . . my - self . . in Thee;
Could . . my zeal . . no lan - - guor know,
When . . mine eyes . . shall close . . in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan-guor know, Oh! Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let . . the wa - - ter and . . the blood,
These . . for sin . . could not . . a - tone;
When . . I rise . . to worlds . . un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, When I rise to worlds un-known,

Rock of Ages.

From . . Thy wound - ed side . . which flowed,
Thou . . must save . . and Thou . . a - lone;
And . . be - hold . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,

From Thy wound-ed side which flowed, Yes, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone;
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

rit.

Be . . of sin . . the doub - - le cure,
In . . my hand . . no price . . I bring;
Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,

rit.

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Repeat pp.

Save . . from wrath . . and make . . me pure.
Sim - - ply to . . . Thy cross . . I cling.
Let . . me hide . . my - self . . . in Thee.

Repeat pp.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 218. Reapers Are Needed.

C. H. G.

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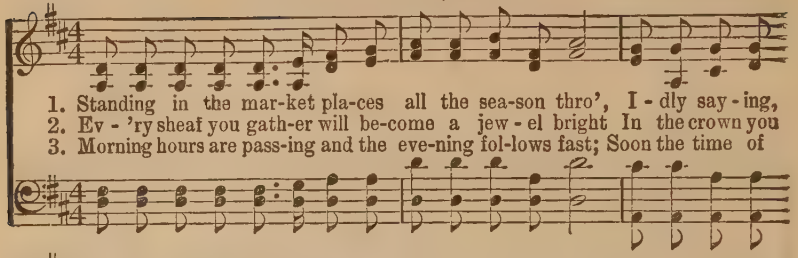
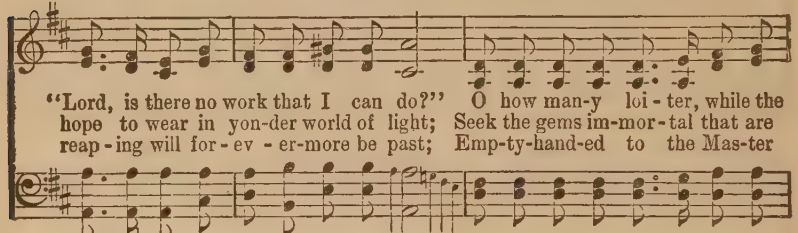
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

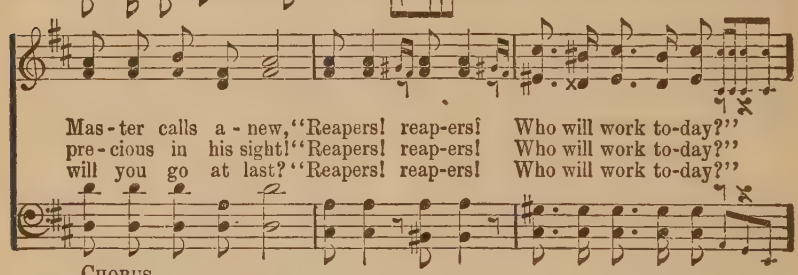
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Standing in the mar-ket pla-ces all the sea-son thro', I - dly say - ing,
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew - el bright In the crown you
3. Morning hours are pass-ing and the eve-ning fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

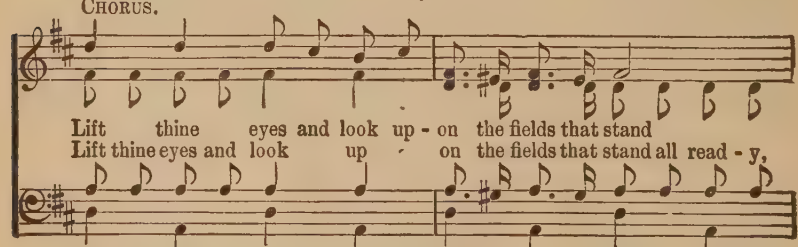


"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how man-y loi - ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light; Seek the gems im-mor - tal that are
reap - ing will for - ev - er-more be past; Emp-ty-hand-ed to the Mas-ter

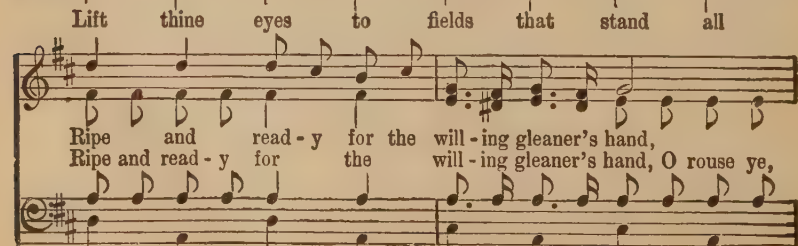


Mas - ter calls a - new, "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre - cious in his sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

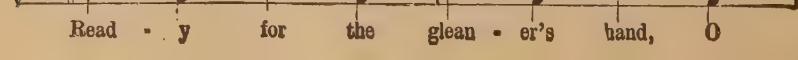
CHORUS.



Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up on the fields that stand all read - y,



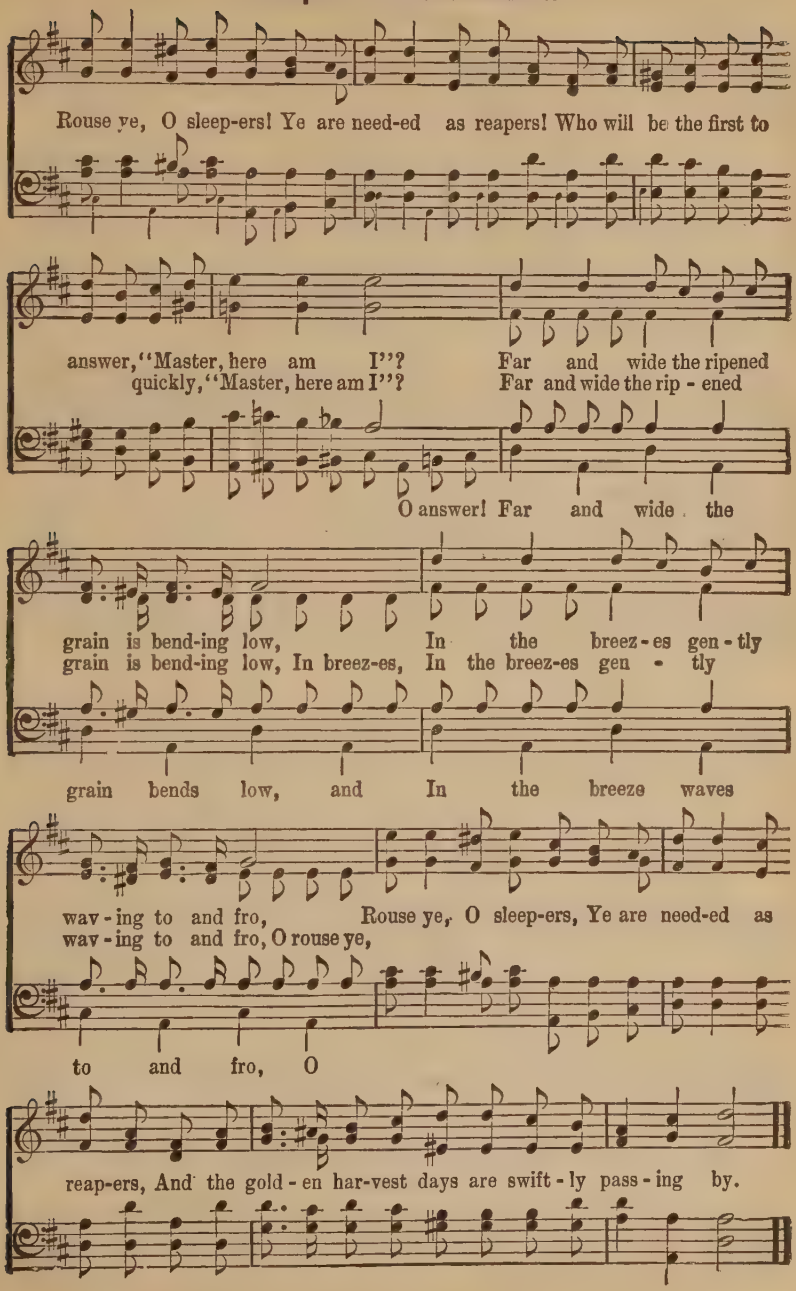
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all



Ripe and read - y for the will - ing gleaner's hand,
Ripe and read - y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

Reapers Are Needed.



No. 219. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. USED BY PERMISSION.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . Him;

. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 220. O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

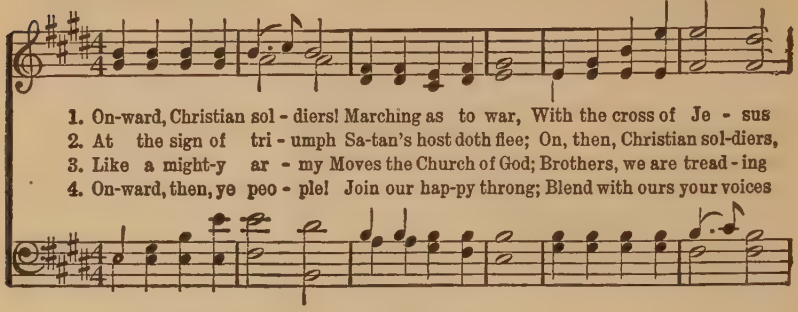
REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.

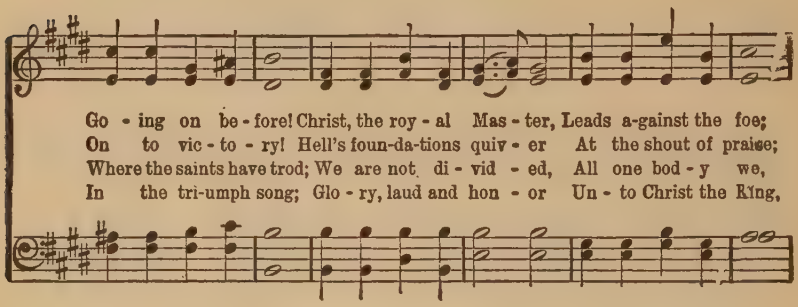
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.

No. 221. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

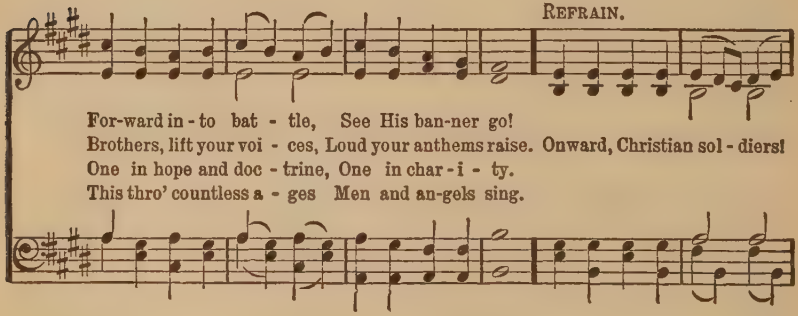
Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

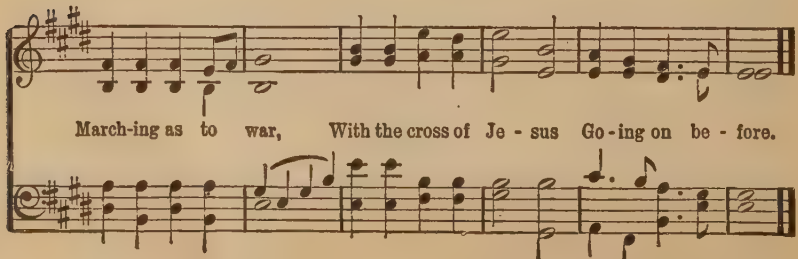


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 222. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. R. Storrs Willis.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are has - t'ning on, By proph-et - bards fore-told,

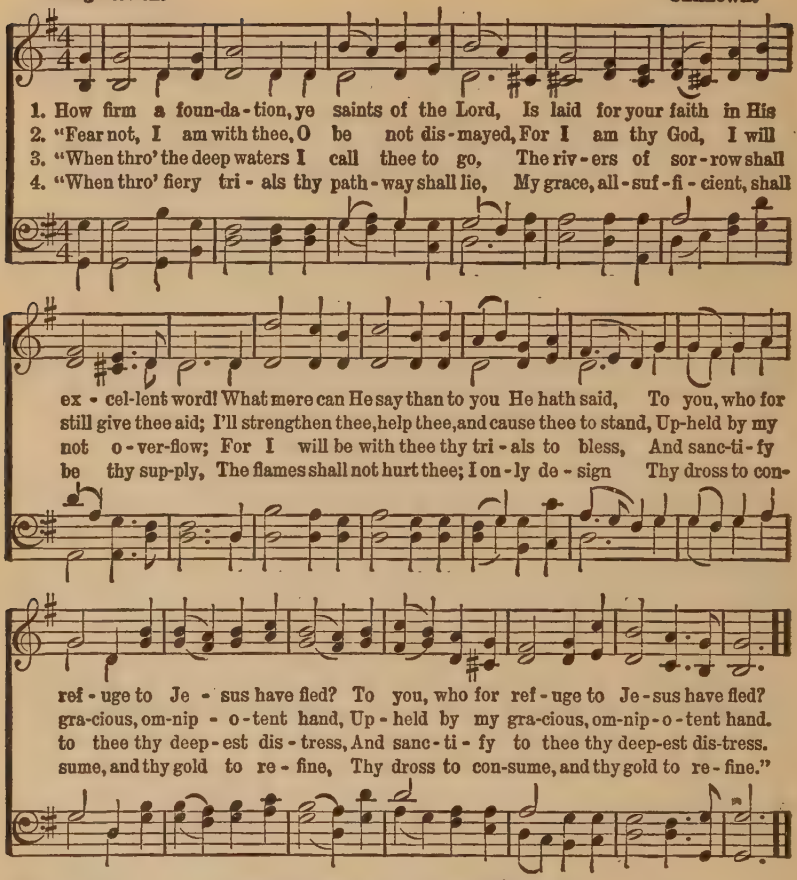
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

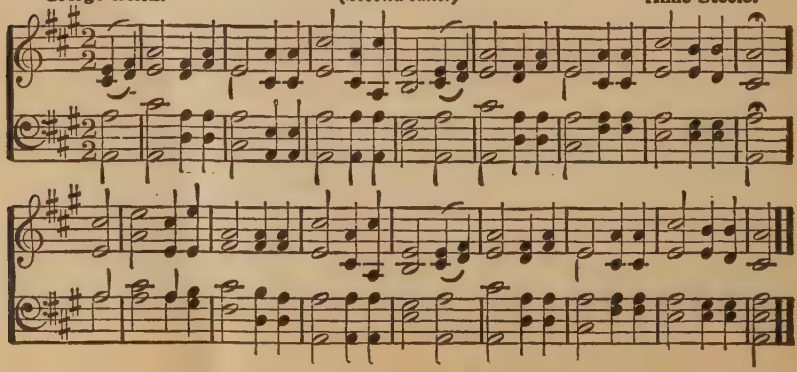
No. 223. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.



No. 224. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. (*Second tune.*) Anne Steele.



No. 225. Refuge.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, While the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, oh,
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the

near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my
leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on
fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly

Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven
Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense-less
is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I

guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

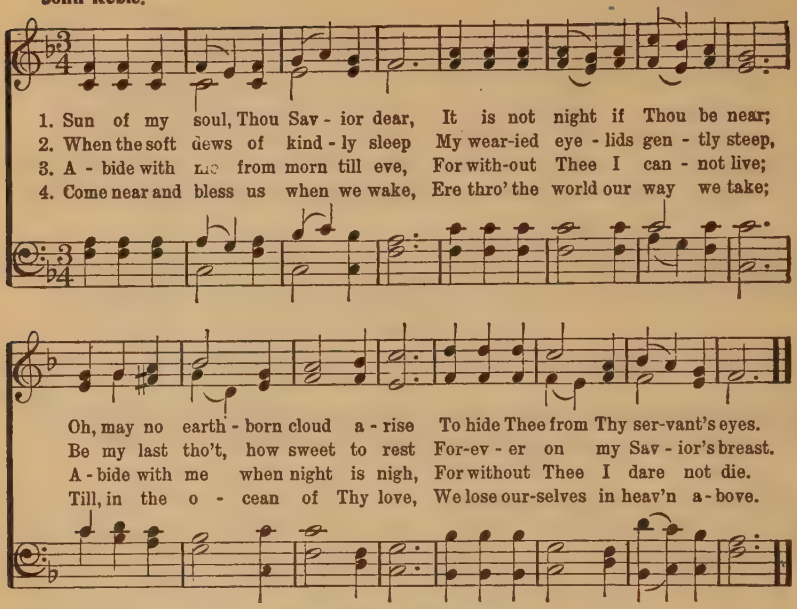
No. 226. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE. D. C.

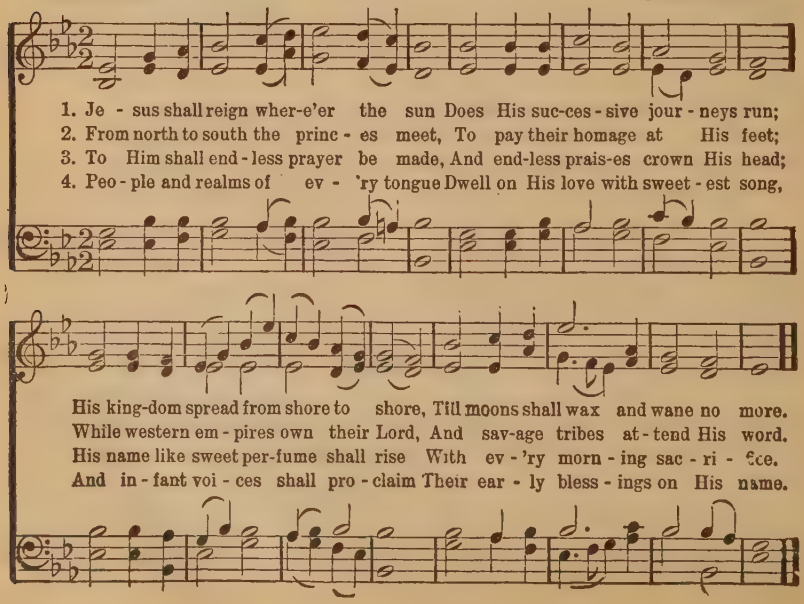
No. 227. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Peter Ritter.



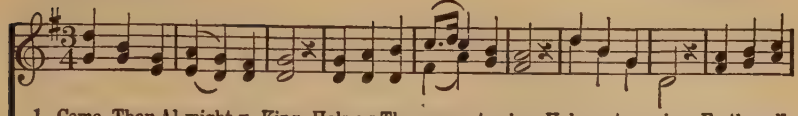
No. 228. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

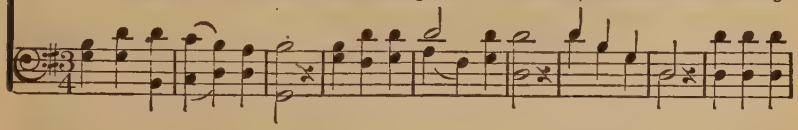


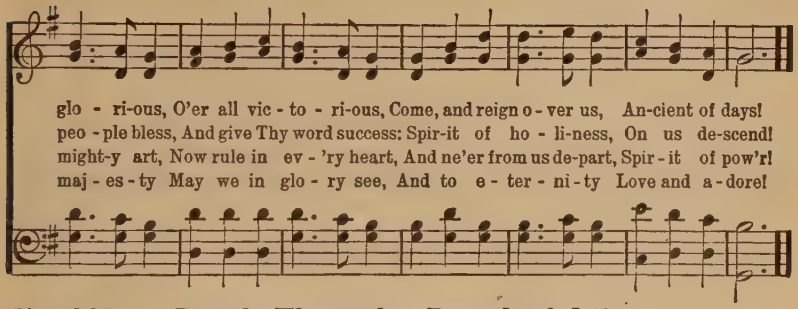
No. 229. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign

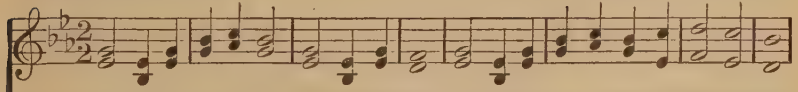




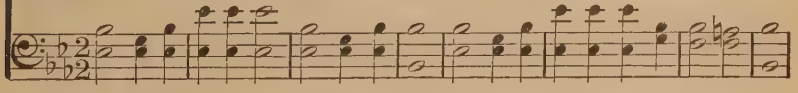
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

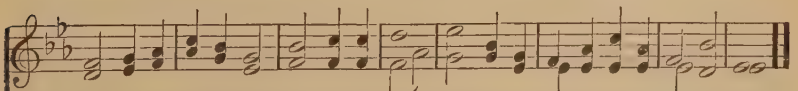
No. 230. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

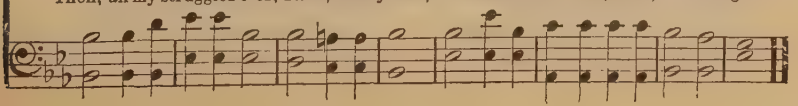


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;





Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.



No. 231. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 232. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 233. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv-ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a - side.

No. 234. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

FINE.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
   He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
   Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D. S.—*Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 235. Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;

His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 236. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

REFRAIN.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le-
sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 237. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

No. 238. Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it,—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love!

D. C.

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 239. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 240. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 241. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re-deem-
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-

er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 't is now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 't is now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

No. 242. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. Wear-y souls for-

D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear. When the storms are

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 243. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury

1. { Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: } Blessed Je-sus,

2. { We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: } Blessed Je-sus,

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 244. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. Handel.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode; The Church our blest Re-
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple

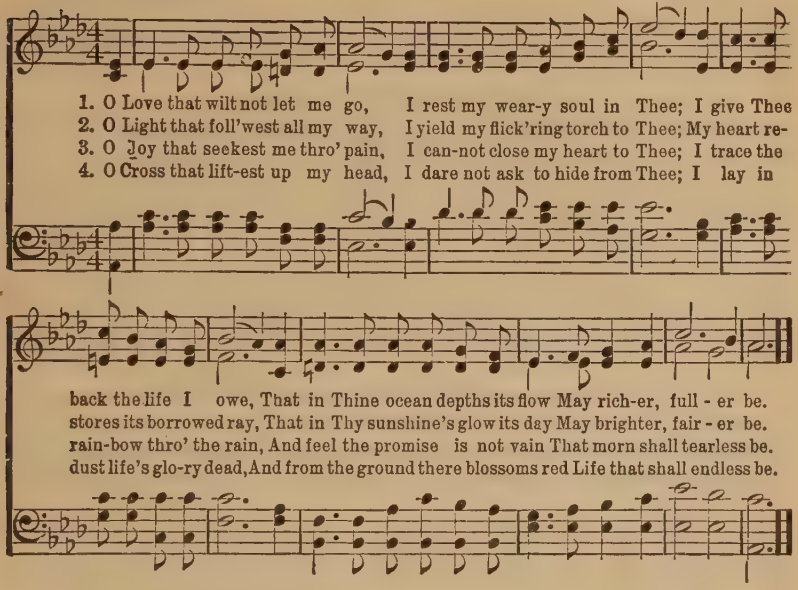
deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

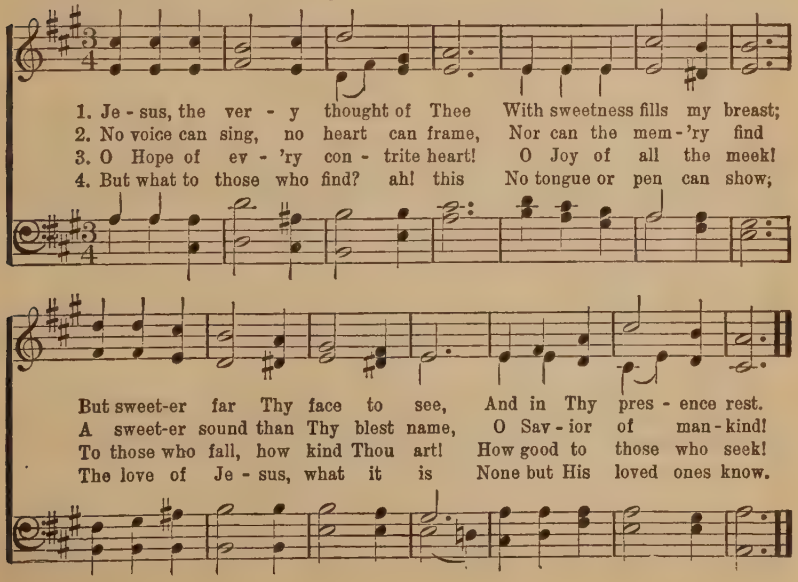
No. 245. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.



No. 246. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall. John B. Dykes.



No. 247. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

CHORUS.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. } Savior, wash . . . me
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. } wash me in the blood.

in the blood, Sav - ior, wash . . . me in the blood; O
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O

And I shall be whiter than the snow.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 248. There is a Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, [*Omit* . . . . . .]

FINE.

D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

No. 249. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 250. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 251. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. JOHN R. CLEMENTS, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light,

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing-place,
Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void,

Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

No. 252. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

No. 253. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a

sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From
men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 254. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store; From each idol that would

sound-eth, Saying, "Christian, follow me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 255. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

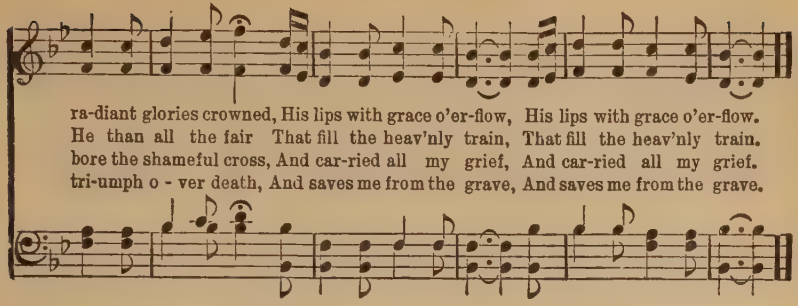
1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those an-gel-fa-ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 256. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

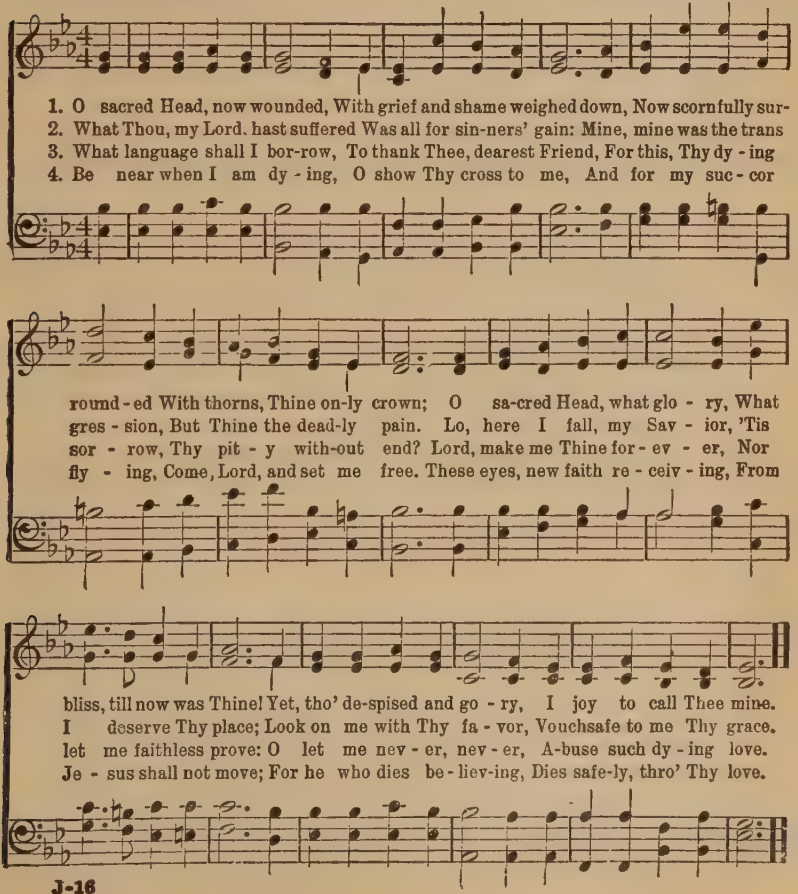
1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



No. 257. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

James W. Alexander, tr. Samuel S. Wesley.



No. 258. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

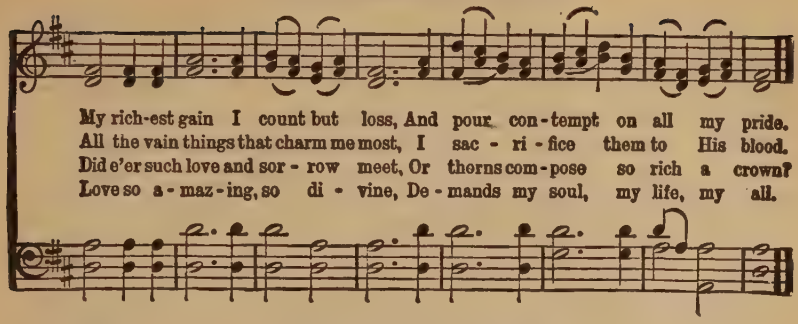
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 259. The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. I. Woodbury.

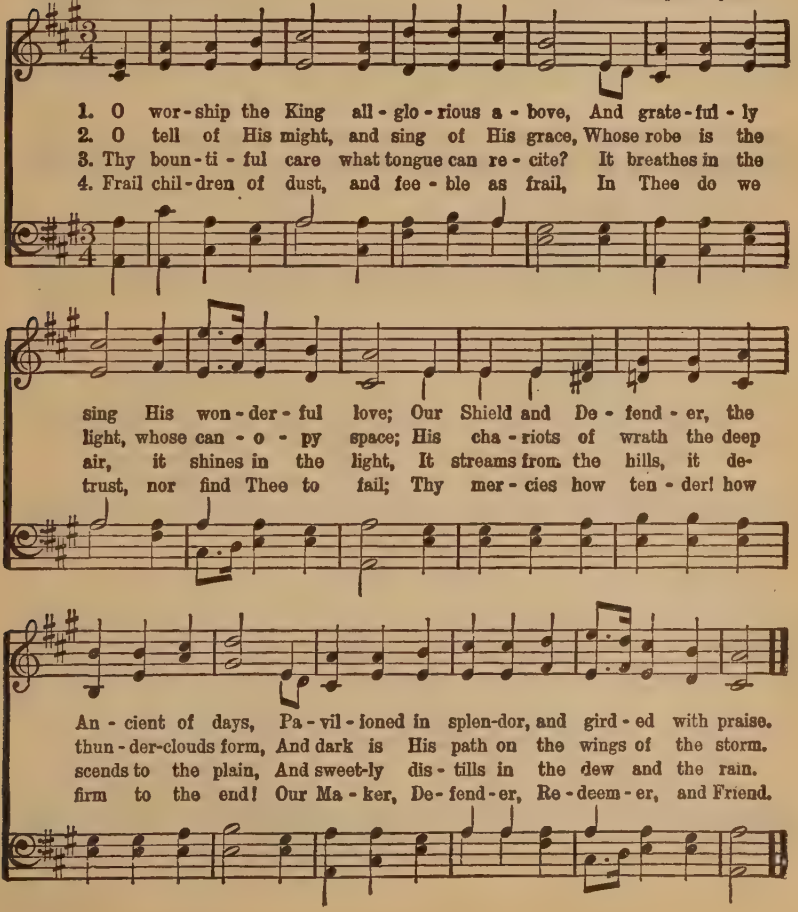
1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

The Wondrous Cross.



No. 260. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayda.



No. 261. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

FINE.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 262. Guide Me.

W. Williams. Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land: I am
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain Whence the healing wa - ters flow; Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side; Bear me

Guide Me.

weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of Heav-en,
fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro'; Strong De-liv - 'rer,
thro' the swell-ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of Heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev er give to Thee.

No. 263. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, / O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright: } On thee, the high and lowly,

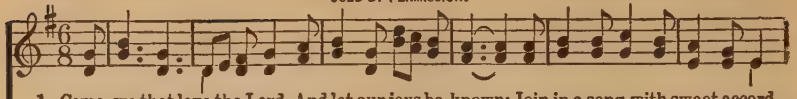
Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

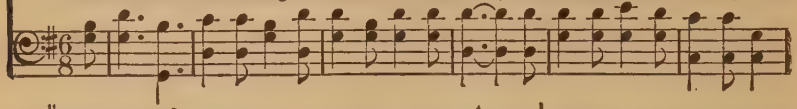
3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

No. 264. We're Marching to Zion.

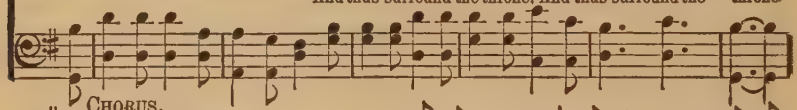
Rev. I. Watts. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYAN LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



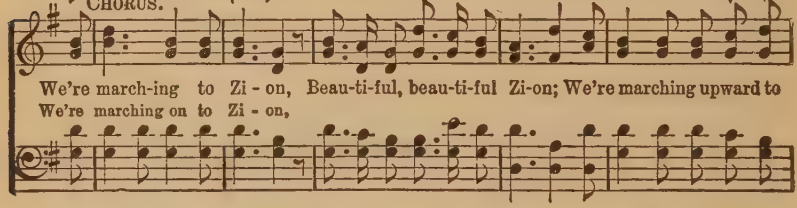
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heav'nly King



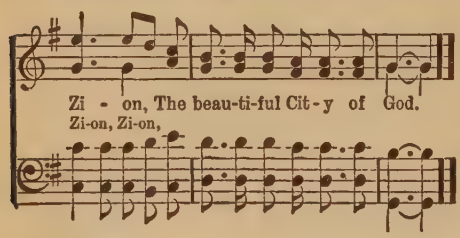
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
But children of the Heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.



CHORUS.



We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're marching upward to
We're marching on to Zi - on,



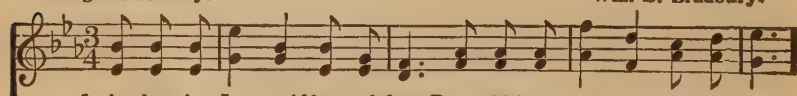
Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful Cit-y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

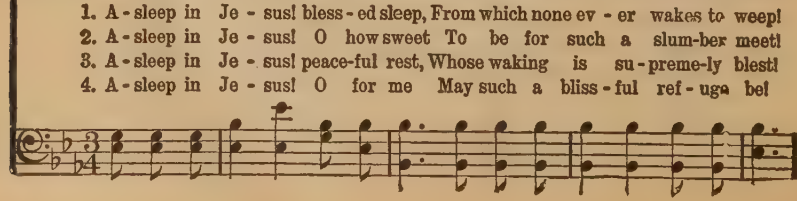
4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 265. Asleep in Jesus.

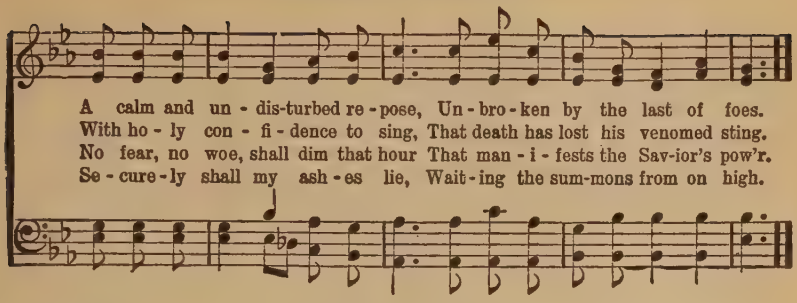
Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep!
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!

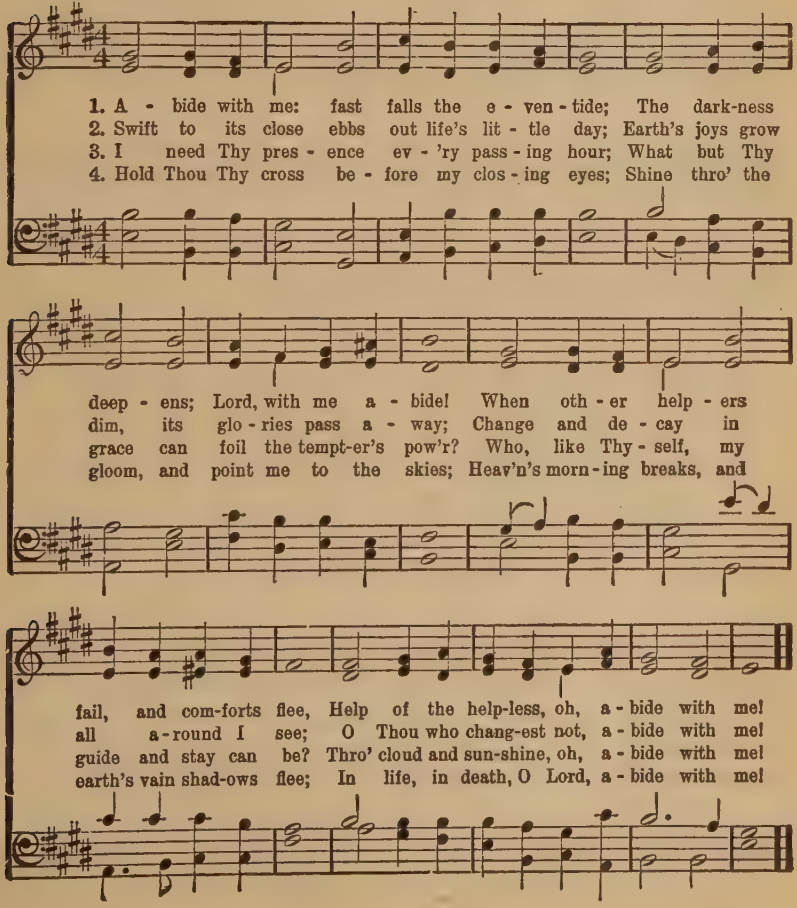


Asleep in Jesus.



No. 266. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



No. 267. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!

FINE.

D. S.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

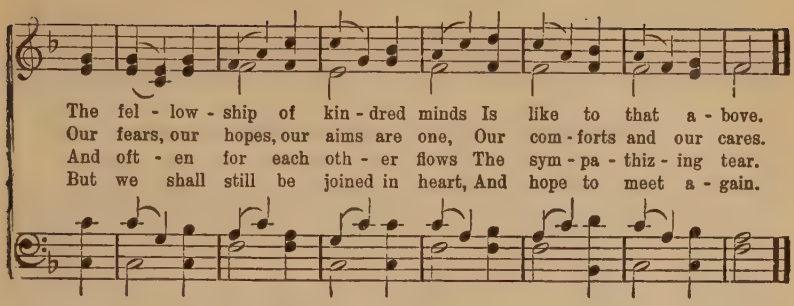
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather.
All must work for good to me.

No. 268. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

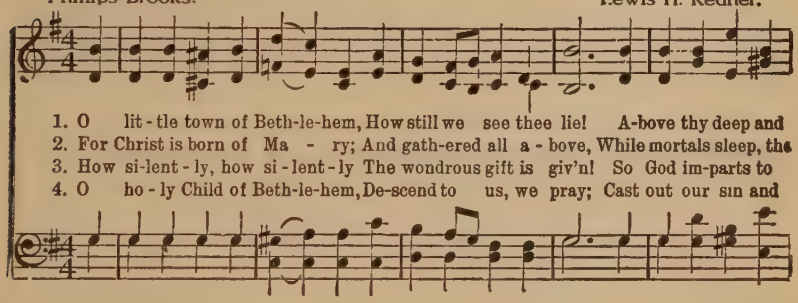
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers,
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

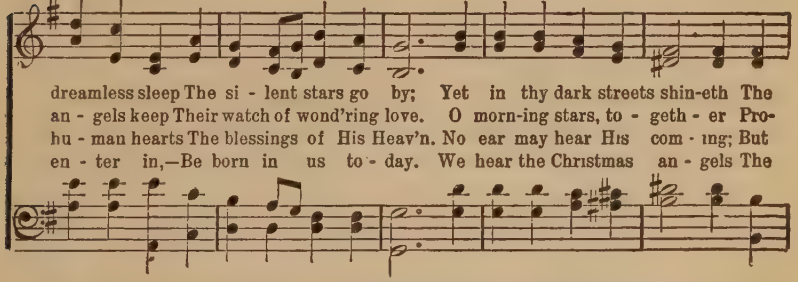
Blest Be the Tie.

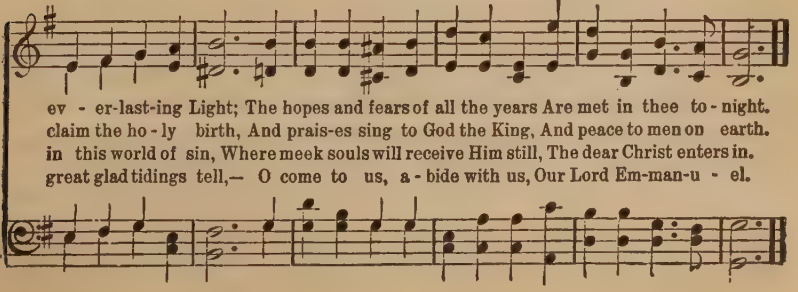


No. 269. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. Lewis H. Redner.







No. 270. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!

FINE.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;

D. S.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

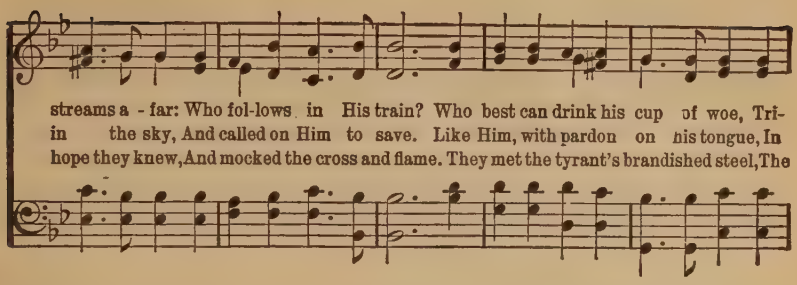
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

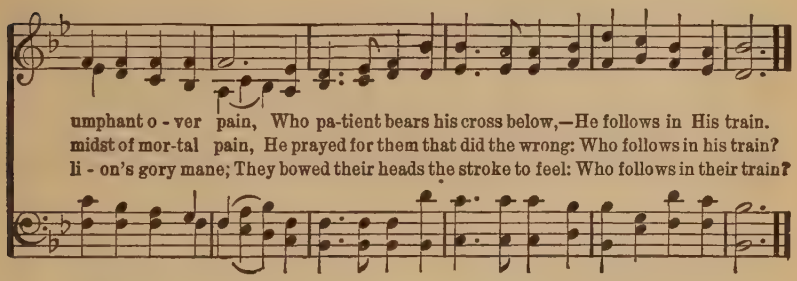
No. 271. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood - red ban-ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A no - ble band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came; Twelve valiant saints, their

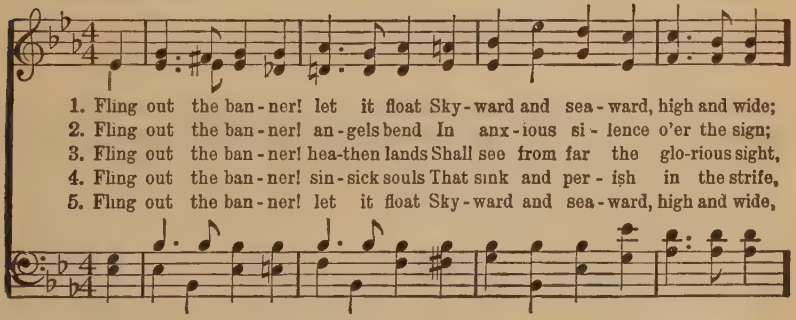
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

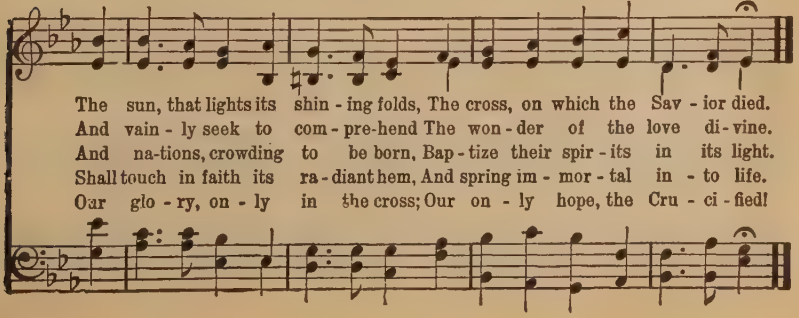




No. 272. Fling Out the Banner.

George W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.





No. 273. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

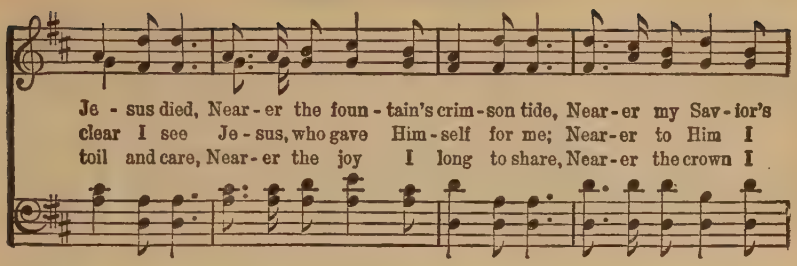
No. 274. Nearer the Cross.

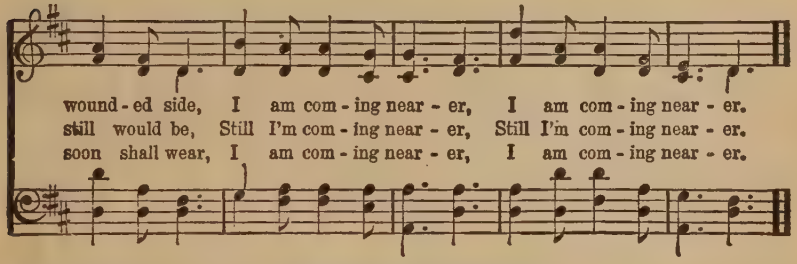
F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in prayer my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er; Deep - er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

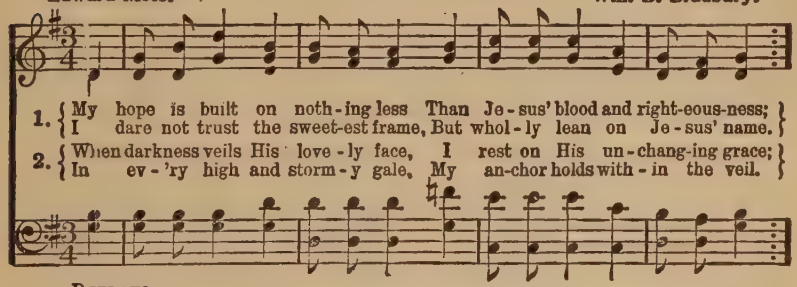
Nearer the Cross.





No. 275. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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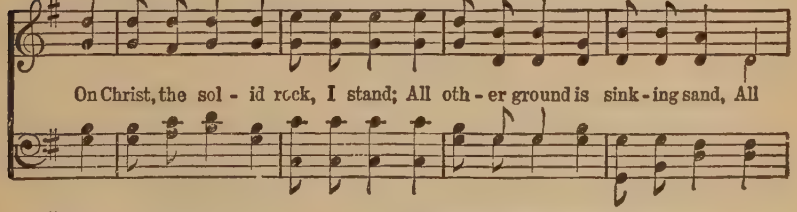

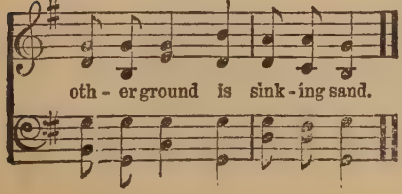

3 His oath. His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 276. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!

D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

FINE.

D. S.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 277. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad! } Hap-py

2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. } Hap-py

O Happy Day.

FINE.

day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. He taught me how to watch and

D. S.

pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 278. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

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Jos. P. Webster.

1. { There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-[*Omit*.....]

CHORUS.

pare us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that

In the sweet by-and-by,

beau-ti-ful shore; by-and-by. We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; by-and-by,

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above.
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 279. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb

1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
2. See hea-then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love, And thousand hearts as- cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel's call o - bey, And seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri- umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 280. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—*George Duffield*

RESPONSIVE READINGS

No. 281. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn No. 235.

Walk in the Light.

No. 282. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn No. 232.

Jesus. Savior, Pilot Me.

No. 283. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn No. 252.

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues, to Sing.

No. 284. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn No. 241.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

No. 285. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn No. 262.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

No. 286. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn No. 230.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No. 287. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Hymn No. 254.

Jesus Calls Us.

No. 288. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn No. 260.

O Worship the King All-Glorious Above.

No. 289. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Sing No. 229.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 290. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Sing No. 273.

Rock of Ages.

No. 291. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Sing No. 233.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

No. 292. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Sing No. 275.

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

No. 293. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Sing No. 236.

We Praise Thee, O God.

No. 294. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: and the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Sing No. 259.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

No. 295. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God ofour salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid of thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Sing No. 225.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

No. 296. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sing No. 110.

Count Your Blessings.

No. 297. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, that to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Sing No. 270.

Love Divine.

No. 298. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Sing No. 239.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

No. 299. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Sing No. 258.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

No. 300. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Sing No. 260.

O Worship the King.

No. 301. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gottten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Sing No. 228.

Jesus Shall Reign.

No. 302. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Sing No. 277.

O Happy Day.

No. 303. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Sing No. 153.

Where He Leads Me.

No. 304. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Sing No. 244.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

No. 305. PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth, for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Sing No. 256.

Majestic Sweetness.

No. 306. PSALM 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before Him: I showed before Him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Sing No. 243.

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

No. 307. PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 229.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 308. PSALM 150.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Sing No. 249.

All Hail the Power.

No. 309. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 310. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 311. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 312. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 313. CHRISTMAS.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.

3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

4 And they were sore afraid.

5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

No. 314. TEMPERANCE.

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

No. 315. PROV. 3.

1 My son, forgot not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

2 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

4 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and men.

5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6 In all thy way acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord and depart from evil.

Sing No. 267.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

No. 316. MATT. 5.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Sing No. 150.

Faith of Our Fathers.

No. 317. The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrecton of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

Sing No. 338.

Gloria Patri. No. 2.

No. 318. 1 COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

Sing No. 221.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ORDER OF SERVICE. No. 1.

Prepared by Marion Lawrance, Chicago, Ill.

No. 319. The Names of Jesus.

Supt.—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be Thy glorious name.

All Rise, Sing.—Music No. 256.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Supt.—By how many Names and Titles is Our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

School.—Over two hundred and fifty.

Supt.—What are some of the Names given to Him hundreds of years before He was born?

School.—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Supt.—God has highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.

Minister.—He is the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Officers.—Chiefest among ten thousand.

Senior Dept.—Son of the living God.

Young Men's Dept.—Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

Young Women's Dept.—The Bright and Morning Star.

Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.

Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.

Supt.—Which of all His names is the sweetest?

School.—JESUS.

Sing.—Music No. 233.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

Supt.—Why was He called Jesus?

School.—Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for it is He that shall save His people from their sins.

Minister.—And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.

Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.

Officers.—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.

Youny Men's Dept.—He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Young Women's Dept.—The Precious Corner Stone.

Intermediate Dept. — The Friend of Sinners.

Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.

Supt.—But of all His names, which is the sweetest?

School.—JESUS.

Sing.—Music No. 233.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Prayer.

Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

Sing.—Music No. 219 or 249.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

(*Be Seated.*)

ORDER OF SERVICE. No. 2.

No. 320.

1. Instrumental Music.

(*Go quietly to your places. As soon as the music stops, the doors will be closed.*)

2. Silence.

3. School Stands.

(*At signal of piano or organ, sing, without music, the first verse of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."*)

4. Superintendent's Greeting.

Supt. — Good morning, teachers and scholars.

School.—Good morning, Mr. (*Supply the superintendent's name.*)

5. Responsive Service.

Supt.—O come, let us sing unto Jehovah.

School.—Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Sing.—Music No. 86.

If His love is in the soul,
And we yield to His control,
Sweetest music will the lonely hours beguile;
We may drive the clouds away,
Cheer and bless the darkest day,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while;
Make the world brighter with a smile;
Keep the song ringing! lonely hours we may beguile,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

Supt.—And seeing the multitudes, He went up into the mountain: and when He had sat down, His disciples came unto Him:

School.—And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying:

Assistant Supt.—Blessed are the poor in spirit:

School.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Sing.—Music No. 110.

When you look at others with their land and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

CHO.—Count your blessings,
Name them one by one;
Count your blessings,
See what God hath done.
Count your blessings,
Name them one by one;
Count your many blessings,
See what God hath done.

Supt.—Blessed are they that mourn:

School.—For they shall be comforted.

Sing.—Music No. 261.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Everything to God in prayer!

Supt.—What does Peter say concerning the preciousness of Jesus?

School.—"Unto you who believe He is precious." (1. Pet. 2; 7.)

Sing.—Music No. 47.

So precious is Jesus, my Savior my King.
His praise all the day long with rapture I sing;
To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling.
For He is so precious to me.

CHO.—For He is so precious to me,
For He is so precious to me;
'Tis heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
For He is so precious to me.

6. Show of Bibles.

7. Reading of Lesson.

8. Prayer.

9. Song.

10. Lesson Study.

11. Song.

12. Scripture Drill.

13. Reports.

14. Closing Word.

15. Closing Song.—See No. 114

More Like the Master

ORDER OF SERVICE. No. 3.

No. 321.

Instrumental Music.

Silent Prayer.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text of the Bible?

School.—For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Sing.—Music No. 270.

Love divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
  All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
  Enter every trembling heart.

Supt.—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God.

School.—For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through Him.

Supt.—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Minister.—Shall tribulation?

Teachers.—Or anguish?

Boys.—Or persecution?

Girls.—Or famine?

All.—Or nakedness?

Ass't Supt.—Or peril?

Sec'y.—Or sword?

All.—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Sing.—Music No. 241.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Prayer.—(*Followed by Lord's Prayer.*)

Announcements.

Song.

Lesson Reading.

Lesson Study.

Song.

Review.

Instrumental Prayer Hymn.

Benediction.

ORDER OF SERVICE. No. 4.

Prepared by P. H. Welshimer, Canton, Ohio.

No. 322.

1. **Instrumental.**—(*Selection.*)
2. **Song by School.**—Music No. 18.
   The Touch of His Hand.
3. **Show of Bibles.**
4. **Responsive Reading.**—(Ps. 19: 7-14.
5. **Song.**—Music No. 159.
   Holy Bible, Book Divine.
6. **Prayer.**—(*Followed by Lord's Prayer.*)
7. **Reading of Lesson.**
8. **Lesson Study.**

(*Instrumental selection while classes are retiring to rooms.*)

9. **Reassembling of Classes.**

(*Instrumental selection while reassembling.*)

10. **Song.**—Music No. 50.
    Growing Dearer.
11. **Five Minute General Supplemental Work.**
12. **Announcing Names of Visitors Present.**
13. **Special Music.**
14. **Report of Secretary.**
15. **Announcements.**
16. **Song.**—Music No. 221.
    Onward, Christian Soldiers.
17. **Prayer and Benediction.**

No. 323. Responsive Reading.

NOTE.—Before the Leader reads, the Organist should play to the * for a prelude. See music below.

Wisdom.

Leader:—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever.

Response:—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Leader:—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Response:—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding.

Leader:—Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Response:—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Leader:—The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Response:—She is more precious than rubies.

Leader:—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Response:—Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

Leader:—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Response:—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Leader:—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

Response:—And to temperance, patience.

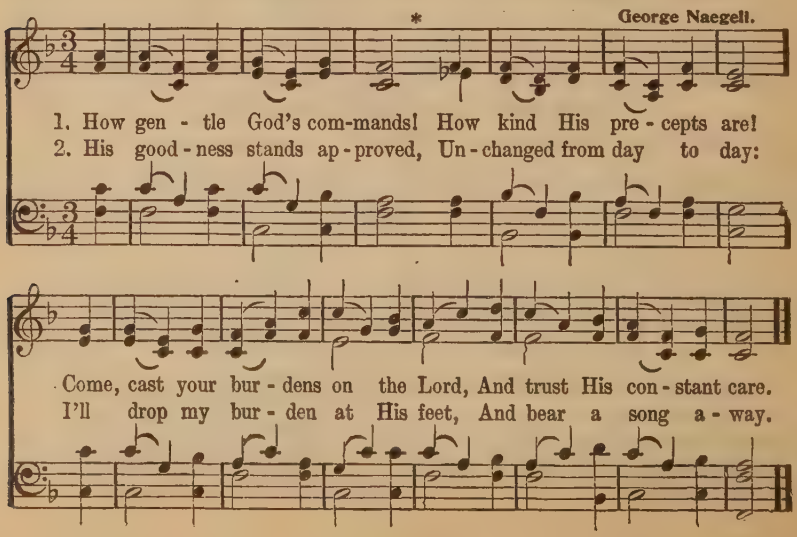
Leader:—And to patience, godliness.

Response:—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

Leader:—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

All sing:—(*Sing promptly without interludes.*)

No. 324. How Gentle God's Commands.



No. 325. To the Rescue.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Death-bells toll-ing, toll-ing, toll-ing, Wrecks a-drift and breakers roll-ing;
2. Voi-ces cheering, life-boats steering, See, the help-ing hands are near-ing,
3. Joy-bells ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, Friends a heart-y welcome bringing;

Where the floods of intemp'rance rave, Light the bea-con and speed to save.
While the pledge, our glad sig-nal, flies, Hope-ful mes-sage to wear-y eyes.
Heav'n bends down our joy a-near, Greets the res-cued with words of cheer.

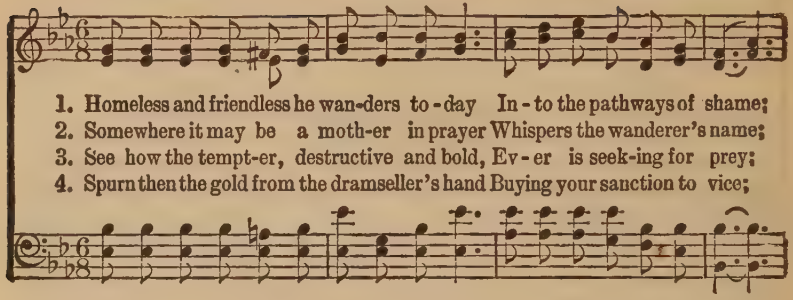
CHORUS.

Sign . . our pledge, now sign, And strength di-vine shall yet be thine;
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

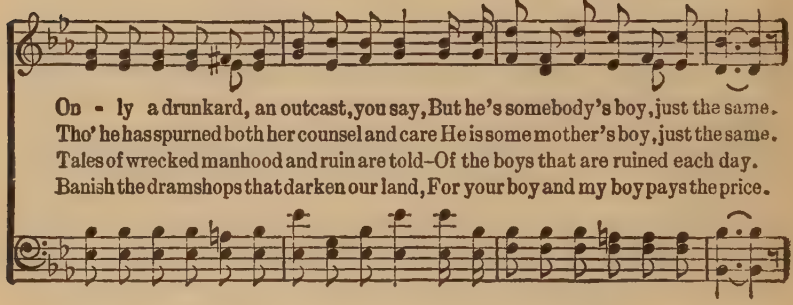
Sign . . . our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

No. 326. Somebody's Boy.

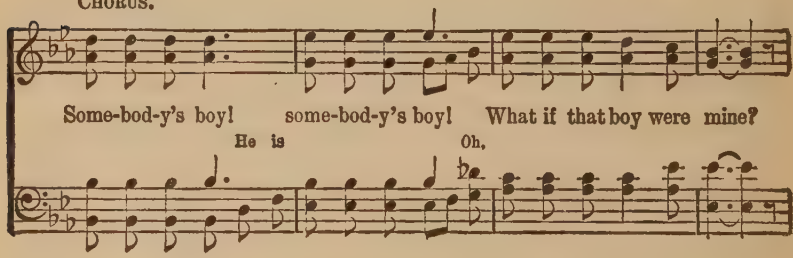
Floy S. Armstrong. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel



1. Homeless and friendless he wan-ders to-day In-to the pathways of shame;
2. Somewhere it may be a moth-er in prayer Whispers the wanderer's name;
3. See how the tempt-er, destructive and bold, Ev-er is seek-ing for prey;
4. Spurn then the gold from the dramseller's hand Buying your sanction to vice;

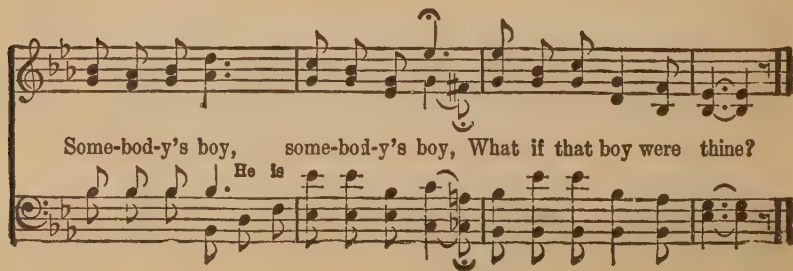


On - ly a drunkard, an outcast, you say, But he's somebody's boy, just the same.
Tho' he has spurned both her counsel and care He is some mother's boy, just the same.
Tales of wrecked manhood and ruin are told–Of the boys that are ruined each day.
Banish the dramshops that darken our land, For your boy and my boy pays the price.



CHORUS.

Some-bod-y's boy! some-bod-y's boy! What if that boy were mine?
He is Oh,



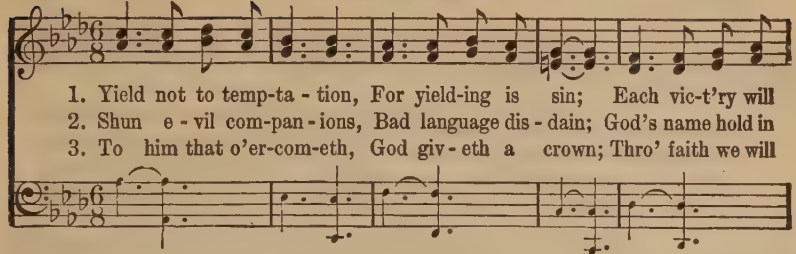
Some-bod-y's boy, some-bod-y's boy, What if that boy were thine?
He is

No. 327. Yield Not to Temptation.

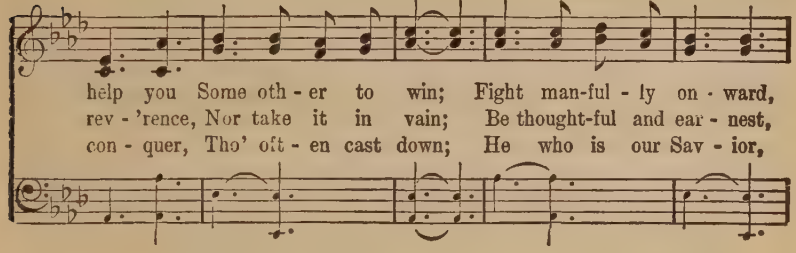
H. R. P.

USED BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

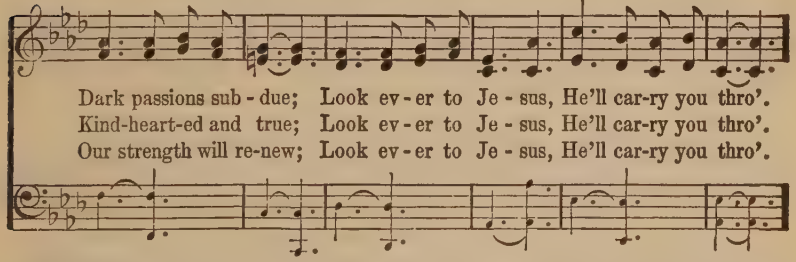
Dr. H. R. Palmer.



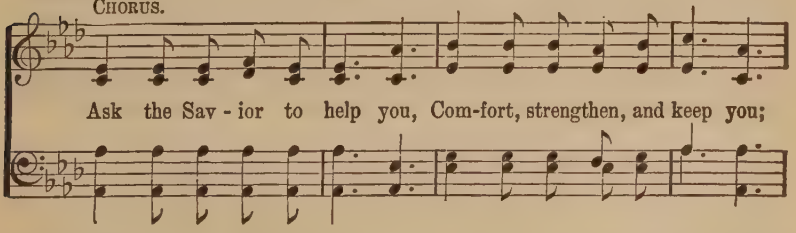
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

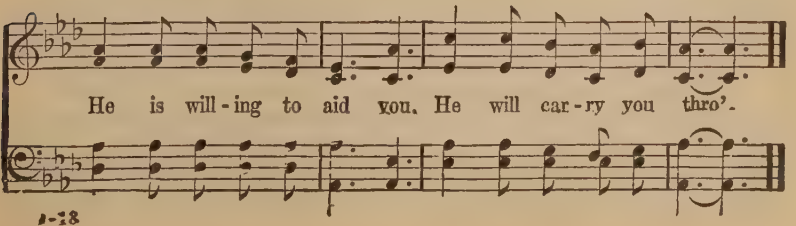


Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.



CHORUS.

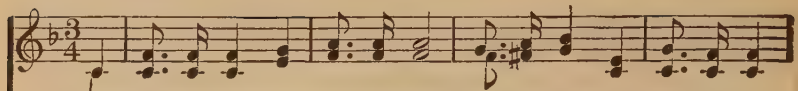
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



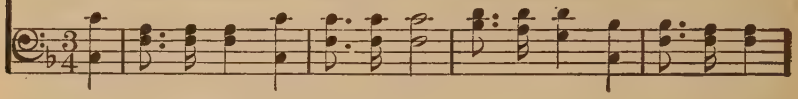
He is will - ing to aid you. He will car - ry you thro'.

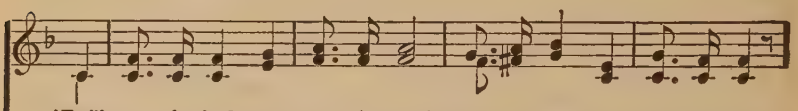
No. 328. Touch Not, Taste Not.

Dwight Williams. USED BY PERMISSION. "Maryland."

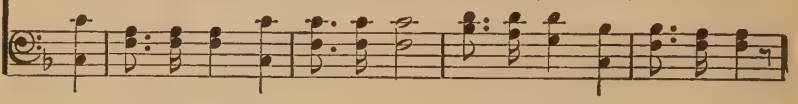


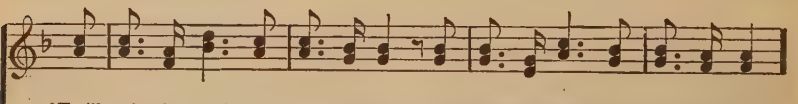
1. There's dan - ger in the flow-ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag - ing," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
4. Oh, has - ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



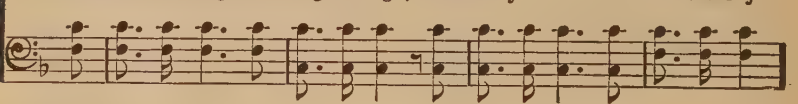


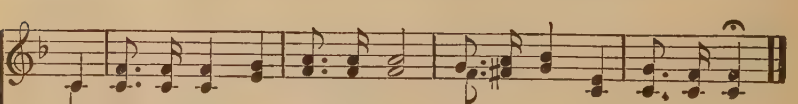
'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



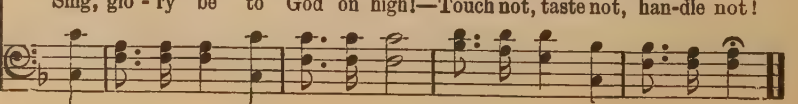


'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
We need the strong-est, bravest hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—





And all thy hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
It leads them where no arm can save— Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high!—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

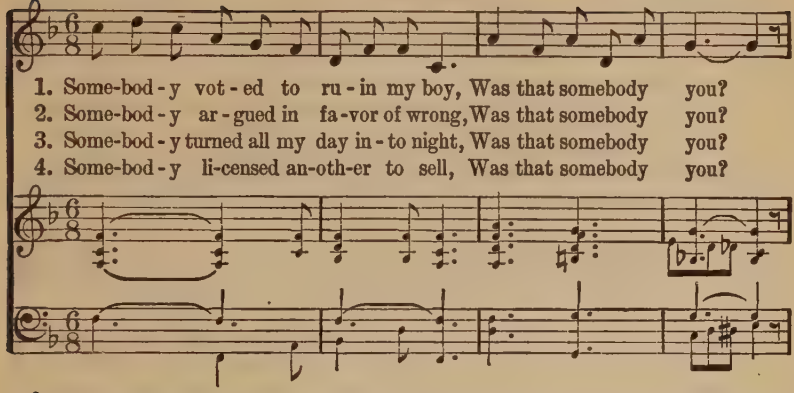


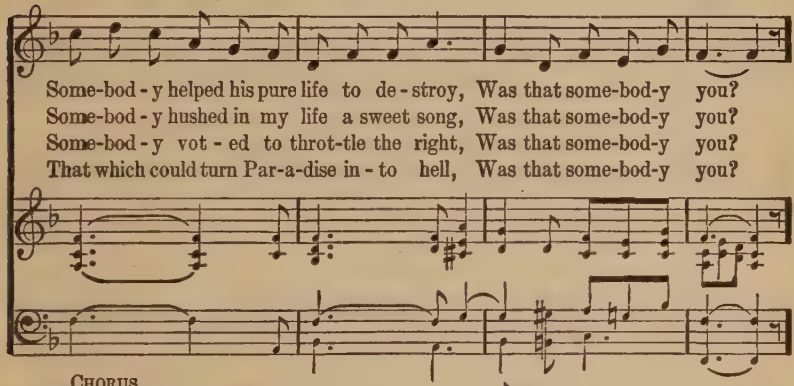
No. 329. Was It You?

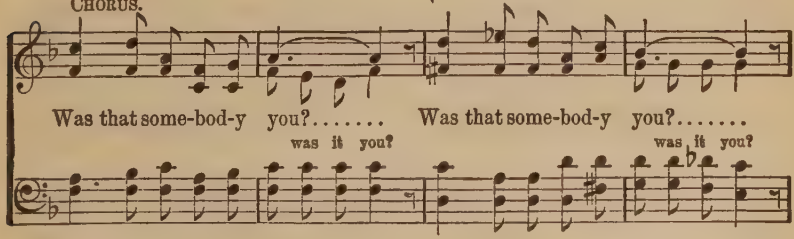
C. D. Martin.

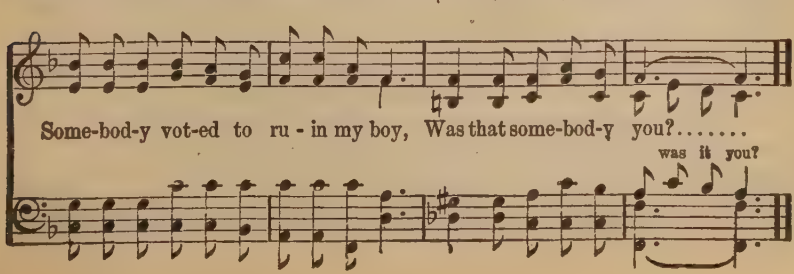
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



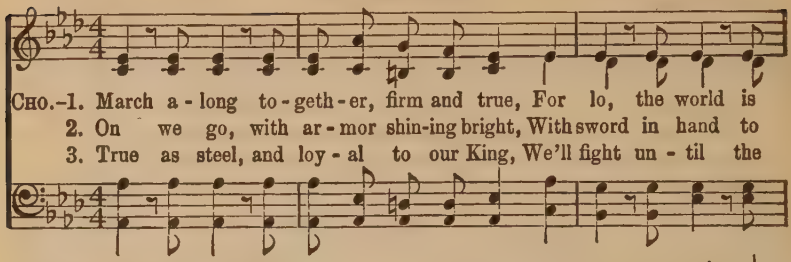




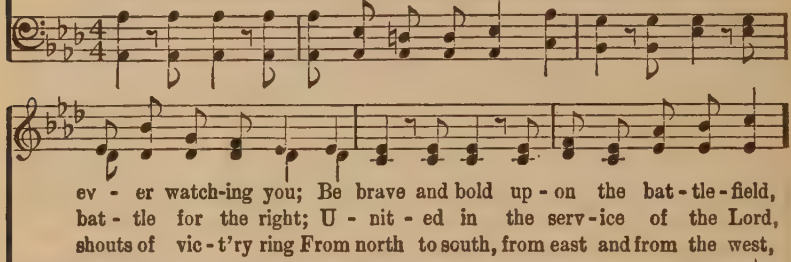


No. 330. The Temperance Army.

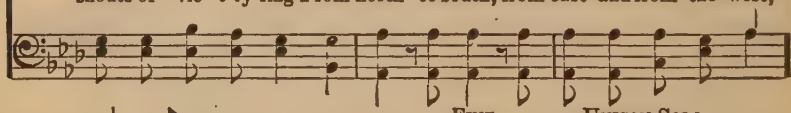
Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



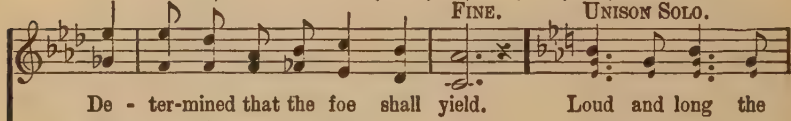
CHO.–1. March a - long to - geth - er, firm and true, For lo, the world is
2. On we go, with ar - mor shin-ing bright, With sword in hand to
3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the



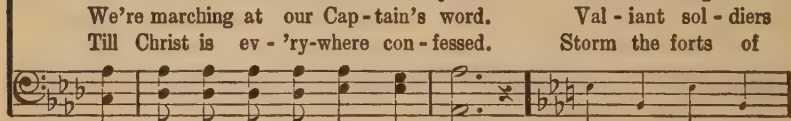
ev - er watch-ing you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
bat - tle for the right; U - nit - ed in the serv - ice of the Lord,
shouts of vic - t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,



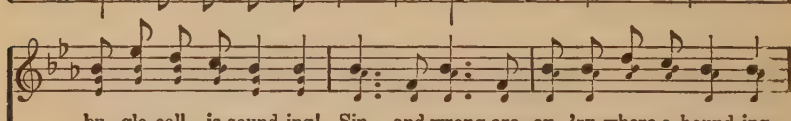
FINE. UNISON SOLO.



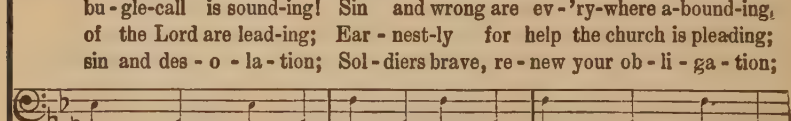
De - ter-mined that the foe shall yield. Loud and long the
We're marching at our Cap - tain's word. Val - iant sol - diers
Till Christ is ev - 'ry-where con - fessed. Storm the forts of



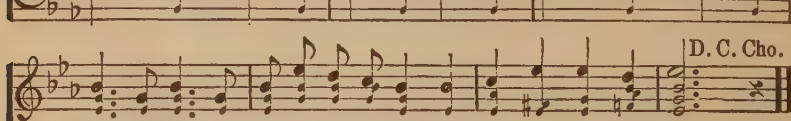
bu - gle-call is sound-ing! Sin and wrong are ev - 'ry-where a-bound-ing,
of the Lord are lead-ing; Ear - nest-ly for help the church is pleading;
sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, re - new your ob - li - ga - tion;



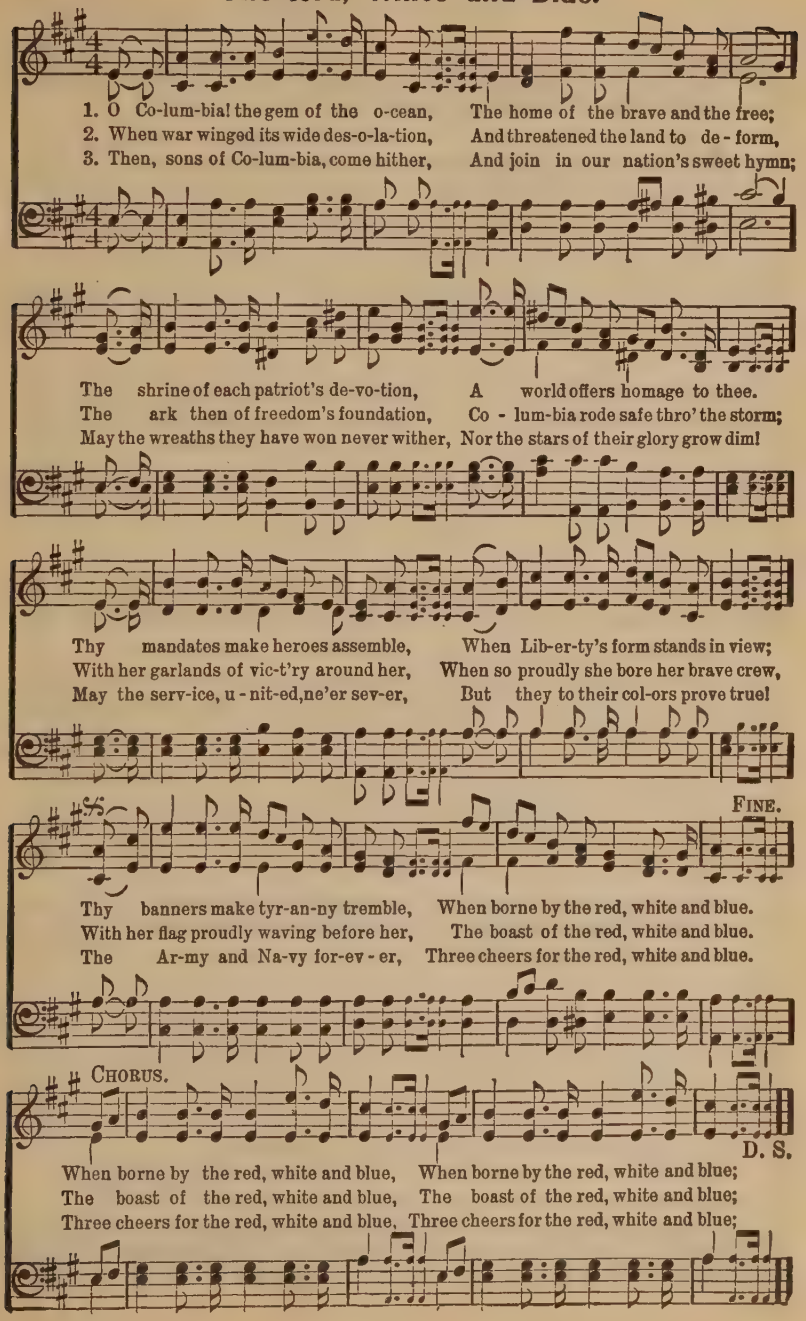
D. C. Cho.



"Forward!" all a - long the line resounding, Bids us march a - way,
Slow - ly backward see the foe re-ced - ing; Forward march to - day.
And with earnest prayer and sup-pli-ca-tion Forward march to - day.



No. 331. The Red, White and Blue.



No. 332. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.

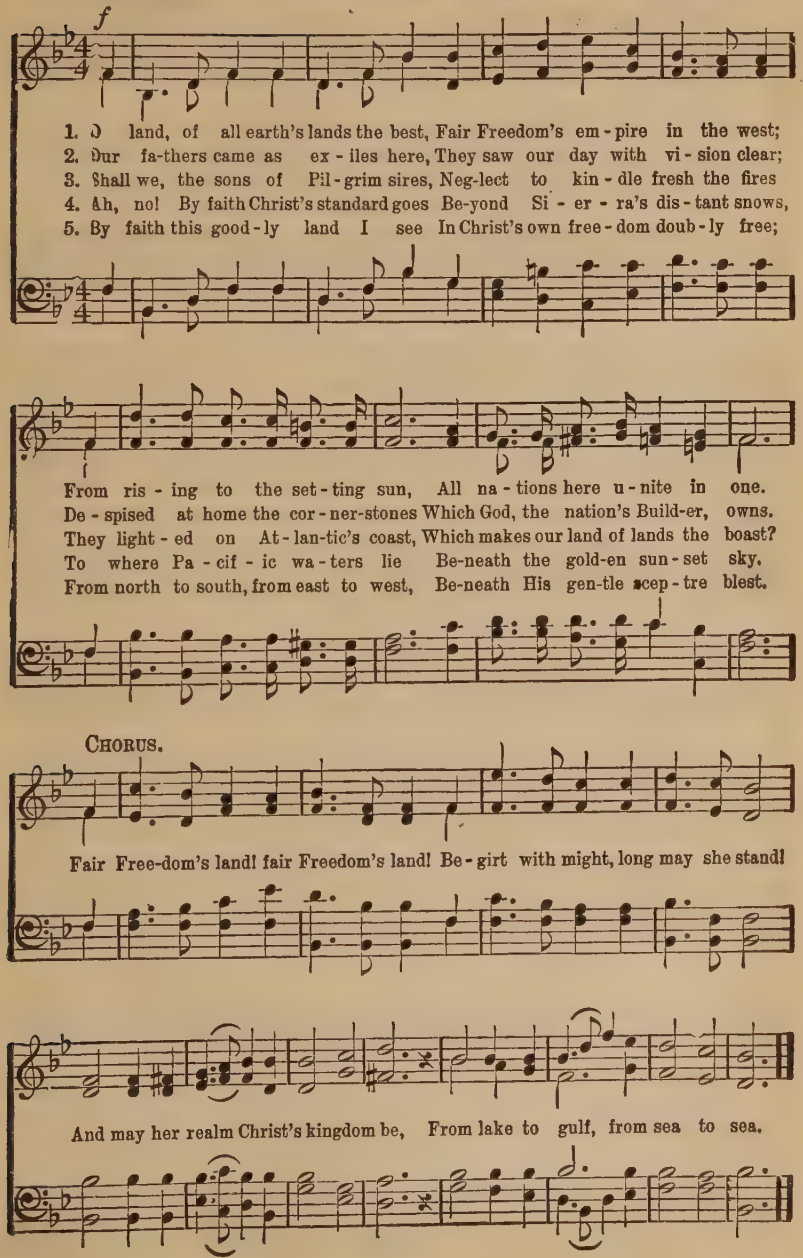
CHORUS.

1 2

Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

No. 333. Fair Freedom's Land.

J. E. Rankin. (THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.) Carl Wilhelm.



No. 334. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

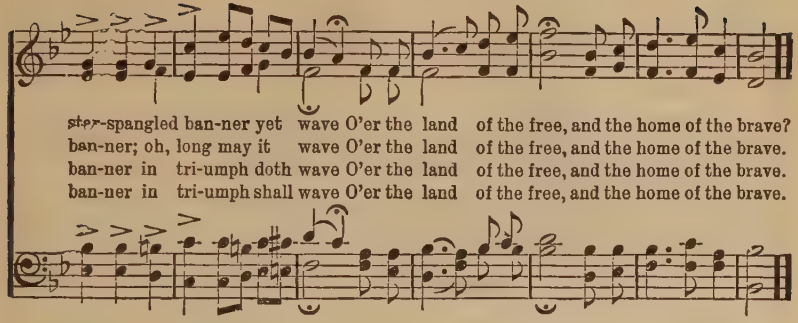
ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS.

ff

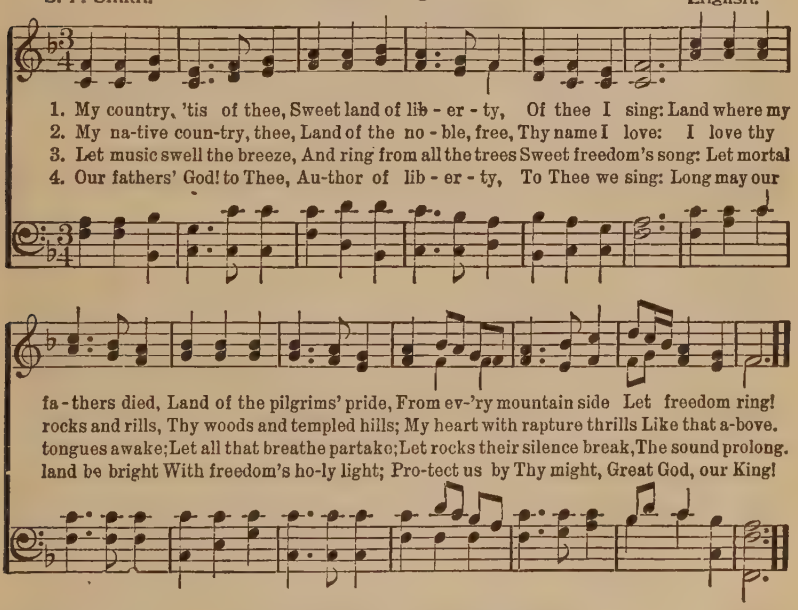
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 335. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 336. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice.
God save the King.

No. 337. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

No. 338. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 339. Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 340. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

GENERAL INDEX

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